

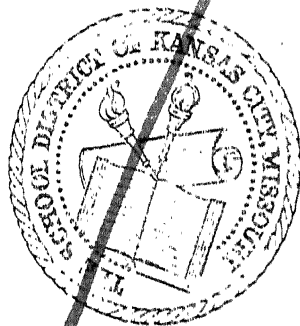
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POEMS WITH POWER  
TO  
STRENGTHEN THE SOUL

COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
JAMES MUDGE  
Author of  
THE BEST OF BROWNING, ETC.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION



THE ABINGDON PRESS  
NEW YORK CINCINNATI



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE.....	vii
SUBJECTS:	
HEROISM—CHIVALRY, NOBILITY, HONOR, TRUTH.....	i
COURAGE—CONSTANCY, CONFIDENCE, STRENGTH, VALOR.....	14
INDEPENDENCE—MANHOOD, FIRMNESS, EARNESTNESS, RESOLUTION.	22
GREATNESS—FAME, SUCCESS, PROGRESS, VICTORY.....	28
DUTY—LOYALTY, FAITHFULNESS, CONSCIENCE, ZEAL.....	41
SERVICE—USEFULNESS, BENEVOLENCE, LABOR.....	50
BROTHERHOOD—CHARITY, SYMPATHY, EXAMPLE, INFLUENCE.....	66
CONSECRATION—SUBMISSION, DEVOTION, PURITY.....	79
PEACE—REST, CALM, STILLNESS.....	88
HUMILITY—MEEKNESS, WEAKNESS, SELFLESSNESS.....	95
CONTENTMENT—RESIGNATION, PATIENCE, COMPENSATION.....	103
ASPIRATION—DESIRE, SUPPLICATION, GROWTH.....	115
PRAYER—WORSHIP, COMMUNION, DEVOTION.....	123
JOY—PRAISE, CHEERFULNESS, HAPPINESS.....	138
AFFLICTION—CONSOLATION, TRIAL, ENDURANCE.....	149
LOVE—DIVINE GOODNESS, UNSELFISHNESS.....	163
HOPE—PROGRESS, OPTIMISM, ENTHUSIASM.....	170
FAITH—ASSURANCE, DOUBT, UNBELIEF.....	177
TRUST—GUIDANCE, SAFETY, GLADNESS.....	187
GOD'S CARE—PROVIDENCE, GOD'S KNOWLEDGE AND BENEFICENCE...	199
GOD'S WILL—OBEDIENCE, DIVINE UNION.....	209
GOD'S PRESENCE—POSSESSION, SATISFACTION, REFLECTION.....	221
JESUS—HIS PRECIOUSNESS, AND BEAUTY, AND LOVE.....	233
LIFE—TIME, OPPORTUNITY, EXPERIENCE, CHARACTER.....	250
AGE AND DEATH—MATURITY, VICTORY, HEAVEN.....	267
APPENDIX—MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.....	278
INDEX TO AUTHORS.....	288
INDEX TO TITLES.....	292
INDEX TO FIRST LINES.....	298



## PREFACE

THIS is not like other collections of religious verse; still less is it a hymnal. The present volume is directed to a very specific and wholly practical end, the production of high personal character; and only those poems which have an immediate bearing in this direction have been admitted. We know of no other book published which has followed this special line. There are fine hymnals, deservedly dear to the Church, but they are necessarily devoted in large measure to institutional and theological subjects, are adapted to the wants of the general congregation and to purposes of song; while many poetical productions that touch the heart the closest are for that very reason unsuited to the hymnal. There are many anthologies and plentiful volumes of religious poetry, but not one coming within our ken has been made up as this has been. We have sought far and wide, through many libraries, carefully conning hundreds of books and glancing through hundreds more, to find just those lines which would have the most tonic and stimulating effect in the direction of holier, nobler living. We have coveted verses whose influence would be directly on daily life and would help to form the very best habits of thought and conduct, which would have intrinsic spiritual value and elevating power; those whose immediate tendency would be to make people better, toughening their moral fibre and helping them heavenward; those which they could hardly read attentively without feeling an impulse toward the things which are pure and true and honorable and lovely and of good report, things virtuous and praiseworthy.

It is surprising to one who has not made the search how very many poets there are whose voluminous and popular works yield nothing, or scarcely anything, of this sort. We have looked carefully through many scores of volumes of poetry without finding a line that could be of the slightest use in this collection. They were taken up altogether with other topics. They contained many pretty conceits, pleasant descriptions, lovely or lively narrations—these in abundance, but words that would send the spirit heavenward, or even earthward with any added love for humanity, not one. On the other hand, in papers and periodicals, even in books, are great multitudes of verses, unexceptionable in sentiment and helpful in influence, which bear so little of the true poetic afflatus, are so careless in construction or so faulty in diction, so imperfect in rhyme or rhythm, so much mingled with colloquialisms or so hopelessly commonplace in thought, as to be unworthy of a permanent place in a book like this. They would not bear reading many times. They would offend a properly educated taste. They would not so capture the ear as to linger on the memory with compelling persistence, nor strike the intellect as an exceptional presentation of important truth. The combination of fine form and deep or inspiring thought is by no means common, but, when found, very precious. We will not claim that this has been secured in all the poems here presented. Not all will approve our choice in all respects. There is



nothing in which tastes more differ than in matters of this kind. And we will admit that in some cases we have let in—because of the important truth which they so well voiced—stanzas not fully up to the mark in point of poetic merit. Where it has not been possible to get the two desirable things together, as it has not always, we have been more solicitous for the sentiment that would benefit than for mere prettiness or perfection of form. Helpfulness has been the test oftener than a high literary standard. The labored workmanship of the vessel has not weighed so much with us as its perfect fitness to convey the water of life wherewith the thirsty soul of man has been or may be refreshed. If poets are properly judged, as has been alleged, by the frame of mind they induce, then some who have not gained great literary fame may still hold up their heads and claim a worthy crown.

Some poems fully within the scope of the book—like Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"—have been omitted because of their exceeding commonness and their accessibility. Many hymns of very high value—like "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "My faith looks up to thee," "Nearer, my God, to thee," "When all thy mercies, O my God," "How firm a foundation"—have also been omitted because they are found in all the hymnals, and to include them would unduly swell the size of the book. A few others, although similarly familiar, like "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "God moves in a mysterious way," have been inserted from a feeling that even yet their depth and richness are not properly appreciated and that they can never be sufficiently pondered. A few poems we have been unable to procure permission to use; but in nearly all cases we have met with most generous treatment from both authors and publishers owning copyrights, and we take this occasion to express our hearty thanks for the kindness afforded in the following instances:

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, for the use of the poems and stanzas here found from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Rowland Sill, Celia Thaxter, Caroline Atherton Mason, Edna Dean Proctor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Burroughs, John Hay, William Dean Howells, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Margaret E. Sangster, Francis Bret Harte, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Longfellow, Samuel Johnson, Christopher Pearse Cranch, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and John Vance Cheney.

Little, Brown & Company, for poems by Helen Hunt Jackson, Louise Chandler Moulton, William Rounseville Alger, "Susan Coolidge" [Sarah Chauncey Woolsey], and John White Chadwick.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, for poems by Sam Walter Foss.

D. Appleton & Company, for poems by William Cullen Bryant.

T. Y. Crowell & Company, for poems by Sarah Knowles Bolton.

Charles Scribner's Sons, for poems by Josiah Gilbert Holland.

The Century Company, for poems by Richard Watson Gilder.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, for poems by James Whitcomb Riley.

Harper & Brothers, for poems by Edward Sandford Martin.

Small, Maynard & Co., for poems by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Rev. D. C. Knowles, for poems by Frederic Lawrence Knowles, especially from "Love Triumphant," published by Dana, Estes & Company.

The Rev. Frederic Rowland Marvin, for poems from his "Flowers of Song from Many Lands."

Professor Amos R. Wells, for poems from his "Just to Help."

Mr. Nixon Waterman, for poems from "In Merry Mood," published by Forbes & Co., of Chicago.

The selections from the above American authors are used by special arrangements with the firms mentioned, who are the only authorized publishers of their works. Many other poems used have been found in papers or other places which gave no indication of the original source. In spite of much effort to trace these things it is quite likely we have failed in some cases to give due credit or obtain the usual permission; and we hope that if such omissions, due to ignorance or inadvertence, are noticed they will be pardoned. Many unknown writers have left behind them some things of value, but their names have become detached from them or perhaps never were appended. Many volumes consulted have been long out of print.

We are glad to record our large indebtedness to the custodians of the Boston, Cambridge, Malden, Natick, Brookline, Jamaica Plain, Somerville, and Newton Public Libraries, the Boston Athenæum, the Congregational Library, the General Theological Library, and the Library of Harvard College, for free access to their treasures.

By far the greater part of the contents are from British and other foreign authors, such as William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, Mrs. S. F. Adams, Anna Letitia Barbauld, Mrs. Charles, Frances Ridley Havergal, Anna Letitia Waring, Jean Ingelow, Adelaide Anne Procter, Mme. Guyon, Theodore Monod, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, William Shakespeare, John Milton, George Gordon Byron, Robert Burns, William Cowper, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Francis Quarles, Frederick W. Faber, John Keble, Charles Kingsley, Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison, John Gay, Edward Young, Thomas Moore, John Newton, John Bunyan, H. Kirke White, Horatius Bonar, James Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Richard Baxter, Norman Macleod, George Heber, Richard Chenevix Trench, Henry Alford, Charles Mackay, Gerald Massey, Alfred Austin, Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur Hugh Clough, Henry Burton, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, Joseph Anstice, George Macdonald, Robert Leighton, John Henry Newman, John Sterling, Edward H. Bickersteth, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and many others. Of German authors there are not a few, including Johann W. von Goethe, Johann C. F. Schiller, George A. Neumarck, Paul Gerhardt, Benjamin Schmolke, S. C. Schoener, Scheffler, Karl Rudolf Hagenbach, S. Rodigast, Novalis, Wolfgang C. Dessler, L. Gedicke, Martin Luther, and Johann G. von Herder.

The number of American poets drawn upon is small compared with this list. It is the case in all such collections. According to an analysis of the hymns contained in the most widely used American hymnals down to 1880 the average number of hymns of purely American origin was not quite one in seven; the proportion would be a little larger now. And the number of Methodist poets is al-

most nil, in spite of the fact that the compiler is a Methodist and the volume is issued from the official Methodist Publishing House. But if we thought that this would be any barrier to its wide circulation in Methodist homes we should be deeply ashamed for our church. We are confident it will not be. For mere denominational tenets do not at all enter into these great matters of the soul's life. A book like this speaks loudly for the real oneness, not only of all branches of the Christian Church, but of all religions, in some respects. Not only do we find the various Protestant denominations amply represented here; not only have we most inspiring words from Roman Catholic writers like Francis Xavier, Madame Guyon, Alexander Pope, John Henry Newman, Frederick W. Faber, and Adelaide Anne Procter; but from Mohammedan sources, from Sufi saints of Persia, and the Moslem devotees of Arabia, and even from Hinduism, there are utterances of noblest truth which we cannot read without a kindling heart. These are all brought together from the ends of the earth into a delightful "upper chamber," where the warring discords of opinion cease and an exceedingly precious peace prevails.

It should be said, though it is perhaps hardly necessary, that this is by no means a book to be read at a sitting. It furnishes very concentrated nourishment. It can be taken with largest profit only a little at a time, according as the mood demands and circumstances appoint. There should be very much meditation mingled with the perusal, an attempt to penetrate the deep meaning of the lines and have them enter into the soul for practical benefit. Some of these hymns have great histories: they are the war cries of combatants on hard-fought battle fields; they are living words of deep experience pressed out of the heart by strong feeling; they are the embodiment of visions caught on some Pisgah's glowing top. Here will be found and furnished hope for the faint-hearted, rest for the weary, courage for the trembling, cheer for the despondent, power for the weak, comfort for the afflicted, guidance in times of difficulty, wise counsel for moments of perplexity, a stimulant to faithfulness, a cure for the blues, exhilaration, jubilation. Everything of a depressing nature has been scrupulously ruled out. The keynote, persistently followed through all the pages, is optimistic, bright, buoyant. Trumpet calls and bugle notes are furnished in abundance, but no dirges or elegies. Large space, it will be seen, is given to such topics as Heroism, True Greatness, the Care and Presence of God, the blessings of Brotherhood, the privilege of Service, the path of Peace, the secret of Contentment, the mission of Prayer, the joy of Jesus, the meaning of Life, the glory of Love, the promise of Faith, the happy aspect of old Age and Death; for these subjects come very close home to the heart, and are illustrated in daily experience. Anyone who feels a special need in any of these directions is confidently recommended to turn to the proper sections and read the selections.

Very much that is here may easily and suitably be committed to memory, that thus it may the more permanently penetrate into the inmost depth of being. It may be used with most telling effect in sermons to give point and pungency to the thought of the preacher. Alike in popular discourse and public testimony or in private meditation these gems of sentiment and thought will come into play with great advantage. The benefit which may be derived from them can scarcely be overestimated. President Eliot, of Harvard University, has said: "There

are bits of poetry in my mind learned in infancy that have stood by me in keeping me true to my ideas of duty and life. Rather than lose these I would have missed all the sermons I have ever heard." Many another can say substantially the same, can trace his best deeds very largely to the influence of some little stanza or couplet early stored away in his memory and coming ever freshly to mind in after years as the embodiment of truest wisdom.

We cannot guarantee in all cases the absolute correctness of the forms of the poems given, though much pains have been taken to ensure accuracy; but authors themselves make changes in their productions at different times in different editions. Nor have we always been able to trace the poem to its source. Slips and errors of various kinds can hardly be avoided in such matters. Even so competent an editor as John G. Whittier, in his "Songs of Three Centuries," ascribes "Love divine, all love excelling" to that bitter Calvinist, Augustus M. Toplady, giving it as the sole specimen of his verse; when it was really written by the ardent Arminian, Charles Wesley, with whom Toplady was on anything but friendly terms. If Whittier could make a blunder of this magnitude we may be pardoned if possibly a keen-eyed critic spies something in our book almost as grossly incorrect. In some cases we have been obliged to change the titles of poems so as to avoid reduplication in our index, or to adapt them the better to the small extract taken from the much longer form in the original. In a few cases we have made (indicated) alterations in poems to fit them more fully to the purpose of the book.

The volume will be found not only a readable one, we think, but also an uncommonly useful one for presentation by those who would do good and give gratification to their serious-minded friends with a taste for religious poetry and a love for wandering in the "holy land of song." He who would put before another the essential elements of religion would do better to give him such a book as this than a treatise on theology. He who would himself get a clear idea of what the religious life really is will do better to pore over these pages than to dip into some philosophical discussion. Here the best life is expressed rather than analyzed, exhibited rather than explained. Mrs. Browning has well said, "Plant a poet's word deep enough in any man's breast, looking presently for offshoots, and you have done more for the man than if you dressed him in a broad-cloth coat and warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire." We who, by preparing or circulating such volumes, aid the poets in finding a larger circle to whom to give their message, may claim a part of the blessing which comes to those who in any way aid humanity. George Herbert has said,

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

He himself most excellently illustrated the sentiment by bequeathing to the world many beautiful verses that are sermons of the most picturesque sort.

One definition of poetry is "a record of the best thoughts and best moments of the best and happiest minds." This in itself would almost be sufficient to establish the connection between poetry and religion. It is certain that the two have very close and vital relations. Dr. Washington Gladden has admirably

remarked, "Poetry is indebted to religion for its largest and loftiest inspirations, and religion is indebted to poetry for its subtlest and most luminous interpretations." No doubt a man may be truly, deeply religious who has little or no development on the æsthetic side, to whom poetry makes no special appeal. But it is certain that he whose soul is deaf to the "concord of sweet sounds" misses a mighty aid in the spiritual life. For a hymn is a wing by which the spirit soars above earthly cares and trials into a purer air and a clearer sunshine. Nothing can better scatter the devils of melancholy and gloom or doubt and fear. When praise and prayer, trust and love, faith and hope, and similar sentiments, have passed into and through some poet's passionate soul, until he has become so charged with them that he has been able to fix them in a form of expression where beauty is united to strength, where concentration and ornamentation are alike secured, then the deepest needs of great numbers are fully met. What was vague and dim is brought into light. What was only half conceived, and so but half felt, is made to grip the soul with power. Poetry is of the very highest value for the inspiration and guidance of life, for calling out the emotions and opening up spiritual visions. It carries truths not only into the understanding, but into the heart, where they are likely to have the most direct effect on conduct.

In the language of Robert Southey, I commit these pages to the Christian public, with a sincere belief that much benefit will result to all who shall read them:

"Go forth, little book, from this my solitude;  
I cast thee on the waters,—go thy ways;  
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
The world will find thee after many days.  
Be it with thee according to thy worth;  
Go, little book! in faith I send thee forth."

Malden, Mass.

JAMES MUDGE.

# HEROISM

## CHIVALRY, NOBILITY, HONOR, TRUTH

### THE INEVITABLE

I like the man who faces what he must,  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp: better, with love, a crust  
Than living in dishonor: envies not,  
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,  
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,  
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest  
To every toiler: he alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.  
—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

### DEFEATED YET TRIUMPHANT

They never fail who die  
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad.  
Though years  
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others and conduct  
The world, at last, to freedom.  
—George Gordon Byron.

### A HERO GONE

He has done the work of a true man—  
Crown him, honor him, love him;  
Weep over him, tears of woman,  
Stoop, manliest brows, above him!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen;  
The freest of hands is still;  
And the gap in our picked and chosen  
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,  
No need his will outrun:  
Or ever our lips could ask him,  
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own life for others,  
Himself to his neighbor lending.  
Found the Lord in his suffering brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending.

And he saw, ere his eye was darkened,  
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing;  
And knew, while his ear yet hearkened,  
The voice of the reapers singing.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing  
A worthier paladin.  
He has heard the Master's blessing,  
"Good and faithful, enter in!"  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### THE CHARGE

They outtalked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?  
Better men fared thus before thee;  
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
Hotly charged—and sank at last.  
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
Let the victors, when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!  
—Matthew Arnold.

## THE REFORMER

Before the monstrous wrong he sets him  
down—  
One man against a stone-walled city of  
sin.  
For centuries those walls have been a-  
building;  
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly  
glass  
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No  
chink,  
No crevice, lets the thinnest arrow  
in.  
He fights alone, and from the cloudy  
ramparts  
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer  
him.  
Let him lie down and die: what is the  
right,  
And where is justice, in a world like  
this?  
But by and by earth shakes herself,  
impatient;  
And down, in one great roar of ruin,  
crash  
Watch-tower and citadel and battle-  
ments.  
When the red dust has cleared, the  
lonely soldier  
Stands with strange thoughts beneath  
the friendly stars.  
—Edward Rowland Sill.

## LIFE AND DEATH

So he died for his faith. That is fine—  
More than most of us do.  
But, say, can you add to that line  
That he lived for it, too?  
In his death he bore witness at last  
As a martyr to truth.  
Did his life do the same in the past  
From the days of his youth?  
It is easy to die. Men have died  
For a wish or a whim—  
From bravado or passion or pride.  
Was it harder for him?  
But to live—every day to live out  
All the truth that he dreamt,  
While his friends met his conduct with  
doubt  
And the world with contempt.  
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
Never turning aside?  
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.  
Never mind how he died.  
—Ernest Crosby.

## THE RED PLANET MARS

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.  
And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readeest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.  
Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know erelong,—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS  
PRAISE THEE

Not they alone who from the bitter  
strife  
Came forth victorious, yielding wil-  
lingly  
That which they deem most precious,  
even life,  
Content to suffer all things, Christ,  
for Thee;  
Not they alone whose feet so firmly trod  
The pathway ending in rack, sword  
and flame,  
Foreseeing death, yet faithful to their  
Lord,  
Enduring for His sake the pain and  
shame;  
Not they alone have won the martyr's  
palm,  
Not only from their life proceeds the  
eternal psalm.  
For earth hath martyrs now, a saintly  
throng;  
Each day unnoticed do we pass them  
by;  
'Mid busy crowds they calmly move  
along,  
Bearing a hidden cross, how  
patiently!  
Not theirs the sudden anguish, swift  
and keen,  
Their hearts are worn and wasted  
with small cares,  
With daily griefs and thrusts from foes  
unseen;  
Troubles and trials that take them  
unawares;  
Theirs is a lingering, silent martyrdom;  
They weep through weary years, and  
long for rest to come.

They weep, but murmur not; it is  
 God's will,  
 And they have learned to bend their  
 own to his;  
 Simply enduring, knowing that each ill  
 Is but the herald of some future bliss;  
 Striving and suffering, yet so silently  
 They know it least who seem to  
 know them best.  
 Faithful and true through long ad-  
 versity  
 They work and wait until God gives  
 them rest;  
 These surely share with those of by-  
 gone days  
 The palm-branch and the crown, and  
 swell their song of praise.

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or  
 not,—  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that  
 one  
 Where what he most doth value must  
 be won;  
 Whom neither shape of danger can  
 dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
 Who, not content that former work  
 stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpass;  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk  
 the earth  
 Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his  
 fame,  
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name—  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his  
 cause,  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering,  
 draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's  
 applause:  
 This is the happy warrior; this is he  
 That every man in arms should wish  
 to be. —William Wordsworth.

Around the man who seeks a noble end  
 Not angels but divinities attend.  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### ROBERT BROWNING'S MESSAGE

Grow old along with me!  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was  
 made;  
 Our times are in His hand  
 Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see  
 all, nor be afraid!"

Poor vaunt of life indeed,  
 Were man but formed to feed  
 On joy, to solely seek and find and  
 feast;  
 Such feasting ended, then  
 As sure an end to men:  
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets  
 doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Then welcome each rebuff  
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,  
 but go!  
 Be our joys three parts pain!  
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare,  
 never grudge the throe!

For thence—a paradox  
 Which comforts while it mocks—  
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to  
 fail:  
 What I aspired to be,  
 And was not, comforts me:  
 A brute I might have been, but would  
 not sink i' the scale.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not on the vulgar mass  
 Called "work" must sentence pass,  
 Things done, that took the eye and  
 had the price;  
 O'er which, from level stand,  
 The low world laid its hand,  
 Found straightway to its mind,  
 could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
 And finger failed to plumb,  
 So passed in making up the main  
 account;  
 All instincts immature,  
 All purposes unsure,  
 That weighed not as his work, yet  
 swelled the man's amount:



Thoughts hardly to be packed  
 Into a narrow act,  
 Fancies that broke through language  
 and escaped;

All I could never be,  
 All, men ignored in me,  
 This I was worth to God, whose  
 wheel the pitcher shaped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fool! All that is, at all,  
 Lasts ever, past recall;  
 Earth changes, but thy soul and  
 God stand sure:

What entered into thee  
*That* was, is, and shall be:  
 Time's wheel runs back or stops;  
 Potter and clay endure.

—From "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

### TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

Once to every man and nation comes  
 the moment to decide,  
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,  
 for the good or evil side;  
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
 offering each the bloom or blight,  
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and  
 the sheep upon the right,  
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt  
 that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger;  
 history's pages but record  
 One death-grapple in the darkness  
 'twixt old systems and the Word;  
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong  
 forever on the throne—  
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,  
 behind the dim unknown,  
 Standeth God within the shadow,  
 keeping watch above his own.

Then to side with Truth is noble when  
 we share her wretched crust,  
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and  
 'tis prosperous to be just;  
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while  
 the coward stands aside,  
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his  
 Lord is crucified,  
 And the multitude make virtue of the  
 faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—  
 they were souls that stood alone  
 While the men they agonized for hurled  
 the contumelious stone;

Stood serene, and down the future saw  
 the golden beam incline  
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered  
 by their faith divine,  
 By one man's plain truth to manhood  
 and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's  
 bleeding feet I track,  
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the  
 cross that turns not back,  
 And these mounts of anguish number  
 how each generation learned  
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which  
 in prophet-hearts hath burned  
 Since the first man stood God-conquered  
 with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where  
 to-day the martyr stands,  
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the  
 silver in his hands;  
 Far in front the cross stands ready and  
 the crackling fagots burn,  
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in  
 silent awe return  
 To glean up the scattered ashes into  
 History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle  
 slaves  
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our  
 fathers' graves;  
 Worshipers of light ancestral make the  
 present light a crime;—  
 Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,  
 steered by men behind their time?  
 Turn those tracks toward Past or Future  
 that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They have rights who dare maintain  
 them; we are traitors to our sires,  
 Smothering in their holy ashes Free-  
 dom's new-lit altar-fires;  
 Shall we make their creed our jailer?  
 shall we in our haste to slay,  
 From the tombs of the old prophets  
 steal the funeral lamps away  
 To light up the martyr-fagots round the  
 prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time  
 makes ancient good uncouth;  
 They must upward still, and onward,  
 who would keep abreast of Truth;  
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we  
 ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly  
 through the desperate winter sea,  
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with  
 the Past's blood-rusted key.

James Russell Lowell.

## COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
 Before him not the ghost of shores,  
 Before him only shoreless seas.  
 The good mate said: "Now, we must  
 pray,  
 For lo! the very stars are gone.  
 Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"  
 "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
 The stout mate thought of home; a  
 spray  
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy  
 cheek.  
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,  
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might  
 blow,  
 Until at last the blanched mate said:  
 "Why, now not even God would know  
 Should I and all my men fall dead.  
 These very winds forget their way,  
 For God from these dread seas is  
 gone.  
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and  
 say—"  
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke  
 the mate:  
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-  
 night.  
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word.  
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
 The words leapt as a leaping sword,  
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
 And peered through darkness. Ah,  
 that night  
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
 A light! A light! A light!  
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn:  
 He gained a world; he gave that  
 world  
 Its grandest lesson: "On, and on!"  
 —Joaquin Miller.

## THE CHOSEN FEW

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar;  
 Who follows in his train?  
 Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
 And triumph over pain,  
 Who patient bears His cross below—  
 He follows in His train.  
 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the Spirit came;  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
 knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame.  
 They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven  
 Through peril, toil and pain;  
 O God! to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train!  
 —Reginald Heber.

## HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came  
 your way  
 With a resolute heart and cheerful,  
 Or hide your face from the light of day  
 With a craven soul and fearful?  
 O, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an  
 ounce,  
 Or a trouble is what you make it,  
 And it isn't the fact that you're hurt  
 that counts,  
 But only—how did you take it?  
 You are beaten to earth? Well, well,  
 what's that?  
 Come up with a smiling face.  
 It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
 But to lie there—that's disgrace.  
 The harder you're thrown, why, the  
 higher you bounce;  
 Be proud of your blackened eye!  
 It isn't the fact that you're licked that  
 counts;  
 It's how did you fight—and why?  
 And though you be done to the death,  
 what then?  
 If you battled the best you could.  
 If you played your part in the world  
 of men,  
 Why, the Critic will call it good.  
 Death comes with a crawl or comes with  
 a pounce,  
 And whether he's slow or spry,  
 It isn't the fact that you're dead that  
 counts,  
 But only—how did you die?  
 —Edmund Vance Cooke.

## LUTHER

That which he knew he uttered,  
 Conviction made him strong;  
 And with undaunted courage  
 He faced and fought the wrong.  
 No power on earth could silence him  
 Whom love and faith made brave;  
 And though four hundred years have  
 gone  
 Men strew with flowers his grave.

A frail child born to poverty,  
 A German miner's son;  
 A poor monk searching in his cell,  
 What honors he has won!  
 The nations crown him faithful,  
 A man whom truth made free;  
 God give us for these easier times  
 More men as real as he!

—Marianne Farningham.

## THE MARTYRS

Flung to the heedless winds,  
 Or on the waters cast,  
 The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
 Shall gathered be at last;  
 And from that scattered dust,  
 Around us and abroad,  
 Shall spring a plenteous seed  
 Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
 Their latest living breath;  
 And vain is Satan's boast  
 Of victory in their death;  
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
 And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
 To many a wakening land,  
 The one availing name.  
 —Martin Luther, tr. by John A. Mes-  
 senger.

Stainless soldier on the walls,  
 Knowing this—and knows no more—  
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
 Justice conquers evermore,  
 Justice after as before;  
 And he who battles on her side,  
 God, though he were ten times slain,  
 Crowns him victor glorified,  
 Victor over death and pain.  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## ETERNAL JUSTICE

The man is thought a knave, or fool;  
 Or bigot, plotting crime,  
 Who, for the advancement of his  
 kind,  
 Is wiser than his time.  
 For him the hemlock shall distil;  
 For him the axe be bared;  
 For him the gibbet shall be built;  
 For him the stake prepared.  
 Him shall the scorn and wrath of men  
 Pursue with deadly aim;  
 And malice, envy, spite, and lies,  
 Shall desecrate his name.  
 But Truth shall conquer at the last,  
 For round and round we run;  
 And ever the Right comes uppermost,  
 And ever is Justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,  
 Cheerily to and fro;  
 Trust to the impulse of thy soul,  
 And let the poison flow.  
 They may shatter to earth the lamp  
 of clay  
 That holds a light divine,  
 But they cannot quench the fire of  
 thought  
 By any such deadly wine.  
 They cannot blot thy spoken words  
 From the memory of man  
 By all the poison ever was brewed  
 Since time its course began.  
 To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,  
 For round and round we run,  
 And ever the Truth comes uppermost,  
 And ever is Justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite;  
 Be wiser than thy peers;  
 Augment the range of human power,  
 And trust to coming years.  
 They may call thee wizard, and monk  
 accursed,  
 And load thee with dispraise;  
 Thou wert born five hundred years too  
 soon  
 For the comfort of thy days;  
 But not too soon for human kind.  
 Time hath reward in store;  
 And the demons of our sires become  
 The saints that we adore.  
 The blind can see, the slave is lord,  
 So round and round we run;  
 And ever the Wrong is proved to be  
 wrong  
 And ever is Justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,  
 And nerve thy soul to bear;  
 They may gloat o'er the senseless  
 words they wring  
 From the pangs of thy despair;  
 They may veil their eyes, but they  
 cannot hide  
 The sun's meridian glow;  
 The heel of a priest may tread thee  
 down  
 And a tyrant work thee woe;  
 But never a truth has been destroyed;  
 They may curse it and call it crime;  
 Pervert and betray, or slander and  
 slay  
 Its teachers for a time.  
 But the sunshine aye shall light the  
 sky,  
 As round and round we run;  
 And the Truth shall ever come upper-  
 most,  
 And Justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—  
 With thoughts like the great of old?  
 Many have died in their misery,  
 And left their thought untold;  
 And many live, and are ranked as mad,  
 And are placed in the cold world's  
 ban,  
 For sending their bright, far-seeing  
 souls  
 Three centuries in the van.  
 They toil in penury and grief,  
 Unknown, if not maligned;  
 Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn  
 Of the meanest of mankind!  
 But yet the world goes round and round,  
 And the genial seasons run;  
 And ever the Truth comes uppermost,  
 And ever is Justice done.  
 —Charles Mackay.

We cannot kindle when we will  
 The fire which in the heart resides.  
 The spirit bloweth and is still;  
 In mystery our soul abides:  
 But tasks in hours of insight willed  
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
 We bear the burden and the heat  
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere  
 done.  
 Not till the hours of light return,  
 All we have built do we discern.  
 —Matthew Arnold.

## WHAT MAKES A HERO?

What makes a hero?—not success, not  
 fame,  
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud  
 acclaim  
 Of gluttoned avarice—caps tossed up  
 in air,  
 Or pen of journalist with flourish  
 fair;  
 Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a  
 titular name—  
 These, though his rightful tribute,  
 he can spare;  
 His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,  
 Or true reward; for never yet did  
 these  
 Refresh the soul, or set the heart at  
 ease.  
 What makes a hero?—An heroic mind,  
 Expressed in action, in endurance  
 proved.  
 And if there be preëminence of right,  
 Derived through pain well suffered,  
 to the height  
 Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved  
 Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or  
 wind,  
 Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,  
 But worse—ingratitude and poison-  
 ous darts,  
 Launched by the country he had  
 served and loved.  
 This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,  
 This, in the strength of silence to en-  
 dure,  
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts  
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of  
 renown;  
 This is the hero's complement and  
 crown;  
 This missed, one struggle had been  
 wanting still—  
 One glorious triumph of the heroic will,  
 One self-approval in his heart of  
 hearts.

—Henry Taylor.

As the bird trims her to the gale  
 I trim myself to the storm of time;  
 I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
 Obey the voice at eve obeyed at  
 prime;  
 "Lowly faithful banish fear,  
 Right onward drive unharmed;  
 The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
 And every wave is charmed."  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## DEMAND FOR MEN

The world wants men—large-hearted,  
manly men;  
Men who shall join its chorus and pro-  
long  
The psalm of labor, and the psalm of  
love.  
The times want scholars—scholars who  
shall shape  
The doubtful destinies of dubious  
years,  
And land the ark that bears our coun-  
try's good  
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.  
The age wants heroes—heroes who  
shall dare  
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;  
To clutch the monster error by the  
throat;  
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;  
To blot the era of oppression out,  
And lead a universal freedom on.  
And heaven wants souls—fresh and  
capacious souls;  
To taste its raptures, and expand, like  
flowers,  
Beneath the glory of its central sun.  
It wants fresh souls—not lean and  
shrivelled ones;  
It wants fresh souls, my brother, give  
it thine.  
If thou indeed wilt be what scholars  
should;  
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive  
To help thy fellow and exalt thy-  
self,  
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper  
floors;  
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand  
hearts—  
Each single heart with myriad raptures  
filled—  
While thou shalt sit with princes and  
with kings,  
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

Blessed are they who die for God,  
And earn the martyr's crown of  
light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in his sight.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by!

## TRUTH

Truth will prevail, though men abhor  
The glory of its light;  
And wage exterminating war  
And put all foes to flight.

Though trodden under foot of men,  
Truth from the dust will spring,  
And from the press—the li<sup>g</sup>—the pen—  
In tones of thunder ring.

Beware—beware, ye who resist  
The light that beams around,  
Lest, ere you look through error's mist,  
Truth strike you to the ground.  
—D. C. Colesworthy.

## TO A REFORMER

Nay, now, if these things that you  
yearn to teach  
Bear wisdom, in your judgment, rich  
and strong,  
Give voice to them though no man  
heed your speech,  
Since right is right though all the  
world go wrong.

The proof that you believe what you  
declare  
Is that you still stand firm though  
throngs pass by;  
Rather cry truth a lifetime to void air  
Than flatter listening millions with  
one lie!  
—Edgar Fawcett.

## TEACH ME THE TRUTH

Teach me the truth, Lord, though it  
put to flight  
My cherished dreams and fondest  
fancy's play;  
Give me to know the darkness from  
the light,  
The night from day.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my  
heart may break  
In casting out the falsehood for the  
true;  
Help me to take my shattered life and  
make  
Its actions new.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my  
feet may fear  
The rocky path that opens out to me;  
Rough it may be, but let the way be  
clear  
That leads to thee.

Teach me the truth, Lord. When  
false creeds decay,  
When man-made dogmas vanish  
with the night,  
Then, Lord, on thee my darkened soul  
shall stay,  
Thou living Light.  
—Frances Lockwood Green.

## HEROISM

It takes great strength to train  
To modern service your ancestral  
brain;  
To lift the weight of the unnumbered  
years  
Of dead men's habits, methods, and  
ideas;  
To hold that back with one hand, and  
support  
With the other the weak steps of the  
new thought.

It takes great strength to bring your  
life up square  
With your accepted thought and hold  
it there;  
Resisting the inertia that drags back  
From new attempts to the old habit's  
track.  
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;  
So hard to live abreast of what you  
think.

It takes great strength to live where  
you belong  
When other people think that you are  
wrong;  
People you love, and who love you, and  
whose  
Approval is a pleasure you would  
choose.  
To bear this pressure and succeed at  
length  
In living your belief—well, it takes  
strength,

And courage, too. But what does  
courage mean  
Save strength to help you face a pain  
foreseen?

Courage to undertake this lifelong  
strain  
Of setting yours against your grand-  
sire's brain;  
Dangerous risk of walking lone and  
free  
Out of the easy paths that used to be,  
And the fierce pain of hurting those  
we love  
When love meets truth, and truth  
must ride above.

But the best courage man has ever  
shown  
Is daring to cut loose and think alone.  
Dark are the unlit chambers of clear  
space  
Where light shines back from no re-  
flecting face.  
Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's  
shining blue,  
We owe to fog and dust they fumble  
through;  
And our rich wisdom that we treasure  
so  
Shines from the thousand things that  
we don't know.  
But to think new—it takes a courage  
grim  
As led Columbus over the world's  
rim.  
To think it cost some courage. And  
to go—  
Try it. It takes every power you  
know.

It takes great love to stir the human  
heart  
To live beyond the others and apart.  
A love that is not shallow, is not small,  
Is not for one or two, but for them  
all.  
Love that can wound love for its higher  
need;  
Love that can leave love, though the  
heart may bleed;  
Love that can lose love, family and  
friend,  
Yet steadfastly live, loving, to the  
end.  
A love that asks no answer, that can  
live  
Moved by one burning, deathless  
force—to give.  
Love, strength, and courage; courage,  
strength, and love.  
The heroes of all time are built thereof.  
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## TO TRUTH

O star of truth down shining  
Through clouds of doubt and fear,  
I ask but 'neath your guidance  
My pathway may appear.  
However long the journey  
How hard soe'er it be,  
Though I be lone and weary,  
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

I know thy blessed radiance  
Can never lead astray,  
However ancient custom  
May trend some other way.  
E'en if through untried deserts,  
Or over trackless sea,  
Though I be lone and weary,  
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

The bleeding feet of martyrs  
Thy toilsome road have trod.  
But fires of human passion  
May light the way to God.  
Then, though my feet should falter,  
While I thy beams can see,  
Though I be lone and weary,  
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

Though loving friends forsake me,  
Or plead with me in tears—  
Though angry foes may threaten  
To shake my soul with fears—  
Still to my high allegiance  
I must not faithless be.  
Through life or death, forever,  
Lead on, I'll follow thee.  
—Minot J. Savage.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Not ours nobility of this world's giving  
Granted by monarchs of some earthly  
throne;  
Not this life only which is worth the  
living,  
Nor honor here worth striving for  
alone.

Princes are we, and of a line right royal;  
Heirs are we of a glorious realm  
above;  
Yet bound to service humble, true, and  
loyal,  
For thus constraineth us our Mon-  
arch's love.

And looking to the joy that lies before  
us,  
The crown held out to our once fallen  
race;  
Led by the light that ever shineth o'er  
us,  
Man is restored to nature's noblest  
place.

*Noblesse oblige*—(our very watchword  
be it!)  
To raise the fallen from this low  
estate,  
To boldly combat wrong whene'er we  
see it,  
To render good for evil, love for hate.

*Noblesse oblige*—to deeds of valiant  
daring  
In alien lands which other lords obey,  
And into farthest climes our standard  
bearing,  
To lead them captive 'neath our  
Master's sway.

*Noblesse oblige*—that, grudging not our  
treasure,  
Nor seeking any portion to withhold,  
We freely give it, without stint or  
measure,  
Whate'er it be—our talents, time, or  
gold.

*Noblesse oblige*—that, looking upward  
ever,  
We serve our King with courage,  
faith, and love,  
Till, through that grace which can from  
death deliver,  
We claim our noble heritage above!

## OUR HEROES

The winds that once the Argo bore  
Have died by Neptune's ruined  
shrines,  
And her hull is the drift of the deep  
sea floor,  
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest  
pines.  
You may seek her crew in every isle,  
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,  
But out of their sleep no charm can  
wile  
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's voice is heard no more  
 By windy Illium's sea-built walls;  
 From the washing wave and the lonely  
 shore  
 No wail goes up as Hector falls.  
 On Ida's mount is the shining snow,  
 But Jove has gone from its brow  
 away,  
 And red on the plain the poppies  
 grow  
 Where Greek and Trojan fought that  
 day.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead?  
 Do they thrill the soul of the years  
 no more?  
 Are the gleaming snows and the pop-  
 pies red  
 All that is left of the brave of yore?  
 Are there none to fight as Theseus  
 fought,  
 Far in the young world's misty  
 dawn?  
 Or teach as the gray-haired Nestor  
 taught?  
 Mother Earth! Are thy heroes gone?

Gone?—in a nobler form they rise;  
 Dead?—we may clasp their hands in  
 ours,  
 And catch the light of their glorious  
 eyes,  
 And wreathe their brows with im-  
 mortal flowers.  
 Whenever a noble deed is done,  
 There are the souls of our heroes  
 stirred;  
 Whenever a field for truth is won,  
 There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings in a fairer field  
 Than Greek or Trojan ever trod,  
 For Freedom's sword is the blade they  
 wield,  
 And the light above them the smile  
 of God!  
 So, in his Isle of calm delight,  
 Jason may dream the years away,  
 But the heroes live, and the skies are  
 bright,  
 And the world is a braver world  
 to-day. —Edna Dean Proctor.

The hero is not fed on sweets,  
 Daily his own heart he eats;  
 Chambers of the great are jails,  
 And head winds right for royal sails.  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### TRIUMPH OF THE MARTYRS

They seemed to die on battle-field,  
 To die with justice, truth, and law;  
 The bloody corpse, the broken shield,  
 Were all that senseless folly saw.  
 But, like Antæus from the turf,  
 They sprung refreshed, to strive  
 again,  
 Where'er the savage and the serf  
 Rise to the rank of men.

They seemed to die by sword and fire,  
 Their voices hushed in endless sleep;  
 Well might the noblest cause expire  
 Beneath that mangled, smouldering  
 heap;  
 Yet that wan band, unarmed, defied  
 The legions of their pagan foes;  
 And in the truths they testified,  
 From out the ashes rose.

### WORTH WHILE

I pray thee, Lord, that when it comes  
 to me  
 To say if I will follow truth and Thee,  
 Or choose instead to win, as better  
 worth  
 My pains, some cloying recompense of  
 earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-  
 fought field,  
 Forspent and bruised, upon a battered  
 shield,  
 Home to obscure endurance to be borne  
 Rather than live my own mean gains  
 to scorn.

—Edward Sandford Martin.

### WILL

O, well for him whose will is strong!  
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;  
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.  
 For him nor moves the loud world's  
 random mock,  
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-  
 found,  
 Who seems a promontory of rock,  
 That, compassed round with turbu-  
 lent sound,  
 In middle ocean meets the surging  
 shock,  
 Tempest-buffed, citadel-crowned.

—Alfred Tennyson.



## NOBLE DEEDS

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low!  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## GOD'S HEROES

Not on the gory field of fame  
 Their noble deeds were done;  
 Not in the sound of earth's acclaim  
 Their fadeless crowns were won.  
 Not from the palaces of kings,  
 Nor fortune's sunny clime,  
 Came the great souls, whose life-work  
 flings  
 Luster o'er earth and time.

For truth with tireless zeal they sought;  
 In joyless paths they trod—  
 Heedless of praise or blame they  
 wrought,  
 And left the rest to God.  
 The lowliest sphere was not disdained;  
 Where love could soothe or save,  
 They went, by fearless faith sustained,  
 Nor knew their deeds were brave.

The foes with which they waged their  
 strife  
 Were passion, self, and sin;  
 The victories that laureled life  
 Were fought and won within.  
 Not names in gold emblazoned here,  
 And great and good confessed,  
 In Heaven's immortal scroll appear  
 As noblest and as best.

No sculptured stone in stately temple  
 Proclaims their rugged lot;  
 Like Him who was their great example,  
 This vain world knew them not.  
 But though their names no poet wove  
 In deathless song or story,  
 Their record is inscribed above;  
 Their wreaths are crowns of glory.  
 —Edward Hartley Dewart.

## WORLDLY PLACE

"Even in a palace, life may be led  
 well!"  
 So spoke the imperial sage, purest of  
 men,  
 Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den  
 Of common life, where, crowded up  
 pell-mell,  
 Our freedom for a little bread we sell,  
 And drudge under some foolish master's  
 ken,  
 Who rates us if we peer outside our  
 pen—  
 Matched with a palace, is not this a  
 hell?  
 "Even in a palace!" On his truth  
 sincere,  
 Who spoke these words no shadow  
 ever came;  
 And when my ill-schooled spirit is  
 aflame  
 Some nobler, ampler stage of life to  
 win,  
 I'll stop and say: "There were no  
 succor here!  
 The aids to noble life are all within."  
 —Matthew Arnold.

## THE VICTORY

To do the tasks of life, and be not lost;  
 To mingle, yet dwell apart;  
 To be by roughest seas how rudely  
 tossed,  
 Yet bate no jot of heart;

To hold thy course among the heavenly  
 stars,  
 Yet dwell upon the earth;  
 To stand behind Fate's firm-laid prison  
 bars,  
 Yet win all Freedom's worth.  
 —Sydney Henry Morse.

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes  
 with those we cherish near,  
 And wafted upward by their sighs soar  
 to some calmer sphere;  
 But whether on the scaffold high or  
 in the battle's van  
 The fittest place where man can die  
 is where he dies for man.  
 —Michael Joseph Barry.

## A TRUE HERO

(James Braidwood of the London Fire Brigade; died June, 1861.)

Not at the battle front, writ of in story,  
Not in the blazing wreck, steering to  
glory;

Not while in martyr-pangs soul and  
flesh sever,  
Died he—this Hero now; hero forever.

No pomp poetic crowned, no forms  
enchained him;  
No friends applauding watched, no  
foes arraigned him;

Death found him there, without gran-  
deur or beauty.  
Only an honest man doing his duty;

Just a God-fearing man, simple and  
lowly,  
Constant at kirk and hearth, kindly  
as holy;

Death found—and touched him with  
finger in flying—  
Lo! he rose up complete—hero undying.

Now all men mourn for him, lovingly  
raise him,  
Up from his life obscure, chronicle,  
praise him;

Tell his last act; done 'midst peril ap-  
palling,  
And the last word of cheer from his  
lips falling;

Follow in multitudes to his grave's  
portal;  
Leave him there, buried in honor im-  
mortal.

So many a Hero walks unseen beside  
us,  
Till comes the supreme stroke sent to  
divide us.

Then the Lord calls his own—like this  
man, even,  
Carried, Elijah-like, fire-winged, to  
heaven.

—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.  
—Samuel Daniel.

## BATTLES

Nay, not for place, but for the right,  
To make this fair world fairer still—  
Or lowly lily of the night,  
Or sun topped tower of a hill,  
Or high or low, or near or far,  
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,  
Or blade of grass, or brightest star—  
All, all are but the same to him.

O pity of the strife for place!  
O pity of the strife for power!  
How scarred, how marred a mountain's  
face!  
How fair the face of a flower!  
The blade of grass beneath your feet  
The bravest sword—aye, braver far  
To do and die in mute defeat  
Than bravest conqueror of war!

When I am dead, say this, but this:  
"He grasped at no man's blade or  
shield.

Or banner bore, but helmetless,  
Alone, unknown, he held the field;  
He held the field, with sabre drawn,  
Where God had set him in the fight;  
He held the field, fought on and on,  
And so fell, fighting for the right!"  
—Joaquin Miller.

While thus to love he gave his days  
In loyal worship, scorning praise,  
How spread their lures for him in vain,  
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!  
He thought it happier to be dead,  
To die for Beauty than live for bread.  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,  
Space for one task the scant years  
lend,  
To choose some path that leads to God,  
And keep it to the end.  
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Bravely to do whate'er the time de-  
mands,  
Whether with pen or sword, and not  
to flinch,  
This is the task that fits heroic hands;  
So are Truth's boundaries widened,  
inch by inch.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## COURAGE

### CONSTANCY, CONFIDENCE, STRENGTH, VALOR

#### THE BATTLEFIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her  
brave—  
Gushed, warm with life and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still,  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talks of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;  
Men start not at the battle-cry;  
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof.  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell at last  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is  
pealed,  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.  
—William Cullen Bryant.

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#### DARE YOU?

Doubting Thomas and loving John,  
Behind the others walking on:

"Tell me now, John, dare you be  
One of the minority?  
To be lonely in your thought,  
Never visited nor sought,  
Shunned with secret shrug, to go  
Through the world esteemed its foe;  
To be singled out and hissed,  
Pointed at as one unblessed,  
Warned against in whispers faint,  
Lest the children catch a taint;  
To bear off your titles well,—  
Heretic and infidel?  
If you dare, come now with me,  
Fearless, confident and free."

"Thomas, do you dare to be  
Of the great majority?  
To be only, as the rest,  
With Heaven's common comforts  
blessed;

To accept, in humble part,  
Truth that shines on every heart;  
Never to be set on high,  
Where the envious curses fly;  
Never name or fame to find,  
Still outstripped in soul and mind;  
To be hid, unless to God,  
As one grass-blade in the sod;  
Underfoot with millions trod?  
If you dare, come with us, be  
Lost in love's great unity."

—Edward Rowland Sill.

### SENSITIVENESS

Time was I shrank from what was  
right,  
From fear of what was wrong;  
I would not brave the sacred fight  
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense  
And sorer shame aside;  
Such dread of sin was indolence,  
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So when my Saviour calls I rise,  
And calmly do my best;  
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes  
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;  
Men count my haltings o'er;  
I know them; yet, though self I dread,  
I love His precept more.

—John Henry Newman.

### COURAGE

Because I hold it sinful to despond,  
And will not let the bitterness of life  
Blind me with burning tears, but look  
beyond

Its tumult and its strife;  
Because I lift my head above the mist,  
Where the sun shines and the broad  
breezes blow,

By every ray and every rain-drop  
kissed  
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?  
No burden to be borne, like Chris-  
tian's pack?

Think you there are no ready tears to  
fall  
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold  
reserve,  
To curse myself and all who love me?  
Nay!

A thousand times more good than I  
deserve  
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious  
tears

Kept bravely back He makes a rain-  
bow shine;

Gratefully I take His slightest gift, no  
fears

Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the  
clouds are past

One golden day redeems a weary  
year;

Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last  
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let  
me be.

I must be glad and grateful to the  
end.

I grudge you not your cold and dark-  
ness,—me

The powers of light befriend.

—Celia Thaxter.

### DO AND BE BLEST

Dare to think, though others frown;  
Dare in words your thoughts ex-  
press;

Dare to rise, though oft cast down;  
Dare the wronged and scorned to  
bless.

Dare from custom to depart;  
Dare the priceless pearl possess;  
Dare to wear it next your heart;  
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;  
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;  
Dare to give where gifts belong,  
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,  
Do what reason says is best,  
Do with all your mind and might;  
Do your duty and be blest.

## A PLACE WITH HIM

O tired worker, faltering on life's  
rugged way,  
With faithful hands so full they may  
not rest,  
Forget not that the weak of earth have  
one sure stay,  
And humblest ones by God himself  
are blest,  
Who work for Him!

Then courage take, faint heart! and  
though the path be long  
God's simple rule thy steps will  
safely guide:—  
"Love Him, thy neighbor as thyself,  
and do no wrong";  
In calm content they all shall surely  
bide

Who walk with Him!

So banish every fear, each daily task  
take up,  
God's grace thy failing strength shall  
build anew;  
His mercy, in thy sorrows, stay the  
flowing cup:  
And His great love keep for thy  
spirit true  
A place with him!  
—J. D. Seabury.

## GOD A FORTRESS

A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing:  
Our Helper, he, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is he;  
Lord Sabaoth is his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils  
filled,  
Should threaten to undo us;  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim—  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers—  
No thanks to them—abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill:  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever.  
—Martin Luther, tr. by Frederick H.  
Hedge.

## STRENGTH

Be strong to hope, O heart!  
Though day is bright,  
The stars can only shine  
In the dark night.  
Be strong, O heart of mine,  
Look toward the light.

Be strong to bear, O heart!  
Nothing is vain:  
Strive not, for life is care,  
And God sends pain.  
Heaven is above, and there  
Rest will remain.

Be strong to love, O heart!  
Love knows not wrong;  
Didst thou love creatures even,  
Life were not long;  
Didst thou love God in heaven  
Thou wouldst be strong.

Why comes temptation but for man  
to meet  
And master and make crouch beneath  
his foot,  
And so be pedestaled in triumph? Pray,  
"Lead us into no such temptation,  
Lord!"  
Yea, but, O thou whose servants are  
the bold,  
Lead such temptations by the head and  
hair,  
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares  
fight,  
That so he may do battle and have  
praise. —Robert Browning.

## BE JUST AND FEAR NOT

Speak thou the truth. Let others  
fence,

And trim their words for pay:  
In pleasant sunshine of pretense  
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of  
night

Down on thy watch tower stoop:  
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's  
delight

Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer  
seem

In shelter to abide:

We were not made to sit and dream:  
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,  
Cry not, "The way is plain":  
His path within for those without  
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,  
Into thy spirit burned,  
Is better than the whole half-heard  
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience  
gleam,

Set not thy bushel down;  
The smallest spark may send his beam  
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,  
Who creeps to age from youth,  
Failing to grasp his life's intent  
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,  
And as thy thought, thy speech:  
What thou hast not by suffering bought,  
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,  
The foes are on the sand:  
The first world tempest's ruthless  
shock  
Scatters their drifting strand:

While each wild gust the mist shall  
clear

We now see darkly through,  
And justified at last appear  
The true, in Him that's True.

—Henry Alford.

## COURAGE DEFINED

The brave man is not he who feels no  
fear,

For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul its fear sub-  
dues,

And bravely dares the danger nature  
shrinks from.

As for your youth whom blood and  
blows delight,

Away with them! there is not in their  
crew

One valiant spirit.

—Joanna Baillie.

## DEMAND FOR COURAGE

Thy life's a warfare, thou a soldier art;  
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful  
heart

Thy two-edged weapon; patience is thy  
shield,

Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world  
thy field.

To be afraid to die, or wish for death,  
Are words and passions of despairing  
breath.

Who doth the first the day doth faintly  
yield;

And who the second basely flies the  
field.

—Francis Quarles.

When falls the hour of evil chance—  
And hours of evil chance will fall—  
Strike, though with but a broken lance!  
Strike, though you have no lance  
at all!

Shrink not, however great the odds;  
Shrink not, however dark the hour—  
The barest possibility of good  
Demands your utmost power.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

### TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT

Courage, brother, do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God and do the right.  
Though the road be long and dreary,  
And the end be out of sight;  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary—  
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God and do the right.  
Shun all forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Heed no custom, school, or fashion—  
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man and look above thee,  
Trust in God and do the right.  
Simple rule and safest guiding—  
Inward peace and shining light—  
Star upon our path abiding—  
TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.  
—Norman Macleod.

### THE PRESENT CRISIS

We are living, we are dwelling, in a  
grand and awful time.  
In an age on ages telling to be living  
is sublime.  
Hark! the waking up of nations; Gog  
and Magog to the fray.  
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation  
groaning for its latter day.  
Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with  
your music and your wine?  
Up! it is Jehovah's rally; God's own  
arm hath need of thine;  
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your faith-  
clad arms in lazy lock?  
Up! O up, thou drowsy soldier! Worlds  
are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven behold-  
ing; thou hast but an hour to fight;  
Now the blazoned cross unfolding, on,  
right onward for the right!  
On! let all the soul within you for the  
truth's sake go abroad!  
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on  
ages; tell for God!  
—Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

### BRAVERY

We will speak on; we will be heard;  
Though all earth's systems crack,  
We will not bate a single word,  
Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth; and what care we  
For hissing and for scorn  
While some faint gleaming we can see  
Of Freedom's coming morn!

Let liars fear; let cowards shrink;  
Let traitors turn away;  
Whatever we have dared to think,  
That dare we also say.  
—James Russell Lowell.

### NO ENEMIES

He has no enemies, you say?  
My friend, your boast is poor;  
He who hath mingled in the fray  
Of duty, that the brave endure,  
Must have made foes. If he has none  
Small is the work that he has done.  
He has hit no traitor on the hip;  
He has cast no cup from tempted lip;  
He has never turned the wrong to  
right;  
He has been a coward in the fight.

One deed may mar a life,  
And one can make it.  
Hold firm thy will for strife,  
Lest a quick blow break it!  
Even now from far, on viewless wing,  
Hither speeds the nameless thing  
Shall put thy spirit to the test.  
Haply or e'er yon sinking sun  
Shall drop behind the purple West  
All shall be lost—or won!  
—Richard Watson Gilder.

In spite of sorrow, loss, and pain,  
Our course be onward still;  
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,  
We reap on Zion's hill.  
—Adoniram Judson.

I find no foeman in the road but Fear.  
To doubt is failure and to dare success.  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

## DARE TO DO RIGHT

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 You have a work that no other can do,  
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,  
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Other men's failures can never save  
 you;  
 Stand by your conscience, your honor,  
 your faith;  
 Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 God, who created you, cares for you  
 too;  
 Treasures the tears that his striving  
 ones shed,  
 Counts and protects every hair of your  
 head.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Keep the great judgment-seat always  
 in view;  
 Look at your work as you'll look at  
 it then—  
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and  
 men.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Cannot Omnipotence carry you  
 through?  
 City, and mansion, and throne all in  
 sight—  
 Can you not dare to be true and do  
 right?

Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue  
 The path by apostles and martyrs once  
 trod,  
 The path of the just to the city of God.  
 —George Lansing Taylor.

## PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though  
 days be slow,  
 And nights be dark 'twixt days that  
 come and go,  
 Still pluck will win; its average is sure,  
 He gains the prize who will the most  
 endure;  
 Who faces issues; he who never shirks;  
 Who waits and watches, and who  
 always works.

## BE NEVER DISCOURAGED

Be never discouraged!  
 Look up and look on;  
 When the prospect is darkest  
 The cloud is withdrawn.  
 The shadows that blacken  
 The earth and the sky,  
 Speak to the strong-hearted,  
 Salvation is nigh.

Be never discouraged!  
 If you would secure  
 The earth's richest blessings,  
 And make heaven sure,  
 Yield not in the battle,  
 Nor quail in the blast;  
 The brave and unyielding  
 Win nobly at last.

Be never discouraged!  
 By day and by night  
 Have glory in prospect  
 And wisdom in sight;  
 Undaunted and faithful,  
 You never will fail,  
 Though kingdoms oppose you  
 And devils assail.  
 —D. C. Colesworthly.

## NEVER SAY FAIL

Keep pushing—'tis wiser than sitting  
 aside  
 And dreaming and sighing and waiting  
 the tide.  
 In life's earnest battle they only pre-  
 vail  
 Who daily march onward, and never  
 say fail.

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's  
 not dumb,  
 And a heart that will never to sorrow  
 succumb,  
 You'll battle—and conquer, though  
 thousands assail;  
 How strong and how mighty, who  
 never say fail.

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's  
 firm pride,  
 Let this be the motto your footsteps  
 to guide:  
 In storm and in sunshine, whatever  
 assail,  
 We'll onward and conquer, and never  
 say fail.



## ONLY ONE WAY

However the battle is ended,

Though proudly the victor comes,  
With fluttering flags and prancing nags

And echoing roll of drums,  
Still truth proclaims this motto,

In letters of living light:

No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor

May grind the weak in the dust,  
And the voices of fame with one

acclaim

May call him great and just,  
Let those who applaud take warning,

And keep this motto in sight:

No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;

Though the enemy seemed to have  
won,

Though his ranks are strong, if in the  
wrong

The battle is not yet done.

For, sure as the morning follows

The darkest hour of the night,

No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right.

## FORTITUDE AMID TRIALS

O, never from thy tempted heart

Let thine integrity depart!

When Disappointment fills thy cup,

Undaunted, nobly drink it up;

Truth will prevail and Justice show

Her tardy honors, sure, though slow.

Bear on—bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,

Though often such its mazes seem;

We were not born for lives of ease,

Ourselves alone to aid and please.

To each a daily task is given,

A labor which shall fit for Heaven;

When Duty calls, let Love grow warm;

Amid the sunshine and the storm,

With Faith life's trials boldly breast,

And come a conqueror to thy rest.

Bear on—bear bravely on!

He that feeds men serveth few;

He serves all who dares be true.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## PLUCK

Be firm. One constant element in luck

Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.

See yon tall shaft? It felt the earth-  
quake's thrill,

Clung to its base, and greets the sun-  
light still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold  
will slip,

But only crow-bars loose the bulldog's  
grip;

Small as he looks, the jaw that never  
yields

Drags down the bellowing monarch of  
the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back;  
Your wake is nothing,—mind the com-  
ing track;

Leave what you've done for what you  
have to do,

Don't be "consistent," but be simply  
true.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Do thy little; do it well;

Do what right and reason tell;

Do what wrong and sorrow claim:

Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be,

Dreariness and drudgery;

They whom Christ apostles made

Gathered fragments when he bade.

Is the work difficult?

Jesus directs thee.

Is the path dangerous?

Jesus protects thee.

Fear not and falter not;

Let the word cheer thee:

All through the coming year

He will be near thee.

Well to suffer is divine.

Pass the watchword down the line,

Pass the countersign, Endure!

Not to him who rashly dares,

But to him who nobly bears,

Is the victor's garland sure.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

If thou canst plan a noble deed  
And never flag till thou succeed,  
Though in the strife thy heart shall  
    bleed,  
Whatever obstacles control,  
Thine hour will come; go on, true soul!  
Thou'lt win the prize; thou'lt reach the  
goal.

---

I honor the man who is willing to sink  
Half his present repute for freedom  
to think;  
And when he has that, be his cause  
strong or weak,  
Will risk t'other half for freedom to  
speak. —James Russell Lowell.

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The word is great, and no deed is greater  
When both are of God, to follow or  
lead;  
But alas! for the truth when the word  
comes later,  
With questioned steps, to sustain the  
deed. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

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Stand upright, speak thy thought, de-  
clare  
The truth thou hast that all may  
share;  
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;  
They only live who dare.  
—Lewis Morris.

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There is no duty patent in the world  
Like daring try be good and true myself,  
Leaving the shows of things to the  
Lord of show  
And Prince o' the power of the air.  
—Robert Browning.

---

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.  
—Aaron Hill (1685-1750).

On the red rampart's slippery swell,  
With heart that beat a charge, he fell  
Foeward, as fits a man;  
But the high soul burns on to light  
men's feet  
Where death for noble ends makes  
dying sweet.  
—James Russell Lowell.

---

I do not ask that Thou shalt front the  
fray.  
And drive the warring foeman from  
my sight:  
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,  
Strength for the fight!

---

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-  
troubled sphere;  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me  
from fear. —Emily Brontë.

---

You will find that luck  
Is only pluck  
To try things over and over;  
Patience and skill,  
Courage and will,  
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

---

The chivalry  
That dares the right and disregards  
alike  
The yea and nay o' the world.  
—Robert Browning.

---

God has his best things for the few  
Who dare to stand the test;  
He has his second choice for those  
Who will not have his best.

---

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;  
A fault which needs it most grows two  
thereby. —George Herbert.

# INDEPENDENCE

## MANHOOD, FIRMNESS, EARNESTNESS, RESOLUTION

### WANTED

God give us men! A time like this  
demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,  
and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not  
kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot  
buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will  
not lie.  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries  
without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above  
the fog  
In public duty and in private think-  
ing;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-  
worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little  
deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom  
weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting  
Justice sleeps.  
—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

### TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

By thine own soul's law learn to live,  
And if men thwart thee take no  
heed;  
And if men hate thee have no care;  
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed;  
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy  
prayer,  
And claim no crown they will not  
give,  
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.  
Keep thou thy soul-won, steadfast oath,  
And to thy heart be true thy heart;  
What thy soul teaches learn to know,  
And play out thine appointed part,  
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,  
Nor helped nor hardened in thy  
growth,  
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,  
And let thy feet be lured to stray  
Nowhither, but be swift to run,  
And nowhere tarry by the way,  
Until at last the end is won,  
And thou mayst look back from thy  
place  
And see thy long day's journey done.  
—Pakenham Beatty.

### LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth  
raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by  
praise,  
Nor rules of state but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.  
—Henry Wotton.

High above hate I dwell;  
O storms, farewell!

## UNCONQUERED

Out of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the  
 scroll;

I am the master of my fate,  
 I am the captain of my soul.  
 —William Ernest Henley.

## RELIGION AND DOCTRINE

He stood before the Sanhedrim:  
 The scowling rabbis gazed at him.  
 He recked not of their praise or blame;  
 There was no fear, there was no shame,  
 For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
 The whole world poured its vast sur-  
 prise.

The open heaven was far too near  
 His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
 To let him waste his new-gained ken  
 On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art  
 thou?

What hast thou been? What art thou  
 now?

Thou art not he who yesterday  
 Sat here and begged beside the way,  
 For he was blind.

*"And I am he;  
 For I was blind, but now I see."*

He told the story o'er and o'er;  
 It was his full heart's only lore;  
 A prophet on the Sabbath day  
 Had touched his sightless eyes with  
 clay,

And made him see who had been blind.  
 Their words passed by him like the  
 wind

Which raves and howls, but cannot  
 shock

The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;  
 They could not touch his Hebrew pride.  
 Their sneers at Jesus and his band,  
 Nameless and homeless in the land,  
 Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,  
 All could not change him by one word.

*"I know not what this man may be,  
 Sinner or saint; but as for me  
 One thing I know: that I am he  
 Who once was blind, and now I see."*

They were all doctors of renown,  
 The great men of a famous town  
 With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and  
 wise

Beneath their wide phylacteries;  
 The wisdom of the East was theirs,  
 And honor crowned their silvery hairs.  
 The man they jeered, and laughed to  
 scorn

Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;  
 But he knew better far than they  
 What came to him that Sabbath day;  
 And what the Christ had done for him  
 He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—John Hay.

## THE OLD STOIC

Riches I hold in light esteem,  
 And Love I laugh to scorn;  
 And lust of fame was but a dream,  
 That vanished with the morn.

And, if I pray, the only prayer  
 That moves my lips for me  
 Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
 And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
 'Tis all that I implore,  
 In life and death a chainless soul  
 And courage to endure.

—Emily Brontë.

Keep to the right, within and without,  
 With stranger and pilgrim and friend;  
 Keep to the right and you need have  
 no doubt

That all will be well in the end.  
 Keep to the right in whatever you do,  
 Nor claim but your own on the way;  
 Keep to the right, and hold on to the  
 true,

From the morn to the close of life's  
 day!

## FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that;  
For a' that and a' that;  
Our toils obscure and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, and a' that:  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that;  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that,  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men, for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares, and a' that:  
Though hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith of sense and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that;  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

—Richard Lovelace.

## “A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT”

(A new song to an old tune.)

“A man's a man,” says Robert Burns,  
“For a' that and a' that”;  
But though the song be clear and strong  
It lacks a note for a' that.  
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,  
Yet claim his wage and a' that,  
Or beg when he might earn his bread,  
Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who “dine on homely fare”  
Were true and brave and a' that,  
And none whose garb is “hodden gray”  
Was fool or knave and a' that,  
The vice and crime that shame our time  
Would disappear and a' that,  
And plowmen be as great as kings,  
And churls as earls for a' that.

But 'tis not so; yon brawny fool,  
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,  
And thinks because his strong right arm  
Might fell an ox, and a' that,  
That he's as noble, man for man,  
As duke or lord, and a' that,  
Is but an animal at best  
But *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,  
Have palace, park, and a' that,  
And not for birth, but honest worth,  
Be thrice a man for a' that.  
And Sawnie, herding on the moor,  
Who beats his wife and a' that,  
Is nothing but a brutal boor,  
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,  
The truth is old, and a' that,  
The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.  
And though you'd put the self-same mark

On copper, brass, and a' that,  
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,  
And will not pass for a' that.

“For a' that and a' that”  
'Tis soul and heart and a' that  
That makes a king a gentleman,  
And not his crown for a' that.  
And whether he be rich or poor  
The best is he, for a' that,  
Who stands erect in self-respect,  
And acts the man for a' that.

—Charles Mackay.

## ESSE QUAM VIDERI

The knightly legend on thy shield be-  
trays

The moral of thy life; a forecast wise,  
And that large honor that deceit  
defies,

Inspired thy fathers in the elder days,  
Who decked thy scutcheon with that  
sturdy phrase,

*To be, rather than seem.* As eve's  
red skies

Surpass the morning's rosy prophe-  
cies,

Thy life to that proud boast its answer  
pays,

Scorning thy faith and purpose to de-  
fend.

The ever-mutable multitude at last  
Will hail the power they did not com-  
prehend—

Thy fame will broaden through the  
centuries;

As, storm and billowy tumult over-  
past,

The moon rules calmly o'er the con-  
quered seas. —John Hay.

## THE HIGHER LAW

Man was not made for forms, but forms  
for man,

And there are times when law itself  
must bend

To that clear spirit always in the van,  
Outspeeding human justice. In the  
end

Potentates, not humanity, must fall.

Water will find its level, fire will  
burn,

The winds must blow around the  
earthly ball,

The earthly ball by day and night  
must turn;

Freedom is typed in every element,

Man must be free, if not through law,  
why then

Above the law, until its force be spent  
And justice brings a better. But, O,  
when,

Father of Light, when shall the reckon-  
ing come

To lift the weak, and strike the oppressor  
dumb.—Christopher Pearse Cranch.

What I am, what I am not, in the eye  
Of the world, is what I never cared for  
much —Robert Browning.

## I RESOLVE

To keep my health;

To do my work;

To live;

To see to it that I grow and gain and  
give;

Never to look behind me for an hour;

To wait in meekness, and to walk in  
power;

But always fronting onward, to the  
light,

Always and always facing toward the  
right.

Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-  
astray—

On, with what strength I have—

Back to the way.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## IN MYSELF

I do not ask for any crown

But that which all may win;

Nor try to conquer any world

Except the one within.

Be thou my guide until I find

Led by a tender hand,

The happy kingdom in myself

And dare to take command.

—Louisa May Alcott.

## HIDE NOT THY HEART

This is my creed,

This is my deed:

"Hide not thy heart!"

Soon we depart;

Mortals are all;

A breath, then the pall;

A flash on the dark—

All's done—stiff and stark.

No time for a lie;

The truth, and then die.

Hide not thy heart!

Forth with thy thought!

Soon 'twill be naught,

And thou in thy tomb.

Now is air, now is room.

Down with false shame;

Reck not of fame;

Dread not man's spite;

Quench not thy light.

This be thy creed,

This be thy deed:

"Hide not thy heart!"

If God is, he made  
 Sunshine and shade,  
 Heaven and hell;  
 This we know well.  
 Dost thou believe?  
 Do not deceive;  
 Scorn not thy faith—  
 If 'tis a wraith  
 Soon it will fly.  
 Thou who must die,  
 Hide not thy heart!

This is my creed,  
 This be my deed:  
 Faith, or a doubt,  
 I shall speak out—  
 And hide not my heart.  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

### A GENTLEMAN

(Psa. xv.)

'Tis he whose every thought and deed  
 By rule of virtue moves;  
 Whose generous tongue disdains to  
 speak  
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge  
 His neighbor's fame to wound;  
 Nor hearken to a false report  
 By malice whispered round.

Who vice in all its pomp and power  
 Can treat with just neglect;  
 And piety, though clothed in rags,  
 Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted word of truth  
 Has ever firmly stood;  
 And, though he promised to his loss,  
 Still makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains  
 His treasure to employ;  
 Whom no reward can ever bribe  
 The guiltless to destroy.

I hold it as a changeless law,  
 From which no soul can sway or  
 swerve,  
 We have that in us which will draw  
 Whate'er we need or most deserve.

### BE TRUE THYSELF

Thou must be true thyself  
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
 Thy soul must overflow if thou  
 Another's soul wouldst reach.  
 It needs the overflow of heart  
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
 Shall the world's famine feed;  
 Speak truly, and each word of thine  
 Shall be a fruitful seed;  
 Live truly, and thy life shall be  
 A great and noble creed.  
 —Horatius Bonar.

Keep pure thy soul!  
 Then shalt thou take the whole  
 Of delight;  
 Then, without a pang,  
 Thine shall be all of beauty whereof the  
 poet sang—  
 The perfume and the pageant, the  
 melody, the mirth,  
 Of the golden day and the starry night;  
 Of heaven and of earth.  
 Oh, keep pure thy soul!  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

Somebody did a golden deed;  
 Somebody proved a friend in need;  
 Somebody sang a beautiful song;  
 Somebody smiled the whole day long;  
 Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live."  
 Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";  
 Somebody fought a valiant fight;  
 Somebody lived to shield the right;  
 Was it you?

Then draw we nearer, day by day,  
 Each to his brethren, all to God;  
 Let the world take us as she may,  
 We must not change our road;  
 Not wondering, though in grief, to find  
 The martyr's foe still keep her mind;  
 But fixed to hold Love's banner fast,  
 And by submission win at last.  
 —John Keble.

Knowing, what all experience serves to  
 show,  
 No mud can soil us but the mud we  
 throw.  
 —James Russel' Lowell.

Be no imitator; freshly act thy part;  
 Through this world be thou an independent ranger;  
 Better is the faith that springeth from thy heart  
 Than a better faith belonging to a stranger. —From the Persian.

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None but one can harm you,  
 None but yourself who are your greatest foe,  
 He that respects himself is safe from others,  
 He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

---

And some innative weakness there must be  
 In him that condescends to victory  
 Such as the *present* gives, and cannot wait—  
 Safe in himself as in a fate.  
 —James Russell Lowell.

---

To be the thing we seem,  
 To do the thing we deem  
 Enjoined by duty;  
 To walk in faith, nor dream  
 Of questioning God's scheme  
 Of truth and beauty.

---

To live by law, acting the law we live  
 by without fear,  
 And, because right is right, to follow right,  
 Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence. —Alfred Tennyson.

---

Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
 There came a voice without reply:  
 "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
 When for the truth he ought to die."  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Whatever you are—be that;  
 Whatever you say—be true;  
 Straightforwardly act—  
 Be honest—in fact  
 Be nobody else but you.

---

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods;  
 A fair exchange be thine!  
 If thou *art* something, bring thy soul,  
 And interchange with mine.  
 —Schiller, tr. by Edward Bulwer Lytton.

---

However others act toward thee,  
 Act thou toward them as seemeth right;  
 And whatsoever others be,  
 Be thou the child of love and light.

---

This above all: to thine own self be true,  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. —William Shakespeare.

---

My time is short enough at best,  
 I push right onward while I may;  
 I open to the winds my breast,  
 And walk the way.  
 —John Vance Cheney.

---

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
 But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

---

It becomes no man to nurse despair,  
 But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms  
 To follow up the worthiest till he die.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.



# GREATNESS

## FAME, SUCCESS, PROGRESS, VICTORY

### A GREAT MAN

That man is great, and he alone,  
Who serves a greatness not his own,  
For neither praise nor pelf;  
Content to know and be unknown:  
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,  
To whose well-ordered will belong,  
For service and delight,  
All powers that, in the face of Wrong,  
Establish Right.

And free is he, and only he,  
Who, from his tyrant passions free,  
By Fortune undismayed,  
Hath power upon himself, to be  
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er  
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,  
He cannot fare amiss;  
Great Nature hath him in her care,  
Her cause is his;

Who holds by everlasting law  
Which neither chance nor change can  
flaw,

Whose steadfast course is one  
With whatsoever forces draw  
The ages on;

Who hath not bowed his honest head  
To base Occasion; nor, in dread  
Of Duty, shunned her eye;  
Nor truckled to loud times; nor wed  
His heart to a lie;

Nor feared to follow, in the offense  
Of false opinion, his own sense  
Of justice unsubdued;  
Nor shrunk from any consequence  
Of doing good;

He looks his Angel in the face  
Without a blush; nor heeds disgrace  
Whom naught disgraceful done  
Disgraces. Who knows nothing base  
Fears nothing known.

Not morseled out from day to day  
In feverish wishes, nor the prey  
Of hours that have no plan,  
His life is whole, to give away  
To God and man.

For though he live aloof from ken,  
The world's unwitnessed denizen,  
The love within him stirs  
Abroad, and with the hearts of men  
His own confers.

The judge upon the justice-seat;  
The brown-backed beggar in the street;  
The spinner in the sun;  
The reapers reaping in the wheat;  
The wan-cheeked nun

In cloisters cold; the prisoner lean  
In lightless den, the robèd queen;  
Even the youth who waits,  
Hiding the knife, to glide unseen  
Between the gates—

He nothing human alien deems  
Unto himself, nor disesteems  
Man's meanest claim upon him.  
And where he walks the mere sunbeams  
Drop blessings on him.

Because they know him Nature's friend,  
One whom she doth delight to tend  
With loving kindness ever:  
Helping and heartening to the end  
His high endeavor.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

### FAME AND DUTY

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?  
"And if it do,  
And never prompt the bray of noisy  
brass,  
What need'st thou rue?  
Remember, aye the ocean-deeps are  
mute—  
The shallows roar;  
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the  
bruit  
Along the shore."

What shall I do to be forever known?  
 "Thy duty ever!"  
 This did full many who yet slept unknown.

"O never, never!  
 Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown  
 Whom thou know'st not?  
 By angel trumpets in heaven their praise  
 is blown—  
 Divine their lot."

What shall I do, an heir of endless life?  
 "Discharge aright  
 The simple dues with which each day  
 is rife,  
 Yea, with thy might.  
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
 Will life be fled,  
 While he who ever acts as conscience  
 cries,  
 Shall live, though dead."  
 —Johann C. F. Schiller.

#### NOBLE LIVES

There are hearts which never falter  
 In the battle for the right;  
 There are ranks which never alter  
 Watching through the darkest night;  
 And the agony of sharing  
 In the fiercest of the strife  
 Only gives a nobler daring,  
 Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary  
 Bearing suffering and wrong;  
 Though the way is long and dreary  
 It is vocal with their song,  
 While their spirits in God's furnace,  
 Bending to His gracious will,  
 Are fashioned in a purer mold  
 By His loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission  
 'Tis to bind the bleeding heart;  
 And to teach a calm submission  
 When the pain and sorrow smart.  
 They are angels, bearing to us  
 Love's rich ministry of peace,  
 While the night is nearing to us  
 When life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,  
 Envy, jealousy and hate;  
 Who would rather die than pander  
 To the passions of earth's great;

No earthly power can ever crush them,  
 They dread not the tyrant's frown;  
 Fear or favor cannot hush them,  
 Nothing bind their spirits down.

These, these alone are truly great;  
 These are the conquerors of fate;  
 These truly live, they never die;  
 But, clothed with immortality,  
 When they lay their armor down  
 Shall enter and receive the crown.

#### THE HIGHER LIFE

To play through life a perfect part,  
 Unnoticed and unknown;  
 To seek no rest in any heart  
 Save only God alone;  
 In little things to own no will,  
 To have no share in great;  
 To find the labor ready still  
 And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace  
 Of more than common care;  
 To write no secret in the face  
 For men to read it there;  
 The daily cross to clasp and bless  
 With such familiar zeal  
 As hides from all that not the less  
 The daily weight you feel;

In toils that praise will never pay,  
 To see your life go past;  
 To meet in every coming day  
 Twin sister of the last;  
 To hear of high heroic things,  
 And yield them reverence due,  
 But feel life's daily sufferings  
 Are far more fit for you;

To own no secret, soft disguise  
 To which self-love is prone,  
 Unnoticed by all other eyes,  
 Unworthy in your own;  
 To yield with such a happy art,  
 That no one thinks you care,  
 And say to your poor bleeding heart,  
 "How little you can bear!"

O 'tis a pathway hard to choose,  
 A struggle hard to share;  
 For human pride would still refuse  
 The nameless trials there.  
 But since we know the gate is low  
 That leads to heavenly bliss,  
 What higher grace could God bestow  
 Than such a life as this?

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

## NOBILITY OF GOODNESS

My fairest child, I have no song to give  
 you;  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
 gray;  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
 you,  
 For every day.  
 Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
 be clever;  
 Do noble things, not dream them all day  
 long;  
 And so make life, death, and that vast  
 forever,  
 One grand, sweet song!  
 —Charles Kingsley.

## THE GLORY OF FAILURE

We who have lost the battle  
 To you who have fought and won:  
 Give ye good cheer and greeting!  
 Stoutly and bravely done!

Reach us a hand in passing,  
 Comrades—and own the name!  
 Yours is the thrill and the laurel:  
 Ours is the smart and shame.

Though we were nothing skillful,  
 Pity us not nor scorn!  
 Send us a hail as hearty—  
 “Stoutly and bravely borne!”

Others may scorn or pity;  
 You who are soldiers know.  
 Where was the joy of your battle  
 Save in the grip with the foe?

Did we not stand to the conflict?  
 Did we not fairly fall?  
 Is it your crowns ye care for?  
 Nay, to have fought is all.

Humbled and sore we watch you,  
 Cheerful and bruised and lamed.  
 Take the applause of the conquered—  
 Conquered and unshamed!  
 —Alice Van Vliet.

He is brave whose tongue is silent  
 Of the trophies of his word.  
 He is great whose quiet bearing  
 Marks his greatness well assured.  
 —Edwin Arnold.

## THE LOSING SIDE

Helmet and plume and saber, banner  
 and lance and shield,  
 Scattered in sad confusion over the  
 trampled field;  
 And the band of broken soldiers, with  
 a weary, hopeless air,  
 With heads in silence drooping, and eyes  
 of grim despair.  
 Like foam-flakes left on the drifting  
 sand  
 In the track of a falling tide,  
 On the ground where their cause has  
 failed they stand,  
 The last of the losing side.

Wisdom of age is vanquished, and gen-  
 erous hopes of youth,  
 Passion of faith and honor, fire of love  
 and truth;  
 And the plans that seemed the fairest  
 in the fight have not prevailed,  
 The keenest blades are broken, and the  
 strongest arms have failed.  
 But souls that know not the breath of  
 shame,  
 And tongues that have never lied,  
 And the truest hearts, and the fairest  
 fame,  
 Are here—on the losing side.

The conqueror's crown of glory is set  
 with many a gem,  
 But I join not in their triumph—there  
 are plenty to shout for *them*;  
 The cause is the most applauded whose  
 warriors gain the day,  
 And the world's best smiles are given  
 to the victors in the fray.  
 But dearer to me is the darkened plain,  
 Where the noblest dreams have died,  
 Where hopes have been shattered and  
 heroes slain  
 In the ranks of the losing side.  
 —Arthur E. J. Legge.

## IO VICTIS

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who  
 fell in the battle of life,  
 The hymn of the wounded and beaten,  
 who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for  
 whom the resounding acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose  
 brows wore the chaplet of fame,

But the hymn of the low and the humble,  
 the weary and broken in heart,  
 Who strove and who failed, acting  
 bravely a silent and desperate part;  
 Whose youth bore no flower on its  
 branches, whose hopes burned in  
 ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize  
 they had grasped at, who stood at  
 the dying of day  
 With the wreck of their life all around  
 them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
 With death swooping down o'er their  
 failure, and all but their faith over-  
 thrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its  
 chorus—its pean for those who have  
 won;  
 While the trumpet is sounding tri-  
 umphant, and high to the breeze  
 and the sun  
 Glad banners are waving, hands clap-  
 ping, and hurrying feet  
 Thronging after the laurel-crowned  
 victors, I stand on the field of de-  
 feat,  
 In the shadow, with those who are  
 fallen, and wounded, and dying,  
 and there  
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on  
 their pain-knotted brows, breathe  
 a prayer,  
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and  
 whisper, "They only the victory  
 win,  
 Who have fought the good fight and  
 have vanquished the demon that  
 tempts us within;  
 Who have held to their faith unseduced  
 by the prize that the world holds  
 on high;  
 Who have dared for a high cause to suf-  
 fer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors?  
 Unroll thy long annals and say,  
 Are they those whom the world called  
 the victors? who won the success  
 of a day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans  
 who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,  
 Or the Persians and Xerxes? His  
 judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or  
 Christ? —William M. Story.

He makes no friend who never made a  
 foe. —Alfred Tennyson.

### THE TRUE KING

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,  
 Nor the purple coloring;  
 Nor the brow that's bound with gold,  
 Nor gate on mighty hinges rolled.

The king is he who, void of fear,  
 Looks abroad with bosom clear;  
 Who can tread ambition down,  
 Nor be swayed by smile or frown,  
 Nor for all the treasure cares,  
 That mine conceals or harvest wears,  
 Or that golden sands deliver  
 Bosomed in the glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?  
 Not the headlong thunder's light,  
 Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,  
 With onward lance or fiery blade.  
 Safe, with wisdom for his crown,  
 He looks on all things calmly down,  
 He welcomes Fate when Fate is near,  
 Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No; to fear not earthly thing,  
 That it is that makes the king;  
 And all of us, whoever we be,  
 May carve us out that royalty.  
 Seneca, tr. by Leigh Hunt.

With comrade Duty, in the dark or day,  
 To follow Truth—wherever it may  
 lead;  
 To hate all meanness, cowardice or  
 greed;  
 To look for Beauty under common clay;  
 Our brothers' burden sharing, when they  
 weep,  
 But, if we fall, to bear defeat alone;  
 To live in hearts that loved us, when  
 we're gone  
 Beyond the twilight (till the morning  
 break!)—to sleep—  
 That is Success!  
 —Ernest Neal Lyon.

The common problem, yours, mine,  
 every one's,  
 Is, not to fancy what were fair in life  
 Provided it could be, but, finding first  
 What may be, then find out how to  
 make it fair  
 Up to our means; a very different thing.  
 —Robert Browning.

## NOBILITY O'HAN GOLD

My fairest child and dear, better than gold,  
 you; and titles a thousandfold,  
 No lark-alike body, a mind at ease,  
 and simple pleasures that always please;  
 A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
 That has learned with love's deep fires  
 to glow,  
 With sympathy large enough to enfold  
 All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
 Though toiling for bread in a humble  
 sphere;  
 Doubly blest is content and health  
 Untried by the lusts and the cares of  
 wealth.

Lowly living and lofty thought  
 Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot;  
 For mind and morals in nature's plan  
 Are the genuine tests of the gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
 Of the sons of toil when labors close;  
 Better than gold is the poor man's sleep  
 And the balm that drops on his slum-  
 bers deep.

Bring sleeping draughts to the downy  
 bed,  
 Where luxury pillows its aching head;  
 The toiler a simple opiate deems  
 A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind  
 That in the realm of books can find  
 A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
 And live with the great and good of yore;  
 The sage's lore and the poet's lay;  
 The glories of empires passed away;  
 The world's great dream will thus unfold  
 And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
 Where all the fireside characters come,  
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
 Hallowed by mother or by wife.  
 However humble the home may be,  
 Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
 The blessings that never were bought or  
 sold

And center there, are better than gold.  
 —Abram J. Ryan.

When success exalts thy lot  
 God for thy virtue lays a plot.  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## MAXIMUS

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,  
 Can give with generous, earnest will;  
 Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake  
 I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind  
 That freely some great wrong forgives;  
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven,  
 Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
 To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;  
 Yet he who loses has to fill  
 A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown  
 Of a deserved and pure success;  
 He who knows how to fail has won  
 A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may he be who can command  
 And rule with just and tender sway;  
 Yet is Diviner wisdom taught  
 Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,  
 And earn the martyr's crown of light;  
 Yet he who lives for God may be  
 A greater conqueror in his sight.  
 —Adelaide Anne Procter.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:  
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains;  
 Like good Aurelius, let him reign, or  
 bleed

Like Socrates—that man is great indeed.  
 One self-approving hour whole years  
 outweighs  
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled  
 feels,  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.  
 —Alexander Pope.

Though world on world in myriad  
 myriads roll  
 Round us, each with different powers,  
 And other forms of life than ours,  
 What know we greater than the soul?  
 On God and Godlike men we build our  
 trust.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## THE GOOD, GREAT MAN

How seldom, friend, a good, great man  
 inherits  
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth  
 and pains!  
 It seems a story from the world of  
 spirits  
 When any man obtains that which he  
 merits,  
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend; renounce this idle  
 strain!

What would'st thou have a good, great  
 man obtain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,  
 Or heap of corscs which his sword hath  
 slain?

Goodness and greatness are not means,  
 but ends.

Hath he not always treasurer, always  
 friends,

The great, good man? Three treasures—  
 love, and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as in-  
 fants' breath;

And three fast friends, more sure than  
 day or night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel  
 Death.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

## THE POEM OF THE UNIVERSE

The poem of the universe  
 Nor rhythm has nor rhyme;  
 For God recites the wondrous song  
 A stanza at a time.

Great deeds is he foredoomed to do—  
 With Freedom's flag unfurled—  
 Who hears the echo of that song  
 As it goes down the world.

Great words he is compelled to speak  
 Who understands the song;  
 He rises up like fifty men,  
 Fifty good men and strong.

A stanza for each century:  
 Now heed it all who can!  
 Who hears it, he, and only he,  
 Is the elected man.

—Charles Weldon.

When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
 The man is dead!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## FAILURE AND SUCCESS

He fails who climbs to power and place  
 Up the pathway of disgrace.  
 He fails not who makes truth his cause,  
 Nor bends to win the crowd's applause.  
 He fails not, he who stakes his all  
 Upon the right, and dares to fall;  
 What though the living bless or blame,  
 For him the long success of fame.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,  
 Or if my parents were rich or poor;  
 Whether they shrunk at the cold world's  
 scorn,

Or walked in the pride of wealth  
 secure.

But whether I live an honest man  
 And hold my integrity firm in my  
 clutch

I tell you, brother, as plain as I can,  
 It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay  
 In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;  
 Whether in youth I am called away  
 Or live till my bones and pate are  
 bare.

But whether I do the best I can  
 To soften the weight of Adversity's  
 touch

On the faded cheek of my fellow man,  
 It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave—  
 Or on the land or in the sea,  
 By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,  
 It matters little or naught to me;  
 But whether the Angel Death comes  
 down,

And marks my brow with his loving  
 touch,

As one that shall wear the victor's  
 crown,

It matters much.

—Noah Barker.

For I am 'ware it is the seed of act  
 God holds appraising in his hollow palm,  
 Not act grown great thence in the world  
 below;

Leafage and branchage vulgar eyes ad-  
 mire.

—Robert Browning.

## OBSCURER MARTYRS

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

They have no place in storied page;  
No rest in marble shrine;  
They are past and gone with a perished age,

They died and "made no sign."  
But work that shall find its wages yet,  
And deeds that their God did not forget,  
Done for their love divine—  
These were their mourners, and these shall be  
The crowns of their immortality.

O, seek them not where sleep the dead,  
Ye shall not find their trace;  
No graven stone is at their head,  
No green grass hides their face;  
But sad and unseen is their silent grave;  
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,  
Or a lonely desert place;  
For they needed no prayers and no mourning-bell—  
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,  
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;  
We shall know at last by a certain token  
How they fought and fell in the fight.  
Salt tears of sorrow unhehld,  
Passionate cries unchronicled,  
And silent strifes for the right—  
Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh  
That she left her best children to battle and die.

—Edwin Arnold.

## THY BEST

Before God's footstool to confess  
A poor soul knelt and bowed his head.  
"I failed," he wailed. The Master said,  
"Thou did'st thy best—that is success."  
—Henry Coyle.

Aspire, break bounds, I say;  
Endeavor to be good and better still,  
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all.  
—Robert Browning.

## FAILURE

He cast his net at morn where fishers toiled,  
At eve he drew it empty to the shore;  
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,  
But thence within his hand no pearl he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;  
He sped an arrow, but he missed his aim;  
And slept at last beneath a simple stone,  
With no achievements carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part  
I dare not use that word, for what if Heaven  
Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,  
Not, "Hast thou won?" but only,  
"Hast thou striven?"  
—Kate Tucker Goode.

## THE BEGGAR'S REVENGE

The king's proud favorite at a beggar threw a stone.  
He picked it up as if it had for alms been thrown.

He bore it in his bosom long with bitter ache,  
And sought his time revenge with that same stone to take.

One day he heard a street mob's hoarse, commingled cry:  
The favorite comes!—but draws no more the admiring eye.

He rides an ass, from all his haughty state disgraced;  
And by the rabble's mocking gibes his way is traced.

The stone from out his bosom swift the beggar draws,  
And flinging it away, exclaims: "A fool I was!"

'Tis madness to attack, when in his power, your foe,  
And meanness then to strike when he has fallen low."  
—From the Persian.

## A THOUGHT

Hearts that are great beat never loud;  
 They muffle their music, when they  
 come;  
 They hurry away from the thronging  
 crowd  
 With bended brows and lips half  
 dumb.

And the world looks on and mutters—  
 "Proud."

But when great hearts have passed  
 away,  
 Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,  
 And in love they kneel around their  
 clay.

Hearts that are great are always lone;  
 They never will manifest their best;  
 Their greatest greatness is unknown,  
 Earth knows a little—God the rest.  
 —Abram J. Ryan.

## HIS MONUMENT

He built a house, time laid it in the dust;  
 He wrote a book, its title now forgot;  
 He ruled a city, but his name is not  
 On any tablet graven, or where rust  
 Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.

He took a child from out a wretched cot;  
 Who on the State dishonor might have  
 brought;

And reared him in the Christian's  
 hope and trust.

The boy, to manhood grown, became a  
 light

To many souls and preached to hu-  
 man need

The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.  
 The work has multiplied like stars at  
 night

When darkness deepens; every noble  
 deed

Lasts longer than a granite monument.  
 —Sarah Knowles Bolton.

It is not the wall of stone without  
 That makes a building small or great,  
 But the soul's light shining round about,  
 And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
 And the love that stronger is than  
 hate.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## THE NOBLY BORN

Who counts himself as nobly born  
 Is noble in despite of place;  
 And honors are but brands to one  
 Who wears them not with nature's  
 grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl  
 Nor feel himself disgraced thereby;  
 But he who has but small esteem  
 Husbands that little carefully.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,  
 Count it still more thou art thine own.  
 Stand on a larger heraldry  
 Than that of nation or of zone.

Art thou not bid to knightly halls?  
 Those halls have missed a courtly  
 guest:  
 That mansion is not privileged  
 Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,  
 Nor wrangle for this lesser claim;  
 It is not to be destitute  
 To have the thing without the name.

Then, dost thou come of gentle blood,  
 Disgrace not thy good company;  
 If lowly born, so bear thyself  
 That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height  
 Of some fair garden's petty wall;  
 But climb the open mountain side  
 Whose summit rises over all.

And, for success, I ask no more than  
 this:

To bear unflinching witness to the truth.  
 All true whole men succeed; for what is  
 worth

Success's name unless it be the thought,  
 The inward surety, to have carried out  
 A noble purpose to a noble end,  
 Although it be the gallows or the block?  
 'Tis only Falsehood that doth ever need  
 These outward shows of gain to bolster  
 her. —James Russell Lowell.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
 But for a line, be that sublime—  
 Not failure, but low aim is crime.  
 —James Russell Lowell.



## THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab,  
 There lies a lonely grave.  
 But no man dug that sepulchre,  
 And no man saw it e'er;  
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
 That ever passed on earth;  
 But no man heard the trampling,  
 Or saw the train go forth.  
 Noiselessly as the daylight  
 Comes when the night is done,  
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
 Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the springtime  
 Her crest of verdure weaves,  
 And all the trees on all the hills  
 Open their thousand leaves—  
 So, without sound of music,  
 Or voice of them that wept,  
 Silently down from the mountain crown  
 The great procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle  
 On gray Beth-peor's height,  
 Out of his rocky eyrie  
 Looked on the wondrous sight.  
 Perchance some lion, stalking,  
 Still shuns the hallowed spot,  
 For beast and bird have seen and heard  
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth  
 His comrades in the war,  
 With arms reversed and muffled drums  
 Follow the funeral car;  
 They show the banners taken,  
 They tell his battles won,  
 And after him lead his matchless steed  
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
 They lay the sage to rest;  
 And give the bard an honored place,  
 With costly marble drest,  
 In the great minster's transept height,  
 Where lights like glory fall,  
 While the sweet choir sings and the  
 organ rings  
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
 That ever buckled sword;

This the most gifted poet  
 That ever breathed a word;  
 And never earth's philosopher  
 Traced, with his golden pen,  
 On the deathless page, truths half so  
 sage  
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
 The hillside for his pall;  
 To lie in state while angels wait  
 With stars for tapers tall;  
 And the dark rock pines, like tossing  
 plumes,  
 Over his bier to wave;  
 And God's own hand, in that lonely  
 land,  
 To lay him in his grave;

In that deep grave without a name,  
 Whence his uncoffined clay  
 Shall break again—most wondrous  
 thought!—  
 Before the judgment day,  
 And stand, with glory wrapt around,  
 On the hills he never trod,  
 And speak of the strife that won our life  
 Through Christ, the incarnate God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
 O dark Beth-peor's hill,  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
 And teach them to be still.  
 God hath his mysteries of grace—  
 Ways that we cannot tell;  
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
 Of him he loved so well.  
 —Cecil Frances Alexander.

O, blessed is that man of whom some  
 soul can say,  
 "He was an inspiration along life's toil-  
 some way,  
 A well of sparkling water, a fountain  
 flowing free,  
 Forever like his Master, in tenderest  
 sympathy."

Truths would you teach, or save a sink-  
 ing land?  
 All fear, none aid you, and few under-  
 stand.  
 Painful pre-eminence!—yourself to view  
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts  
 too.

—Alexander Pope.

## EMIR HASSAN

Emir Hassan, of the prophet's race,  
Asked with folded hands the Almighty's  
grace,

Then within the banquet-hall he sat,  
At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food,  
Spilling from the charger, as he stood,  
Awkwardly upon the Emir's breast  
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,  
Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching,  
said:

"Master, they who hasten to restrain  
Rising wrath, in paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:  
"I am not angry." "Yet," pursued the  
slave,

"Yet doth higher recompense belong  
To the injured who forgives a wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we  
read,"

So the prostrate slave went on to plead,  
"That a higher seat in glory still  
Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom; and, be-  
hold,

In thy hand I lay a purse of gold.  
Let me never fail to heed, in aught,  
What the prophet of our God hath  
taught."

## TRUE GREATNESS

Who is as the Christian great?  
Bought and washed with sacred blood,  
Crowns he sees beneath his feet.  
Soars aloft and walks with God.

Lo, his clothing is the sun,  
The bright sun of righteousness;  
He hath put salvation on,  
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Angels are his servants here;  
Spread for him their golden wings;  
To his throne of glory bear,  
Seat him by the King of kings.  
—Charles Wesley.

The glory is not in the task, but in  
The doing it for Him.  
—Jean Ingelow.

## MENCIUS

Three centuries before the Christian age  
China's great teacher, Mencius, was  
born;

Her teeming millions did not know  
that morn  
Had broken on her darkness; that a sage,  
Reared by a noble mother, would her  
page

Of history forevermore adorn.  
For twenty years, from court to court,  
forlorn

He journeyed, poverty his heritage,  
And preached of virtue, but none cared  
to hear.

Life seemed a failure, like a barren rill;  
He wrote his books, and lay beneath  
the sod:

When, lo! his work began; and far and  
near

Adown the ages Mencius preaches  
still:

Do thy whole duty, trusting all to  
God.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

He stood, the youth they called the  
Beautiful,

At morning, on his untried battle-field,  
And laughed with joy to see his stain-  
less shield,

When, with a tender smile, but doubt-  
ing sigh,

His lord rode by.

When evening fell, they brought him,  
wounded sore,  
His battered shield with sword-thrusts  
gashed and rent,  
And laid him where the king stood by  
his tent.

"Now art thou Beautiful," the master  
said,

And bared his head.

—Annie M. L. Hawes.

Great men grow greater by the lapse of  
time;

We know those least whom we have  
seen the latest;

And they, 'mongst those whose names  
have grown sublime,

Who worked for human liberty are  
greatest.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

It is enough—

Enough—just to be good;  
To lift our hearts where they are under-  
stood;  
To let the thirst for worldly power and  
place  
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's  
face  
With the glad lips our mothers used to  
kiss.  
Ah! though we miss  
All else but this,  
To be good is enough!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall  
find  
Their loftiest peaks most wrapped in  
clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those  
below.  
Though high above the sun of glory  
glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean  
spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly  
blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head.  
—George Gordon Byron.

Good name in man and woman, dear  
my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis  
something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good  
name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.  
—William Shakespeare.

That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can  
thank;  
Creation's blot; creation's blank!

But he who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod:  
The path to glory and to God.

The eye with seeing is not filled,  
The ear with hearing not at rest;  
Desire with having is not stilled,  
With human praise no heart is blest.

Vanity, then, of vanities,  
All things for which men grasp and  
grope!  
The precious things in heavenly eyes  
Are love, and truth, and trust, and  
hope.

A gem which falls within the mire will  
still a gem remain;  
Men's eyes turn downward to the earth  
and search for it with pain.  
But *dust*, though whirled aloft to  
heaven, continues dust alway,  
More base and noxious in the air than  
when on earth it lay.  
—Saadi, tr. by James Freeman Clarke.

It was not anything she said;  
It was not anything she did;  
It was the movement of her head,  
The lifting of her lid.  
And as she trod her path aright  
Power from her very garments stole;  
For such is the mysterious might  
God grants a noble soul.

True worth is in being, not seeming;  
In doing, each day that goes by,  
Some little good, not in dreaming,  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.  
—Alice Cary.

The wisest man could ask no more of  
Fate  
Than to be simple, modest, manly,  
true,  
Safe from the Many, honored by the  
Few;  
To count as naught in world of church  
or state  
But inwardly in secret to be great.  
—James Russell Lowell.

And only the Master shall praise us, and  
only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and  
no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working,  
and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for  
the God of Things as they are.  
—Rudyard Kipling.

In life's small things be resolute and  
great  
To keep thy muscle trained; knowest  
thou when Fate  
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say  
to thee,  
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for  
me"? —James Russell Lowell.

'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be  
leaven.  
The better! What's come to perfec-  
tion perishes.  
Things learned on earth we shall prac-  
tice in heaven.  
Work done least rapidly Art most  
cherishes. —Robert Browning.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it  
out,  
And either live with glorious victory  
Or die with fame, renowned in chivalry.  
He is not worthy of the honey-comb  
That shuns the hive because the bees  
have stings.  
—William Shakespeare.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each.  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.  
—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Give me heart-touch with all that live  
And strength to speak my word;  
But if that is denied me, give  
The strength to live unheard.  
—Edwin Markham.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor  
lies.  
—Alexander Pope.

How wretched is the man with honors  
crowned,  
Who, having not the one thing needful  
found,  
Dies, known to all, but to himself un-  
known.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.  
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

I've learned to prize the quiet, lightning  
deed,  
Not the applauding thunder at its heels  
Which men call fame.  
—Alexander Smith.

It is worth while to live!  
Be of good cheer;  
Love casts out fear;  
Rise up, achieve.  
—Christina G. Rossetti.

No endeavor is in vain;  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest  
song,  
Than that a seraph strayed should take  
the word  
And sing His glory wrong.  
—Jean Ingelow.

Often ornateness  
Goes with greatness.  
Often felicity  
Comes of simplicity.  
—William Watson.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in  
the dust,  
And sand is sand, though up to heaven  
by the tempest thrust.  
—From the Persian.

Vulgar souls surpass a rare one in the  
headlong rush;  
As the hard and worthless stones a  
precious pearl will crush.  
—From the Persian.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.  
—James Russell Lowell.

The mean of soul are sure their faults to  
gloss,  
And find a secret gain in others' loss.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Ah, a man's reach should exceed his  
grasp,  
Or what's heaven for?  
—Robert Browning.

Though thy name be spread abroad,  
Like winged seed, from shore to shore,  
What thou art before thy God,  
That thou art and nothing more.

My business is not to remake myself,  
But make the absolute best of what  
God made.  
—Robert Browning.

For never land long lease of empire won  
Whose sons sat silent when base deeds  
were done.  
—James Russell Lowell.

He that would free from malice pass his  
days  
Must live obscure and never merit  
praise. —John Gay.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless  
life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great  
the life,  
Try to be Shakespeare—leave the rest  
to fate. —Robert Browning.

Unblemished let me live, or die un-  
known;  
O, grant an honest fame, or grant me  
none. —Alexander Pope.

With fame in just proportion envy  
grows;  
The man that makes a character makes  
foes. —Edward Young.

'Tis not what man does which exalts  
him,  
But what man would do.  
—Robert Browning.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.  
—Robert Browning.

The simple, silent, selfless man  
Is worth a world of tonguesters.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

# DUTY

## LOYALTY, FAITHFULNESS, CONSCIENCE, ZEAL

### ODE TO DUTY

Stern daughter of the voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring and reprove;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptation dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth;  
Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work and know it not:  
Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread  
Power, around them cast.

Serene will be our days, and bright  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security;  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support according to  
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust;  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more  
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control,  
But in the quietness of thought.  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires:  
My hopes no more must change their  
name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their  
beds

And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from  
wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through  
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee; I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And in the light of truth thy bondman  
let me live.

—William Wordsworth.

### THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down  
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
 In the bright fields of fair renown  
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
 But we have feet to scale and climb  
 By slow degrees, by more and more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and  
 kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But they while their companions slept  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
 With shoulders bent and downcast  
 eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—  
 A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we attain.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

#### REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS

The deeds which selfish hearts approve  
 And fame's loud trumpet sings  
 Secure no praise where truth and love  
 Are counted noblest things;  
 And work which godless folly deems  
 Worthless, obscure, and lowly,  
 To Heaven's ennobling vision seems  
 Most god-like, grand, and holy.

Then murmur not if toils obscure  
 And thorny paths be thine;  
 To God be true—they shall secure  
 The joy of life divine  
 Who in the darkest, sternest sphere  
 For Him their powers employ;  
 The toils contemned and slighted here  
 Shall yield the purest joy.

When endless day dispels the strife  
 Which blinds and darkens now,  
 Perchance the brightest crown of life  
 Shall deck some lowly brow.  
 Then learn, despite thy boding fears,  
 From seed with sorrow sown,  
 In love, obscurity and tears  
 The richest sheaves are grown.  
 —Edward Hartley Dewart.

#### "DOE THE NEXTE THYNGE"

From an old English parsonage  
 Down by the sea,  
 There came in the twilight  
 A message to me;  
 Its quaint Saxon legend  
 Deeply engraven,  
 Hath as it seems to me  
 Teaching for heaven;  
 And on through the hours  
 The quiet words ring,  
 Like a low inspiration,  
 "Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning,  
 Many a fear,  
 Many a doubt,  
 Hath guiding here.  
 Moment by moment  
 Let down from heaven,  
 Time, opportunity,  
 Guidance are given.  
 Fear not to-morrow,  
 Child of the King;  
 Trust it with Jesus,  
 "Doe the nexte thyng."

O He would have thee  
 Daily more free,  
 Knowing the might  
 Of thy royal degree;  
 Ever in waiting,  
 Glad for his call,  
 Tranquil in chastening,  
 Trusting through all.  
 Comings and goings  
 No turmoil need bring:  
 His all thy future—  
 "Doe the nexte thyng."

Do it immediately,  
 Do it with prayer,  
 Do it reliantly,  
 Casting all care:  
 Do it with reverence,  
 Tracing His hand  
 Who hath placed it before thee  
 With earnest command.  
 Stayed on Omnipotence,  
 Safe, 'neath his wing,  
 Leave all resultings,  
 "Doe the nexte thyng."

Looking to Jesus,  
 Ever serener,  
 Working or suffering,  
 Be thy demeanor!  
 In the shade of his presence,  
 The rest of his calm,

The light of his countenance,  
Live out thy psalm:  
Strong in his faithfulness.  
Praise him and sing,  
Then as he beckons thee,  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

### ZEAL IN LABOR

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee  
not;  
The Master praises—what are men?

Go, labor on; your hands are weak;  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast  
down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near—a kingdom and a crown!

Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway;  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"  
—Horatius Bonar.

### THE EVANGELIST

Walking with Peter, Christ his footsteps  
set  
On the lake shore, hard by Gennesaret,  
At the hour when noontide's burning  
rays down pour.  
When they beheld at a mean cabin's  
door,  
A fisher's widow in her mourning clad,  
Who, on the threshold seated, silent,  
sad,  
The tear that wet them kept her lids  
within,  
Her child to cradle and her flax to spin;  
Near by, behind the fig-trees' leafy  
screen,  
The Master and His friend could see,  
unseen.

An old man ready for his earthly bed,  
A beggar with a jar upon his head,  
Came by, and to the mourning spinner  
there  
Said, "Woman, I this vase of milk  
should bear  
Unto a dweller in the hamlet near;  
But I am weak and bent with many a  
year;  
More than a thousand paces yet to go  
Remain, and, without help, I surely  
know  
I cannot end my task and earn its fee."

The woman rose, and not a word said  
she,  
Without a pause her distaff laid aside,  
And left the cradle where the orphan  
cried,  
Took up the jar, and with the beggar  
went.

"Master, 'tis well to be benevolent,"  
Said Peter, "but small sense that woman  
showed,  
In leaving thus her child and her abode  
For the chance-comer that first sought  
her out;  
The beggar some one would have found,  
no doubt,  
To ease him of his load upon the way."

The Lord made answer unto Peter,  
"Nay,  
Thy Father, when the poor assists the  
poorer,  
Will keep her cot, and her reward assure  
her.  
She went at once, and wisely did in  
that."

And Jesus, having finished speaking, sat  
Down on a bench was in the humble  
place,  
And with His blest hands for a moment's  
space,  
He touched the distaff, rocked the little  
one.  
Rose, signed to Peter, and they gat them  
gone.

When she to whom the Lord had given  
this proof  
Of good-will came back to her humble  
roof,  
She found, nor knew what Friend the  
deed had done,  
The baby sleeping and the flax all spun!  
—Francois Coppee.



## THE BEST THAT I CAN

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
 "To make the dark world bright;  
 My silver beams cannot struggle far  
 Through the folding gloom of night:  
 But I am a part of God's great plan,  
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I  
 can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
 "Of these dew-drops that I hold?  
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
 Though caught in her cup of gold;  
 Yet I am a part of God's great plan,  
 My treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,  
 But a thought, like a silver thread,  
 Kept winding in and out all day  
 Through the happy, busy head,  
 "Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can,  
 For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

So she helped a younger child along,  
 When the road was rough to the feet;  
 And she sang from her heart a little song,  
 A song that was passing sweet;  
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
 Said, "I too will do the best that I  
 can."

## WORK LOYALLY

Just where you stand in the conflict,  
 There is your place!  
 Just where you think you are useless  
 Hide not your face!  
 God placed you there for a purpose,  
 Whate'er it be;  
 Think He has chosen you for it—  
 Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! Be faithful  
 At toil or rest,  
 Whic'ever it be, never doubting  
 God's way is best.  
 Out in the fight, or on picket,  
 Stand firm and true;  
 This is the work which your Master  
 Gives you to do.

Who does the best his circumstance  
 allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no  
 more.

—Edward Young.

## LOYALTY

When courage fails and faith burns low,  
 And men are timid grown,  
 Hold fast thy loyalty and know  
 That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath,  
 To work her will and ways,  
 And even human scorn and wrath  
 God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,  
 In heavenly might secure;  
 With her is pledge of victory,  
 And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,  
 The battle to the strong,  
 When dawn her judgment-days that sift  
 The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth  
 Can she on thee confer,  
 If thou, O heart, but give thy youth  
 And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,  
 Thy self-love purge away,  
 And lead thee in the path whose light  
 Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,  
 In her strength shall be strong;  
 Shall see their shame become their pride,  
 And share her triumph song!

—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

## LIBERTY

I am Liberty—God's daughter!  
 My symbols—a law and a torch;  
 Not a sword to threaten slaughter,  
 Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch;  
 But a light that the world may see,  
 And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,  
 And I am the sister of Faith;  
 To-day adored for my beauty,  
 To-morrow led forth for death.  
 I am she whom ages prayed for;  
 Heroes suffered undismayed for;  
 Whom the martyrs were betrayed for.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## THE NEAREST DUTY

My soul was stirred; I prayed, "Let me  
Do some great work, so purely,  
To right life's wrongs, that I shall know  
That I have loved Thee surely."  
My lips sent forth their eager cry,  
The while my heart beat faster,  
"For some great deed to prove my love  
Send me; send me, my Master!"

From out the silence came a voice,  
Saying: "If God thou fearest,  
Rise up and do, thy whole life through,  
The duty that lies nearest.  
The friendly word, the kindly deed,  
Though small the act in seeming,  
Shall in the end unto thy soul  
Prove mightier than thy dreaming.

The cup of water to the faint,  
Or rest unto the weary,  
The light thou giv'st another's life,  
Shall make thine own less dreary.  
And boundless realms of faith and love  
Will wait for thy possessing;  
Not creeds, but deeds, if thou wouldst  
win  
Unto thy soul a blessing."

And so I wait with peaceful heart,  
Content to do His pleasure;  
Not caring if the world shall mock  
At smallness of the measure  
Of thoughts or deeds or daily life.  
He knows the true endeavor—  
To do His will, to seek His face—  
And He will fail me never.  
—Sarah A. Gibbs.

## THE ONE TALENT

Hide not thy talent in the earth;  
However small it be,  
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,  
God will require of thee.

The humblest service rendered here  
He will as truly own  
As Paul's in his exalted sphere,  
Or Gabriel's near the throne.

The cup of water kindly given,  
The widow's cheerful mites,  
Are worthier in the eye of heaven  
Than pride's most costly rites.

His own, which He hath lent on trust,  
He asks of thee again;  
Little or much, the claim is just,  
And thine excuses vain.

Go, then, and strive to do thy part—  
Though humble it may be;  
The ready hand, the willing heart,  
Are all heaven asks of thee.  
—William Cutler.

## ONE TALENT

(Matt. xxv. 18)

In a napkin smooth and white,  
Hidden from all mortal sight,  
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use;  
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;  
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent  
With the Giver's known intent  
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know he will demand  
Every farthing at my hand,  
When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame  
When I hear my humble name  
And cannot repay his claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!  
All the years that have gone o'er  
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,  
Others add to it tenfold  
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!  
All my sloth I now condemn;  
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, oh teach me what to do.  
Make me faithful, make me true,  
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,  
Something yet to do for Thee,  
Thou who hast done all for me.

Art thou little? Do thy little well;  
And for thy comfort know  
Great men can do their greatest work  
No better than just so.  
—Johann W. von Goethe.

## RESPONSIBILITY FOR TALENTS

Thou that in life's crowded city art arrived,  
 thou knowest not how—  
 By what path or on what errand—list  
 and learn thine errand now.

From the palace to the city on the business  
 of thy King  
 Thou wert sent at early morning, to return  
 at evening.

Dreamer, waken; loiterer, hasten; what  
 thy task is understand:  
 Thou art here to purchase substance,  
 and the price is in thine hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy  
 sense confused and drowned?  
 Do its glittering wares entice thee, or  
 its shouts and cries confound?

Oh, beware lest thy Lord's business be  
 forgotten, while thy gaze  
 Is on every show and pageant which the  
 giddy square displays.

Barter not his gold for pebbles; do not  
 trade in vanities;  
 Pearls there are of price and jewels for  
 the purchase of the wise.

And know this—at thy returning thou  
 wilt surely find the King  
 With an open book before Him, waiting  
 to make reckoning.

Thus large honors will the faithful,  
 earnest service of one day  
 Reap of Him; but one day's folly largest  
 penalties will pay.  
 —Richard Chenevix Trench.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story  
 The path of duty was the way to glory.  
 He, that ever following her commands,  
 On with toil of heart and knees and  
 hands,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light  
 has won  
 His path upward, and prevailed,  
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty  
 scaled  
 Are close upon the shining table-lands  
 To which our God himself is moon and  
 sun,  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## GO RIGHT ON WORKING

Ah, yes! the task is hard, 'tis true,  
 But what's the use of sighing?  
 They're soonest with their duties  
 through  
 Who bravely keep on trying.  
 There's no advantage to be found  
 In sorrowing or shirking;  
 They with success are soonest crowned  
 Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will  
 That shall not be defeated;  
 Keep singing at your task until  
 You see it stand completed.  
 Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near,  
 Your sky's glad sunshine murk;  
 Be brave, and fill your heart with cheer,  
 And just go right on working.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

## JUSTICE ONLY

Be not too proud of good deeds wrought!  
 When thou art come from prayer,  
 speak truly!  
 Even if he wrongeth thee in aught,  
 Respect thy Guru. Give alms duly.

But let none wist! Live, day by day,  
 With little and with little swelling  
 Thy tale of duty done—the way  
 The wise ant-people build their dwelling;

Not harming any living thing;  
 That thou may'st have—at time of  
 dying—  
 A Hand to hold thee, and to bring  
 Thy footsteps safe; and, so relying,

Pass to the farther world. For none  
 Save Justice leads there! Father,  
 mother,  
 Will not be nigh; nor wife, nor son,  
 Nor friends, nor kin; nor any other

Save only Justice! All alone  
 Each entereth here, and each one  
 leaveth  
 This life alone; and every one  
 The fruit of all his deeds receiveth

Alone—alone; bad deeds and good!  
 That day when kinsmen, sadly turning,  
 Forsake thee, like the clay or wood,  
 A thing committed to the burning.

But Justice shall not quit thee then,  
If thou hast served her, therefore  
never

Cease serving; that shall hold thee when  
The darkness falls which falls forever,

Which hath no star, nor way and guide.

But Justice knows the road; and mid-  
night

Is noon to her. Man at her side

Goes, through the gloom, safe to the  
hid light.

And he who loved her more than all,

Who purged by sorrow his offenses,  
Shall shine, in realms celestial,

With glory, quit of sins and senses.

—Edwin Arnold, from the Sanskrit.

### GOD'S VENGEANCE

Saith the Lord, "Vengeance is mine;"

"I will repay," saith the Lord;

Ours be the anger divine,

Lit by the flash of his word.

How shall his vengeance be done?

How, when his purpose is clear?

Must he come down from the throne?

Hath he no instruments here?

Sleep not in imbecile trust,

Waiting for God to begin;

While, growing strong in the dust,

Rests the bruised serpent of sin.

Right and Wrong—both cannot live

Death-grappled. Which shall we see?

Strike! Only Justice can give

Safety to all that shall be.

Shame! to stand faltering thus,

Tricked by the balancing odds;

Strike! God is waiting for us!

Strike! for the vengeance is God's!

—John Hay.

Bear a lily in thy hand;

Gates of brass cannot withstand

One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,

In thy heart the dew of youth,

On thy lips the smile of truth.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### A SINGLE STITCH

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove

His nimble shuttle to and fro,

In and out, beneath, above,

Till the pattern seemed to bud and  
grow

As if the fairies had helping been;

One small stitch which could scarce be  
seen,

But the one stitch dropped pulled the  
next stitch out,

And a weak place grew in the fabric  
stout;

And the perfect pattern was marred for  
aye

By the one small stitch that was dropped  
that day.

One small life in God's great plan,

How futile it seems as the ages roll,

Do what it may or strive how it can

To alter the sweep of the infinite  
whole!

A single stitch in an endless web,

A drop in the ocean's flood and ebb!

But the pattern is rent where the stitch  
is lost,

Or marred where the tangled threads  
have crossed;

And each life that fails of its true intent  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master

meant. —Susan Coolidge.

### THE BLESSINGS

An angel came from the courts of gold,

With gifts and tidings manifold;

With blessings many to crown the one

Whose work of life was the noblest done.

He came to a rich man's gilded door;

Where a beautiful lady stood before

His vision, fair as the saints are fair,

With smile as sweet as the seraphs wear.

He needed not to be told her life—

The pure young mother, the tender wife;

He needed not to be told that she,

In home of sorrow and poverty,

Was giving wealth with a lavish hand;

He thought her worthy in heaven to  
stand.

"No! no!" a voice to the angel heart

Spoke low: "Seek on in the busy mart."

He found a door that was worn and old;  
The night was damp and the wind was cold.

A pale-faced girl at her sewing bent;  
The midnight lamp to her features lent

A paler look as she toiled the while,  
But yet the mouth had a restful smile.  
Doing her duty with honest pride;  
Breasting temptation on every side.

"For her the blessings," the angel said,  
And touched with pity the girlish head.  
"No time nor money for alms has she,  
But duty is higher than charity."

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

### DUTIES

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,  
And therefore see no higher; but, if done,  
My view is brightened and another spot  
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angels' flight,  
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise  
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—  
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore  
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,  
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more  
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes

On duties crowding only to appal?  
No; duty is our ladder to the skies,  
And, climbing not, we fall.

—Robert Leighton (1611-1684).

### WHAT SHE COULD

"And do the hours step fast or slow?  
And are ye sad or gay?  
And is your heart with your liege lord,  
lady,  
Or is it far away?"

The lady raised her calm, proud head,  
Though her tears fell, one by one:  
"Life counts not hours by joy or pangs,  
But just by duties done."

"And when I lie in the green kirkyard,  
With the mould upon my breast,  
Say not that 'She did well—or ill,'  
Only, 'She did her best.'"  
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

### UNWASTED DAYS

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive  
Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then—  
Wind-favored corpse-lights, daughters of the fen—  
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

### TRIFLES THAT MAKE SAINTS

A tone of pride or petulance repressed  
A selfish inclination firmly fought,  
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,  
A measure of disquietude suppressed;  
A peace in importunity possessed,  
A reconciliation generously sought,  
A purpose put aside, a banished thought,  
A word of self-explaining unexpressed:  
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints,  
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess  
A constancy and courage grand and bold;  
They are the trifles that have made the saints.  
Give me to practice them in humbleness  
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold.

The world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above;  
And if we did our duty  
It might be full of love.

—Gerald Massey.

What stronger breastplate than a heart  
untainted?  
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel  
just;  
And he but naked, though locked up in  
steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
rupted.

—William Shakespeare.

I slept, and dreamed that life was  
Beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
Was thy dream then, a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find that dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

Do thy duty; that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.  
—James Russell Lowell.

While I sought Happiness she fled  
Before me constantly.  
Weary, I turned to Duty's path,  
And Happiness sought me,  
Saying, "I walk this road to-day,  
I'll bear thee company."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."  
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Faithfully faithful to every trust,  
Honestly honest in every deed,  
Righteously righteous and justly just;  
This is the whole of the good man's  
creed.

Find out what God would have you do,  
And do that little well;  
For what is great and what is small  
'Tis only he can tell.

## SERVICE

### USEFULNESS, BENEVOLENCE, LABOR

#### WAKING

I have done at length with dreaming;  
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine!  
Thou must take up sword and buckler,  
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!  
Wherefore have I slumbered on  
With my forces all unmarshaled,  
With my weapons all undrawn?

O how many a glorious record  
Had the angels of me kept  
Had I done instead of doubted,  
Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, regret, bewailing!  
Ye had weakened at the best;  
I have tried the trusty weapons  
Resting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty,  
To a knowledge strong and deep,  
That I recked not of aforetime,  
In my long inglorious sleep.

For the end of life is service,  
And I felt it not before,  
And I dreamed not how stupendous  
Was the meaning that it bore.

In this subtle sense of being,  
Newly stirred in every vein,  
I can feel a throb electric—  
Pleasure half allied with pain.

'Tis so sweet, and yet so awful,  
So bewildering, yet brave,  
To be king in every conflict  
Where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious  
Of a growing power within  
Stronger than the rallying forces  
Of a charged and marshaled sin!

Never in those old romances  
Felt I half the thrill of life  
That I feel within me stirring,  
Standing in this place of strife.

O those olden days of dalliance,  
When I wantoned with my fate;  
When I trifled with the knowledge  
That had well-nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;  
Thou hast work to do at last;  
Let the brave toil of the present  
Overarch the crumbling past.

Build thy great acts high and higher;  
Build them on the conquered sod  
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,  
And thy first prayer rose to God.  
—Caroline Atherton Mason.

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#### SMALL BEGINNINGS

A traveler through a dusty road strewed  
acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and  
grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time,  
to breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,  
to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs  
the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing  
evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the  
grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well where  
weary men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care a  
ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but  
judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well, by  
 summers never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parching  
 tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
 A simple fancy of the brain, but strong  
 in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its  
 light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory  
 flame.

The thought was small; its issue great;  
 a watchfire on the hill,

It shed its radiance far adown, and  
 cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd that  
 thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of Hope and Love, un-  
 studied, from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown—a  
 transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust; it  
 saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love! O  
 thought at random cast!

Ye were but little at the first, but  
 mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

### THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O may I join the choir invisible  
 Of those immortal dead who live again.  
 In minds made better by their presence;  
 live

In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end with self,  
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the  
 night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge  
 man's search

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,  
 Breathing as beauteous order that con-  
 trols

With growing sway the growing life of  
 man.

So we inherit that sweet purity  
 For which we struggled, failed and  
 agonized,

With widening retrospect that bred de-  
 spair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-  
 dued,

A vicious parent shaming still its child  
 Poor, anxious penitence, is quick dis-  
 solved;

Its discords, quenched by meeting har-  
 monies,

Die in the large and charitable air.

And all our rarer, better, truer, self,  
 That sobbed religiously in yearning  
 song,

That watched to ease the burden of the  
 world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,

And what may yet be better—saw  
 within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,

And shaped it forth before the multitude  
 Divinely human, raising worship so

To higher reverence more mixed with  
 love—

That better self shall live till human  
 Time

Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
 Be gathered like a scroll within the

tomb,

Unread forever.

This is life to come,

Which martyred men have made more  
 glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I  
 reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great agony,

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure  
 love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
 And in diffusion ever more intense.

So shall I join the choir invisible

Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—George Eliot.

### MY TASK

To love some one more dearly ev'ry  
 day,

To help a wandering child to find his  
 way,

To ponder o'er a noble thought, and  
 pray,

And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for  
 light,

To do my best from dawn of day till  
 night,

To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,  
 And answer when He calls.

—Maude Louise Ray.



## SERVICE

### "IT IS MORE BLESSED"

Give! as the morning that flows out of  
heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel  
is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are  
given;  
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give!  
Not the waste drops of thy cup over-  
flowing;  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever  
glowing;  
Not a pale bud from the June roses  
blowing:  
Give as He gave thee who gave thee  
to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,  
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward  
not the giver:  
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life as the summer's shower  
pouring;  
What if no bird through the pearl rain  
is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward ador-  
ing?  
Look to the life that was lavished for  
thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed  
caresses:  
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses;  
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion  
presses;  
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.  
What if the hard heart give thorns for  
thy roses?  
What if on rocks thy tired bosom re-  
poses?  
Sweeter is music with minor-keyed  
closes,  
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;  
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted  
clover  
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and  
from lover:  
What shall thy longing avail in the  
grave?  
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are  
breaking—  
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and  
thy waking;  
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slak-  
ing,  
Thou shalt know God and the gift that  
he gave. —Rose Terry Cooke.

### ALONG THE WAY

There are so many helpful things to do  
Along life's way  
(Helps to the helper, if we did but know),  
From day to day.  
So many troubled hearts to soothe,  
So many pathways rough to smooth,  
So many comforting words to say,  
To the hearts that falter along the way.

Here is a lamp of hope gone out  
Along the way.  
Some one stumbled and fell, no doubt—  
But, brother, stay!  
Out of thy store of oil refill;  
Kindle the courage that smoulders still;  
Think what Jesus would do to-day  
For one who had fallen beside the way.

How many lifted hands still plead  
Along life's way!  
The old, sad story of human need  
Reads on for aye.  
But let us follow the Saviour's plan—  
Love unstinted to every man;  
Content if, at most, the world should  
say:  
"He helped his brother along the way!"

### SAVED TO SERVE

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?  
Rise and share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine  
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse  
Or thy handful still renew;  
Scanty fare for one will often  
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving—  
All its wealth is living gain;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner  
Scattered fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden;  
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,  
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?  
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?  
 Many wounded round thee moan:  
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,  
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?  
 None but God the void can fill.  
 Nothing but the ceaseless Fountain  
 Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?  
 Self-entwined its strength sinks low.  
 It can only live in loving,  
 And by serving love will grow.

#### BY DOING GOOD WE LIVE

A certain wise man, deeply versed  
 In all the learning of the East,  
 Grew tired in spirit, and athirst  
 From life to be released.

So to Eliab, holy man  
 Of God he came: "Ah, give me, friend,  
 The herb of death, that now the span  
 Of my vain life may end."

Eliab gently answered: "Ere  
 The soul may free itself indeed,  
 This herb of healing thou must bear  
 To seven men in need;

"When thou hast lightened each man's  
 grief,  
 And brought him hope and joy again,  
 Return; nor shalt thou seek relief  
 At Allah's hands in vain."

The wise man sighed, and humbly said:  
 "As Allah willeth, so is best."  
 And with the healing herb he sped  
 Away upon his quest.

And as he journeyed on, intent  
 To serve the sorrowing in the land  
 On deeds of love and mercy bent,  
 The herb bloomed in his hand,

And through his pulses shot a fire  
 Of strength and hope and happiness;  
 His heart leaped with a glad desire  
 To live and serve and bless.

Lord of all earthly woe and need,  
 Be this, life's flower, mine!  
 To love, to comfort, and to heal—  
 Therein is life divine!

—Josephine Troup.

#### FOR STRENGTH WE ASK

For strength we ask  
 For the ten thousand times repeated  
 task,  
 The endless smallnesses of every day.

No, not to lay  
 My life down in the cause I cherish  
 most,  
 That were too easy. But, whate'er it  
 cost,  
 To fail no more  
 In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor  
 In love toward the unlovely, and to  
 give,

Each day I live,  
 To every hour with outstretched hand,  
 its meed  
 Of not-to-be-regretted thought and  
 deed.

—Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald.

#### MARTHA OR MARY?

I cannot choose; I should have liked so  
 much  
 To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch  
 Of his kind gentle hand upon my head  
 While drinking in the gracious words  
 he said.

And yet to serve Him!—Oh, divine em-  
 ploy—  
 To minister and give the Master joy;  
 To bathe in coolest springs his weary  
 feet,  
 And wait upon Him while He sat at  
 meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah, that is  
 best  
 To which he calls us, be it toil or rest;  
 To labor for Him in life's busy stir,  
 Or seek His feet, a silent worshiper.  
 —Caroline Atherton Mason.

\*This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye  
 bells of the kirk—  
 The Lord of Love came down from above  
 to live with the men who work.  
 This is the rose that he planted, here in  
 the thorn-cursed soil;  
 Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but  
 the blessing of earth is toil.  
 —Henry van Dyke.

## MARTHA

Yes, Lord, Yet some must serve!  
 Not all with tranquil heart,  
 Even at Thy dear feet,  
 Wrapped in devotion sweet,  
 May sit apart!

Yes, Lord! Yet some must bear  
 The burden of the day,  
 Its labor and its heat,  
 While others at Thy feet  
 May muse and pray.

Yes, Lord! Yet some must do  
 Life's daily task-work; some  
 Who fain would sing must toil  
 Amid earth's dust and moi,  
 While lips are dumb!

Yes, Lord! Yet man must earn  
 And woman bake the bread;  
 And some must watch and wake  
 Early for others' sake,  
 Who pray instead!

Yes, Lord! Yet even thou  
 Hast need of earthly care;  
 I bring the bread and wine  
 To Thee a Guest divine—  
 Be this my prayer!  
 —Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr.

If we sit down at set of sun  
 And count the things that we have done,  
 And counting, find  
 One self-denying act, one word  
 That eased the heart of him who heard,  
 One glance most kind,  
 That fell like sunshine where it went,  
 Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day  
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;  
 If through it all  
 We've nothing done that we can trace  
 That brought the sunshine to a face,  
 No act most small  
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

*Ellen Wheeler H. Bates*

This for the day of life I ask:  
 Some all-absorbing, useful task;  
 And when 'tis wholly, truly done,  
 A tranquil rest at set of sun.

## SERVICE

Ah! grand is the world's work, and noble,  
 forsooth,  
 The doing one's part, be it ever so  
 small!  
 You, reaping with Boaz, I, gleaning with  
 Ruth,  
 Are honored by serving, yet servants  
 of all.

No drudge in his corner but speeds the  
 world's wheels;  
 No serf in the field but is sowing God's  
 seed—  
 More noble, I think, in the dust though  
 he kneels,  
 Than the pauper of wealth, who  
 makes scorn of the deed.

Is toil but a treadmill? Think not of  
 the grind,  
 But think of the grist, what is done  
 and to do,  
 The world growing better, more like to  
 God's mind,  
 By long, faithful labor of helpers like  
 you.

The broom or the spade or the shuttle,  
 that plies  
 Its own honest task in its own honest  
 way,  
 Serves heaven not less than a star in  
 the skies—  
 What more could the Pleiades do than  
 obey? —James Buckham.

## SUMMER AND WINTER

If no kindly thought or word  
 We can give, some soul to bless,  
 If our hands, from hour to hour,  
 Do no deeds of gentleness;  
 If to lone and weary ones  
 We no comfort will impart—  
 Tho' 'tis summer in the sky,  
 Yet 'tis winter in the heart!

If we strive to lift the gloom  
 From a dark and burdened life;  
 If we seek to lull the storm  
 Of our fallen brother's strife;  
 If we bid all hate and scorn  
 From the spirit to depart—  
 Tho' 'tis winter in the sky,  
 Yet 'tis summer in the heart!

## THE ELEVENTH-HOUR LABORER

Idlers all day about the market-place  
They name us, and our dumb lips  
answer not,

Bearing the bitter while our sloth's disgrace,  
And our dark tasking whereof none  
may wear.

Oh, the fair slopes where the grape-  
gatherers go!—

Not they the day's fierce heat and  
burden bear,

But we who on the market-stones drop  
slow

Our barren tears, while all the bright  
hours wear.

Lord of the vineyard, whose dear word  
declares

Our one hour's labor as the day's shall  
be,

What coin divine can make our wage  
as theirs

Who had the morning joy of work for  
Thee?

—L. Gray Noble.

## "THY LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN"

"I have labored in vain," a preacher  
said,

And his brow was marked with care;

"I have labored in vain." He bowed  
down his head,

And bitter and sad were the tears he  
shed

In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands  
are weak,

And my courage is well-nigh gone;

For none give heed to the words I speak,

And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek  
Where the seed of the Word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart he  
wept,

For his spirit with grief was stirred,

Till the night grew dark, and at last he  
slept,

And a silent calm o'er his spirit crept,

And a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And he thought in his dream that his  
soul took flight

To a blessed and bright abode;

He saw a throne of dazzling light,  
And harps were ringing, and robes were  
white—

Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And he saw such a countless throng  
around

As he never had seen before,

Their brows with jewels of light were  
crowned,

And sorrow and sighing no place had  
found—

The troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth  
and said,

"Joy! Joy! for the trials are passed!

I am one that thy gentle words have led  
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—

I welcome thee home at last!"

And the preacher gazed on the maiden's  
face—

He had seen that face on earth,

Where, with anxious heart, in his  
wonted place

He had told his charge of a Saviour's  
grace,

And their need of a second birth.

Then the preacher smiled, and the angel  
said,

"Go forth to thy work again;

It is not in vain that the seed is shed—  
If only ONE soul to the cross is led,

Thy labor is not in vain."

And at last he woke, and his knee he  
bent

In grateful, childlike prayer,

And he prayed till an answer of peace  
was sent,

And Faith and Hope as a rainbow bent  
O'er the clouds of his earthly care.

And he rose in joy, and his eye was  
bright.

His sorrow and grief had fled,

And his soul was calm and his heart was  
light,

For his hands were strong in his  
Saviour's might

As forth to his work he sped.

Whatever dies, or is forgot—

Work done for God, it dieth not.

## FOLLOWING THE MASTER

I asked the Lord that I might worthier  
be,  
Might grow in faith and hope and  
charity;  
And straight, "Go feed my lambs!" he  
answered me.

"Nay, Lord!" I cried. "Can outward  
deeds avail  
To cleanse my spirit? Heart and cour-  
age fail  
And sins prevent, and foes and fears  
assail."

And still, "Go, feed my lambs!" was all  
I heard.  
But should I rest upon that simple word?  
Was that, indeed, my message from my  
Lord?

Behold, I thought that he his hand  
would lay  
On my sick soul, and words of healing  
say,  
And charm the plague-spot from my  
heart away.

Half wroth, I turned to go; but oh! the  
look  
He on me cast—a gaze I could not  
brook;  
With deep relentings all my spirit shook.

"O dearest Lord," I cried, "I will obey,  
Say what thou wilt! only lead thou the  
way;  
For, following thee, my footsteps shall  
not stray."

He took me at my word. He went be-  
fore;  
He led me to the dwellings of the  
poor,  
Where wolf-eyed Want keeps watch be-  
side the door.

He beckoned me, and I essayed to go  
Where Sin and Crime, more sad than  
Want and Woe,  
Hold carnival, and Vice walks to and  
fro.

And when I faltered at the sight, He  
said,  
"Behold, I died for such! These hands  
have bled,  
This side for such has pierced been," he  
said.

"Is the disciple greater than his Lord?  
The servant than his Master?" Oh,  
that word!  
It smote me like a sharp, two-edged  
sword!

And since that hour, if any work of  
mine  
Has been accepted by my Lord assign  
That I was following in his steps divine;

If, serving others (though imperfectly),  
My own poor life has worthier come to  
be,  
And I have grown in faith and charity,

Dear Lord, be thine the glory! Thou hast  
wrought,  
All unaware, the blessing that I sought.  
O that these lips might praise thee as  
they ought!

## BE ALWAYS GIVING

The sun gives ever; so the earth—  
What it can give so much 'tis worth;  
The ocean gives in many ways—  
Gives baths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;  
So, too, the air, it gives us breath.  
When it stops giving, comes in death.  
Give, give, be always giving;  
Who gives not is not living;  
The more you give  
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheaped  
Only by giving it is reaped;  
The body withers, and the mind  
Is pent up by a selfish rind.  
Give strength, give thought, give deeds,  
give pelf,  
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.  
Give, give, be always giving,  
Who gives not is not living;  
The more we give  
The more we live.

Slightest actions often meet the sorest  
needs,  
For the world wants daily little kindly  
deeds;  
O, what care and sorrow you may help  
remove  
With your song and courage, sympathy  
and love.

## NOT LOST

The look of sympathy; the gentle word  
Spoken so low that only angels heard;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes;

These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night  
Over soiled robes that once were pure and white;

The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole;

These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;

The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;

These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win

Some wanderer from the ways of sin;  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in Thy city bright  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,

And things long hidden from our gaze below

Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know

They were not lost.

There's never a rose in all the world  
But makes some green spray sweeter;  
There's never a wind in all the sky

But makes some bird wing fleetier;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender;

And never a rosy cloud but helps

To crown the sunset splendor;

No robin but may thrill some heart,  
His dawn like gladness voicing;

God gives us all some small sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.

## A BROADER FIELD

O thou who sighest for a broader field  
Wherein to sow the seeds of truth and right—

Who fain a fuller, nobler power would wield

O'er human souls that languish for the light—

Search well the realm that even now is thine!

Canst not thou in some far-off corner find

A heart sin-bound, like tree with sapping vine,

Waiting for help its burdens to unbind?

Some human plant, perchance beneath thine eyes,

Pierced through with hidden thorns of idle fears;

Or drooping low for need of light from skies

Obscured by doubt-clouds raining poison tears?

Some bruised soul the balm of love would heal;

Some timid spirit faith would courage give;

Or maimed brother, who, though brave and leal,

Still needeth thee, to rightly walk and live?

O while one soul thou findest which hath not known

The fullest help thy soul hath power to give,

Sigh not for fields still broader than thine own,

But, steadfast in thine own, more broadly live.

—Julia Anna Wolcott.

Be it health or be it leisure,  
Be it skill we have to give,  
Still in spending it for others  
Christians only really live.

Not in having or receiving,  
But in giving, there is bliss;  
He who has no other pleasure  
Ever may rejoice in this.

## WHAT CHRIST SAID

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."  
 He said, "No, walk in the town."  
 I said, "There are no flowers there."  
 He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;  
 There is nothing but noise and din."  
 And He wept as he sent me back;  
 "There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,  
 And fogs are veiling the sun."  
 He answered, "Yet souls are sick,  
 And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,  
 And friends will miss me, they say."  
 He answered, "Choose to-night  
 If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.  
 He said, "Is it hard to decide?  
 It will not seem hard in heaven  
 To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,  
 Then set my face to the town;  
 He said, "My child, do you yield?  
 Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,  
 And into my heart came He;  
 And I walk in a light divine  
 The path I had feared to see.  
 —George Macdonald.

## MY SERVICE

I asked the Lord to let me do  
 Some mighty work for Him;  
 To fight amid His battle hosts,  
 Then sing the victor's hymn.  
 I longed my ardent love to show,  
 But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,  
 Whose life was calm and still,  
 And gave me little things to do,  
 My daily round to fill;  
 I could not think it good to be  
 Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,  
 They seemed of earth alone;  
 I, who had longed for conquests bright  
 To lay before His throne,  
 Had common things to do and bear,  
 To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,  
 And asked the Lord once more  
 That He would give me work for Him  
 And open wide the door;  
 Forgetting that my Master knew  
 Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came,  
 "My child, I hear thy cry;  
 Think not that mighty deeds alone  
 Will bring the victory.  
 The battle has been planned by Me,  
 Let daily life thy conquests see."

## PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?  
 Pass it on.  
 It was not given to you alone,  
 Pass it on.  
 Let it travel through the years;  
 Let it wipe another's tears;  
 Till in heaven the deed appears,  
 Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light?  
 Pass it on.  
 Souls are groping in the night,  
 Daylight gone.  
 Lift your lighted lamp on high,  
 Be a star in some one's sky,  
 He may live who else would die.  
 Pass it on.

## GIVING AND TAKING

Who gives, and hides the giving hand,  
 Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,  
 Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
 The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been  
 given,  
 His gift in need, though small indeed  
 As is the grass-blade's wind-blown  
 seed,  
 Is large as earth and rich as heaven.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier, from Tinne-  
 valuna of India.

## ONE PATH TO LIGHT

What is the world? A wandering maze,  
Where sin hath tracked a thousand  
ways

Her victims to ensnare.  
All broad and winding and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.  
Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night.

One only path that never bends,  
Narrow and rough and steep, ascends  
Through darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?  
The Bible. He alone that hath

The Bible need not stray.  
But he who hath and will not give  
That light of life to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way.

## IF WE COULD ONLY SEE

It were not hard, we think, to serve Him  
If we could only see!

If he would stand with that gaze intense  
Burning into our bodily sense,  
If we might look on that face most tender,

The brows where the scars are turned  
to splendor,

Might catch the light of his smile so  
sweet,

And view the marks on his hands and  
feet,

How loyal we should be!

It were not hard, we think, to serve him,  
If we could only see!

It were not hard, he says, to see him,

If we would only serve;

"He that doeth the will of Heaven,  
To him shall knowledge and sight be  
given."

While for his presence we sit repining,  
Never we see his countenance shining;  
They who toil where his reapers be  
The glow of his smile may always see,  
And their faith can never swerve.

It were not hard, he says, to see him,  
If we would only serve.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,  
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands,  
From Duty's claims no life is free,  
Behold! To-day has need of thee.

## WHEN YOU DO AN ACT

You can never tell when you do an act  
Just what the result will be;  
But with every deed you are sowing a  
seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.  
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil;  
Though you may not know, yet the tree  
shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

## YOUR MISSION

If you cannot on the ocean

Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet;  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey

Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;

If you cannot toward the needy,  
Reach an ever-open hand;  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest

Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Will the careless reapers leave;  
Go and glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict

Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battle-field is silent  
You can go with careful tread:  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.



If you cannot be the watchman,  
 Standing high on Zion's wall,  
 Pointing out the path to heaven,  
 Offering life and peace to all;  
 With your prayers and with your boun-  
 ties

You can do what Heaven demands,  
 You can be like faithful Aaron,  
 Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
 For some greater work to do;  
 Fortune is a lazy goddess—

She will never come to you.  
 Go and toil in any vineyard,  
 Do not fear to do or dare;  
 If you want a field of labor  
 You can find it anywhere.

—G. M. Grannis.

### THE FAITHFUL MONK

Golden gleams of noonday fell  
 On the pavement of the cell,  
 And the monk still lingered there  
 In the ecstasy of prayer;  
 Fuller floods of glory streamed  
 Through the window, and it seemed  
 Like an answering glow of love  
 From the countenance above.

On the silence of the cell  
 Break the faint tones of a bell.  
 'Tis the hour when at the gate  
 Crowds of poor and hungry wait,  
 Wan and wistful, to be fed  
 With the friar of mercy's bread.

Hark! that chime of heaven's far bells!  
 On the monk's rapt ear it swells,  
 No! fond, flattering dream, away!  
 Mercy calls; no longer stay!  
 Whom thou yearnest here to find  
 In the musings of thy mind,  
 God and Jesus, lo, they wait  
 Knocking at thy convent gate!

From his knees the monk arose;  
 With full heart and hand he goes,  
 At his gate the poor relieves,  
 Gains a blessing and receives;  
 To his cell returned, and there  
 Found the angel of his prayer,  
 Who with radiant features said,  
 "Hadst thou stayed I must have fled."

—Charles Timothy Brooks.

### THE HEAVENLY PRESENCE

Somewhere I have read of an aged monk  
 Who, kneeling one day in his cell,  
 Beheld in a glorious vision the form  
 Of the dear Lord Christ; and there fell

Upon him a rapture, wondrously sweet,  
 And his lips could frame no word,  
 As he gazed on the form and noted the  
 love  
 That beamed from the face of his  
 Lord.

There came to his ears the sound of a  
 bell  
 Which called him early and late  
 To carry loaves to the wretched poor  
 Who lingered about the gate.

Could he leave his cell now glorified  
 By the presence of the Christ,  
 The Blessed Son, the Holy One,  
 His Saviour, the Sacrificed?

He went to his act of mercy, and when  
 He returned to his cell, the dim  
 Gay light was dispelled as the loving  
 Christ  
 Re-entered to welcome him.

And the Blessed One remained, more  
 fair,  
 More glorious than before,  
 And the heart of the aged monk was  
 glad,  
 And his cell was dim no more.

"Draw nigh and abide with me, O Christ,  
 All through this day," is the prayer  
 Which sounds from my heart, and my  
 lips repeat  
 Each morning, and Christ, the Fair,

Seems very near as his words I hear,  
 Though his form I do not see;  
 "When you care for the least of these,  
 dear child,  
 You have done it unto me.

"With loving service fill all this day,  
 Do good in the name of your Lord,  
 And I will be near, your heart to cheer,  
 According to my word."

—William Norris Burr.

## ONLY

It was *only* a blossom,  
Just the merest bit of bloom,  
But it brought a glimpse of summer  
To the little darkened room.

It was *only* a glad "good morning,"  
As she passed along the way;  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the livelong day.

*Only* a song; but the music,  
Though simply pure and sweet,  
Brought back to better pathways  
The reckless roving feet.

"*Only*," in our blind wisdom,  
How dare we say at all?  
Since the ages alone can tell us  
Which is the great or small.

## SOMETHING YOU CAN DO

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,  
"Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the Judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the sons of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly, when he calleth,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."  
—Daniel March.

## SEEDTIME

Sow thou thy seed!  
Glad is the light of Spring—the sun is  
glowing.

Do thou thy deed:  
Who knows when flower or deed shall  
cease its growing?

Thy seed may be  
Bearer of thousands scattered far and  
near;

Eternity  
May feel the impress of the deed done  
here.  
—Arthur L. Salmon.

## TOIL A BLESSING

The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,  
Is man's appointed lot;  
He who God's call can understand  
Will work and murmur not.  
Toil is no thorny crown of pain,  
Bound round man's brow for sin;  
True souls, from it, all strength may  
gain,  
High manliness may win.

O God! who workest hitherto,  
Working in all we see,  
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,  
As best it pleaseth thee.  
Where'er thou sendest we will go,  
Nor any questions ask,  
And that thou biddest we will do,  
Whatever be the task.

Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,  
Are not our own, but thine;  
We link them to the work of Him  
Who made all life divine.  
Our brother-friend, thy holy Son,  
Shared all our lot and strife;  
And nobly will our work be done  
If molded by his life.

—Thomas W. Freckelton.

No service in itself is small;  
None great, though earth it fill;  
But that is small that seeks its own,  
And great that seeks God's will.

Then hold my hand, most gracious God,  
Guide all my goings still;  
And let it be my life's one aim,  
To know and do thy will.

## EASILY GIVEN

It was only a sunny smile,  
 And little it cost in the giving;  
 But it scattered the night  
 Like morning light,  
 And made the day worth living.  
 Through life's dull warp a woof it wove,  
 In shining colors of light and love,  
 And the angels smiled as they watched  
 above,  
 Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,  
 And a word that was lightly spoken;  
 Yet not in vain,  
 For it stilled the pain  
 Of a heart that was nearly broken.  
 It strengthened a fate beset by fears  
 And groping blindly through mists of  
 tears  
 For light to brighten the coming years,  
 Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,  
 And it seemed of little availing;  
 But its clasps were warm,  
 And it saved from harm  
 A brother whose strength was failing.  
 Its touch was tender as angels' wings,  
 But it rolled the stone from the hidden  
 springs,  
 And pointed the way to higher things,  
 Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, a touch,  
 And each is easily given;  
 Yet one may win  
 A soul from sin  
 Or smooth the way to heaven.  
 A smile may lighten a falling heart,  
 A word may soften pain's keenest smart,  
 A touch may lead us from sin apart—  
 How easily each is given!

## WORKING WITH CHRIST

O matchless honor, all unsought,  
 High privilege, surpassing thought  
 That thou shouldst call us, Lord, to be  
 Linked in work-fellowship with thee!  
 To carry out *thy* wondrous plan,  
 To bear *thy* messages to man;  
 "In trust," with Christ's own word of  
 grace  
 To every soul of human race.

## THE "NEW LOGION"

"Jesus saith," and His deep Saying who  
 shall rightly understand,  
 Rescued from the grasp of ages, risen  
 from its grave of sand?  
 Who shall read its mystic meaning, who  
 explain its import high:  
 "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,  
 cleave the wood and there am I"?

Does it mean the stone-built altar, and  
 the cleft-wood for its fire,  
 That with sacrificial offering shall the  
 soul to God aspire,  
 Purged and pure from sin's defilement,  
 lifting holy hands on high,  
 "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,  
 cleave the wood and there am I"?

Does it mean that toil and action are the  
 price that man shall pay,  
 Striving the strait gait to enter, pressing  
 on the narrow way,  
 Clearing it from shade and hindrance,  
 with strong arm and purpose high,  
 "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,  
 cleave the wood and there am I"?

Does it mean that he who seeketh may  
 Thy presence always see  
 In the common things around him, in  
 the stone and in the tree,  
 Underlying, all-pervading, Soul of Na-  
 ture, ever nigh,  
 "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,  
 cleave the wood and there am I"?

Yea, in all our work and worship, in our  
 quiet, in our strife,  
 In the daily, busy handwork, in the  
 soul's most ardent life,  
 Each may read his own true meaning  
 of the Saying deep and high,  
 "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,  
 cleave the wood and there am I."  
 —Mrs. Henry B. Smith.

He's true to God, who's true to man;  
 wherever wrong is done,  
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath  
 the all-beholding sun,  
 That wrong is also done to us; and they  
 are slaves most base  
 Whose love of right is for themselves,  
 and not for all their race.  
 —James Russell Lowell.

## HER CREED

She stood before a chosen few,  
With modest air and eyes of blue;  
A gentle creature, in whose face  
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

"You wish to join our fold," they said;  
"Do you believe in all that's read  
From ritual and written creed,  
Essential to our human need?"

A troubled look was in her eyes;  
She answered, as in vague surprise,  
As though the sense to her were dim.  
"I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life, how oft she stood,  
Pure in her guileless maidenhood,  
By dying bed, in hovel lone,  
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,  
Sweet as the note of any bird;  
Her hand been open in distress;  
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought  
To know her inmost, earnest thought,  
With look as of the seraphim  
"I only strive to follow Him."  
—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## WAKING THOUGHTS

Another day God gives me, pure and  
white.

How can I make it holy in his sight?  
Small means have I and but a narrow  
sphere,

Yet work is round me, for he placed me  
here.

How can I serve thee, Lord? Open  
mine eyes;  
Show me the duty that around me lies.

"The house is small, but human hearts  
are there,  
And for this day at least beneath thy  
care.

Someone is sad—then speak a word of  
cheer;

Someone is lonely—make him welcome  
here;

Someone has failed—protect him from  
despair;

Someone's poor—there's something you  
can spare!

"Thine own heart's sorrow mention but  
in prayer,  
And carry sunshine with thee every-  
where.

The little duties do with all thine heart  
And from things sordid keep a mind  
apart;

Then sleep, my child, and take a well-  
earned rest,  
In blessing others thou thyself art  
blest!"

## LONELY SERVICE

Methought that in a solemn church I  
stood;

Its marble acres, worn with knees and  
feet,

Lay spread from door to door, from  
street to street.

Midway the form hung high upon the  
rood

Of Him who gave his life to be our good.  
Beyond, priests flitted, bowed, and mur-  
mured meet

Among the candles, shining still and  
sweet.

Men came and went, and worshipped as  
they could—

And still their dust a woman with her  
broom,

Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to  
the door.

Then saw I, slow through all the pillared  
gloom,

Across the church a silent figure come;  
"Daughter," it said, "thou sweepest  
well my floor."

"It is the Lord!" I cried, and saw no  
more. —George Macdonald.

## SHARE YOUR BLESSINGS

Dig channels for the streams of love,

Where they may broadly run,  
And love has overflowing streams

To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease

Such channels to provide,

The very founts of love to thee

Will soon be parched and dried.

For thou must share if thou wouldst  
keep

That good thing from above;

Ceasing to share you cease to have;

Such is the law of love.

## ONLY A LITTLE

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root, grew bravely up  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit—a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;  
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

## PAUL AT MELITA

Secure in his prophetic strength,  
The water peril o'er,  
The many-gifted man at length  
Stepped on the promised shore.

He trod the shore; but not to rest,  
Nor wait till angels came;  
Lo! humblest pains the saint attest,  
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,  
Then instant aid was given.  
Christian, hence learn to do thy part,  
And leave the rest to Heaven.  
—John Henry Newman.

All service ranks the same with God;  
If now, as formerly He trod  
Paradise, His presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?  
Costs it more pain that this, ye call  
A "great event," should come to pass  
Than that? Untwine me, from the mass  
Of deeds which make up life, one deed  
Power shall fall short in, or exceed.  
—Robert Browning.

What will it matter in a little while  
That for a day  
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,  
Upon the way?  
These trifles! Can they make or mar  
Human life?  
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are  
By love or strife?  
Yea, yea, a look the fainting heart may break,  
Or make it whole,  
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,  
May save a soul.

Get leave to work  
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;  
For God in cursing gives us better gifts  
Than men in benediction. God says,  
"Sweat  
For foreheads;" men say "crowns;" and so we are crowned—  
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel  
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work; get work;  
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may  
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still;  
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way  
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,  
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.  
—George Herbert.

When He who, sad and weary, longing sore  
For love's sweet service sought the sisters' door,  
One saw the heavenly, one the human guest;  
But who shall say which loved the Master best?  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Oft, when the Word is on me to deliver,  
Opens the heaven, and the Lord is  
there.  
.

Then with a rush the intolerable crav-  
ing  
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet  
call—  
Oh to save these! to perish for their  
saving,  
Die for their life, be offered for them  
all!

No man is born into the world whose  
work  
Is not born with him; there is always  
work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who  
will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!  
—James Russell Lowell.

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds  
three:  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.  
—James Russell Lowell.

Look not beyond the stars for heaven,  
Nor 'neath the sea for hell;  
Know thou, who leads a useful life  
In Paradise doth dwell.  
—Hafiz, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
Marvin.

Small service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright creature,  
scorn not one;  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the  
sun. —William Wordsworth.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do  
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too;  
Happy's the home where these fair sis-  
ters vary;  
But most, when Martha's reconciled to  
Mary. —Francis Quarles.

If thou hast the gift of strength, then  
know  
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low;  
Else, in the giant's grasp, until the end  
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul con-  
tend.  
—George Meredith.

The best men doing their best  
Know, peradventure, least of what they  
do.  
Men usefulest i' the world are simply  
used.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

New words to speak, new thoughts to  
hear,  
New love to give and take;  
Perchance new burdens I may bear  
To-day for love's sweet sake,

He doth good work whose heart can find  
The spirit 'neath the letter;  
Who makes his kind of happier mind,  
Leaves wiser men and better.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,  
Labor—all labor is noble and holy.  
—Frances Sargent Osgood.

In silence mend what ills deform the  
mind;  
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.  
—John Sterling.

God gave me something very sweet to  
be mine own this day:  
A precious opportunity a word for Christ  
to say.

That best portion of a good man's life—  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.  
—William Wordsworth.

Wouldst thou go forth to bless, be sure  
of thine own ground,  
Fix well thy center first, then draw thy  
circle round.  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

# BROTHERHOOD

## CHARITY, SYMPATHY, EXAMPLE, INFLUENCE

### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran—  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban—  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles  
nor their tears—  
Both parts of an infinite plan—  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead  
And mountains of wearisome height;  
And the road passes on through the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night.

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by—  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.  
—Sam Walter Foss.

### IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter.  
And oft I fall out by the way;  
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,  
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you  
Who follow wherever you go;  
If you thought that they walked in the shadow  
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,  
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie  
With their white pleading faces turned upward  
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,  
We behold them anear and afar,  
But not many among them, my brother,  
Shine steadily on, like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and  
morning,  
They would never burn down or go  
out,  
Though from the four quarters of heaven  
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted  
Should steadily blaze in a line,  
Wide over the land and the ocean,  
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten!  
How the mists would roll up and  
away!  
How the earth would laugh out in her  
gladness  
To hail the millennial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

#### IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet  
face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place,  
And deem that death had left it almost  
fair,  
And laying snow-white flowers upon my  
hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful  
tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering  
caress—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-  
night!

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with lov-  
ing thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had  
wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had  
said—  
Errands on which the willing feet had  
sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned  
to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once  
more to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully.  
The eyes that chill me with averted  
glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, per-  
chance,  
And soften in the old familiar way;  
For who would war with dumb, un-  
conscious clay?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-  
night.

O friends, I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold  
brow.  
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,  
My faltering feet are pierced with many  
a thorn.  
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I  
plead!  
When ceaseless bliss is mine I shall not  
need  
The tenderness for which I long to-  
night. —Belle Eugenia Smith.

#### FRUITION

We scatter seeds with careless hand  
And dream we ne'er shall see them  
more,  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears  
In weeds that mar the land  
Or helpful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—  
Into still air they seem to fleet;  
We count them ever past;  
But they shall last—  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
Keep thou the one true way,  
In work and play,  
Lest in that world their cry  
Of woe thou hear. —John Keble.

Still shines the light of holy lives  
Like star beams over doubt;  
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives  
Some dark possession out.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.



## HAVE CHARITY

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang  
 To step aside is human:  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving *why* they do it:  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
 Decidedly can try us;  
 He knows each chord—its various tone,  
 Each spring—its various bias;  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.  
 —Robert Burns.

## THE VOICE OF PITY

Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness,  
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
 Were their strong temptations planted  
 In thy path of life?

He alone whose hand is bounding  
 Human power and human will,  
 Looking through each soul's surround-  
 ing,  
 Knows its good or ill.

Earnest words must needs be spoken  
 When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
 With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
 For the wronged, by turns.

But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
 Hidden faults and follies known,  
 Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
 Conscious of thine own.

Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
 To thy lips her trumpet set,  
 But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
 Wailings of regret.

So when thoughts of evil-doers  
 Waken scorn or hatred move,  
 Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
 Temper all with love.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

'Tis the Almighty's gracious plan,  
 That man shall be the joy of man.  
 —From the Scandinavian, tr. by Fred-  
 eric Rowland Marvin.

## JUDGE NOT

Judge not; the workings of his brain  
 And of his heart thou canst not see;  
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain  
 In God's pure light may only be  
 A scar—brought from some well-won  
 field  
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight  
 May be a token that, below,  
 The soul has closed in deadly fight  
 With some infernal fiery foe—  
 Whose glance would scorch thy smiling  
 grace  
 And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou dardest to despise—  
 May be the angel's slackened hand  
 Has suffered it, that he may rise  
 And take a firmer, surer stand;  
 Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
 May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,  
 With hopeful pity, not disdain,  
 The depth of the abyss may be  
 The measure of the height of pain,  
 And love and glory that may raise  
 This soul to God in after days.  
 —Adelaide Anne Procter.

## THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING

Think gently of the erring;  
 Ye know not of the power  
 With which the dark temptation came,  
 In some unguarded hour;  
 Ye may not know how earnestly  
 They struggled, or how well,  
 Until the hour of weakness came  
 And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring;  
 Oh, do not thou forget,  
 However darkly stained by sin,  
 He is thy brother yet;  
 Heir of the self-same heritage,  
 Child of the self-same God,  
 He has but stumbled in the path  
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;  
 For is it not enough  
 That innocence and peace have gone,  
 Without thy censure rough?

It sure must be a weary lot,  
That sin-stained heart to bear,  
And those who share a happier fate  
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring;  
Thou yet mayst lead them back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track;  
Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be;  
Deal gently with the erring, then,  
As God has dealt with thee.

—Julia A. Fletcher.

### HARSH JUDGMENTS

O God! whose thoughts are brightest  
light,  
Whose love runs always clear,  
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls  
Amidst their sins are dear,

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth which does not shine.

I often see in my own thoughts,  
When they lie nearest Thee,  
That the worst men I ever knew  
Were better men than me.

He whom no praise can reach is aye  
Men's least attempts approving;  
Whom justice makes all-merciful  
Omniscience makes all-loving.

How thou canst think so well of us  
Yet be the God thou art,  
Is darkness to my intellect,  
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;  
More grace O Lord! more grace!  
More sweetness from thy loving heart!  
More sunshine from thy face!

The discord is within, which jars  
So sadly in life's song;  
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,  
When others seem so wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;  
Self is the irksome weight;  
To those who can see straight them-  
selves,  
All things look always straight.

My God, with what surpassing love  
Thou lovest all on earth;  
How good the least good is to thee,  
How much each soul is worth!

All bitterness is from ourselves;  
All sweetness is from thee;  
Sweet God! for evermore be thou  
Fountain and fire in me!

—Frederick William Faber.

### HOW TO JUDGE

"Judge the people by their actions"—  
'tis a rule you often get—

"Judge the actions by their people" is  
a wiser maxim yet.

Have I known you, brother, sister?  
Have I looked into your heart?

Mingled with your thoughts my feelings,  
taken of your life my part?

Through the warp of your convictions  
sent the shuttle of my thought

Till the web became the Credo, for us  
both, of Should and Ought?

Seen in thousand ways your nature, in  
all act and look and speech?

By that large induction only I your law  
of being reach.

Now I hear of this wrong action—what  
is that to you and me?

Sin within you may have done it—fruit  
not nature to the tree.

Foreign graft has come to bearing—  
mistletoe grown on your bough—

If I ever really knew you, then, my  
friend, I know you now.

So I say, "He never did it," or, "He did  
not so intend";

Or, "Some foreign power o'ercame him"  
—so I judge the action, friend.

Let the mere outside observer note ap-  
pearance as he can;

We, more righteous judgment passing,  
test each action by its man.

—James Freeman Clarke.

### "TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL"

If I knew you and you knew me,  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less,  
And clasp our hands in friendliness;  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree  
If I knew you and you knew me.

—Nixon Waterman.

## KINDNESS

A little word in kindness spoken,  
 A motion, or a tear,  
 Has often healed the heart that's  
 broken  
 And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower,  
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
 Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
 A pleasant word to speak;  
 The face you wear, the thought you  
 bring,  
 A heart may heal or break.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

## IF WE KNEW

If we knew the cares and sorrows  
 Crowded round our neighbor's way,  
 If we knew the little losses,  
 Sorely grievous, day by day,  
 Would we then so often chide him  
 For the lack of thrift and gain,  
 Leaving on his heart a shadow  
 Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
 Held by gentle blessings there,  
 Would we turn away, all trembling,  
 In our blind and weak despair?  
 Would we shrink from little shadows  
 Lying on the dewy grass  
 While 'tis only birds of Eden  
 Just in mercy flying past?

Let us reach within our bosoms  
 For the key to other lives,  
 And with love to erring natures  
 Cherish good that still survives;  
 So that when our disrobed spirits  
 Soar to realms of light again,  
 We may say, "Dear Father, judge us  
 As we judged our fellow men."

Time to me this truth hath taught,  
 'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:  
 More offend from want of thought  
 Than from want of feeling.  
 If advice we would convey,  
 There's a time we should convey it;  
 If we've but a word to say,  
 There's a time in which to say it.

## HONOR ALL MEN

Great Master! teach us how to hope in  
 man:  
 We lift our eyes upon his works and  
 ways,  
 And disappointment chills us as we  
 gaze,  
 Our dream of him so far the truth out-  
 ran,  
 So far his deeds are ever falling short.  
 And then we fold our graceful hands  
 and say,  
 "The world is vulgar." Didst thou  
 turn away,  
 O Sacred Spirit, delicately wrought,  
 Because the humble souls of Galilee  
 Were tuned not to the music of thine  
 own  
 And chimed not to the pulsing under-  
 tone  
 Which swelled Thy loving bosom like  
 the sea?  
 Shame thou our coldness, most be-  
 nignant Friend,  
 When we so daintily do condescend.  
 —Martha Perry Howe.

## BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me  
 Which leaves my neighbor bare.  
 Not wholly glad my heart can be  
 While his is bowed with care.

If I go free, and sound, and stout,  
 While his poor fetters clank,  
 Unsated still, I'll still cry out,  
 And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty, thou who Father be  
 Of him, of me, of all,  
 Draw us together, him and me,  
 That, whichever fail,

The other's hand may fail him not—  
 The other's strength decline  
 No task of succor that his lot  
 May claim from son of thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.  
 I would be housed and dry.  
 But if so be my heart is sad—  
 What benefit have I?

Best he whose shoulders best endure  
 The load that brings relief;  
 And best shall be his joy secure  
 Who shares that joy with grief.  
 —Edward Sandford Martin.

## THE LIFE I SEEK

Not in some cloistered cell  
 Dost thou, Lord, bid me dwell  
 My love to show,  
 But 'mid the busy marts,  
 Where men with burdened hearts  
 Do come and go.

Some tempted soul to cheer  
 When breath of ill is near  
 And foes annoy;  
 The sinning to restrain,  
 To ease the throb of pain—  
 Be such my joy.

Lord, make me quick to see  
 Each task awaiting me,  
 And quick to do;  
 Oh, grant me strength, I pray,  
 With lowly love each day,  
 And purpose true,

To go as Jesus went,  
 Spending and being spent,  
 Myself forgot;  
 Supplying human needs  
 By loving words and deeds—  
 Oh, happy lot!

—Robert M. Offord.

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 THY BROTHER

When thy heart with joy o'erflowing  
 Sings a thankful prayer,  
 In thy joy, O let thy brother  
 With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves ingathered  
 Fill thy barns with store,  
 To thy God and to thy brother  
 Give the more.

If thy soul with power uplifted  
 Yearns for glorious deed,  
 Give thy strength to serve thy brother  
 In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow  
 In thy lonely breast?  
 Take to thee thy sorrowing brother  
 For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,  
 Sorrow's burden share;  
 When thy heart enfolds a brother,  
 God is there.  
 —Theodore Chickering Williams.

## ALL'S WELL

Sweet-voiced Hope, thy fine discourse  
 Foretold not half life's good to me:  
 Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force  
 To show how sweet it is to be!  
 Thy witching dream  
 And pictured scheme  
 To match the fact still want the power:  
 Thy promise brave—  
 From birth to grave—  
 Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

"Ask and receive," 'tis sweetly said;  
 Yet what to plead for know I not;  
 For wish is wasted, hope o'ersped,  
 And aye to thanks returns my  
 thought.  
 If I would pray,  
 I've naught to say  
 But this, that God may be God still;  
 For him to live  
 Is still to give,  
 And sweeter than my wish, his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!  
 Eternity each moment given!  
 What plummet may the Present sound  
 Who promises a future heaven?  
 Or glad or grieved,  
 Oppressed, relieved,  
 In blackest night or brightest day,  
 Still pours the flood  
 Of golden good,  
 And more than heartfelt fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess  
 No petty province, but the whole.  
 What's mine alone is mine far less  
 Than treasure shared by every soul.  
 Talk not of store,  
 Millions or more—  
 Of values which the purse may hold—  
 But this divine!  
 I own the mine  
 Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,  
 In every beam that fills the day;  
 All hearts of men my coffers are,  
 My ores arterial tides convey;  
 The fields and skies  
 And sweet replies  
 Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,  
 The oaks and brooks  
 And speaking looks  
 Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow  
 For him who lives above all years;  
 Who all-immortal makes the Now,  
 And is not ta'en in Time's arrears;  
 His life's a hymn  
 The seraphim  
 Might stop to hear or help to sing,  
 And to his soul  
 The boundless whole  
 Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;  
 "The wealth I am must then become  
 Richer and richer, breath by breath—  
 Immortal gain, immortal room!"  
 And since all his  
 Mine also is,  
 Life's gift outruns my fancies far,  
 And drowns the dream  
 In larger stream,  
 As morning drinks the morning star.  
 —David Atwood Wasson.

### HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED?

How doth death speak of our beloved  
 When it has laid them low,  
 When it has set its hallowing touch  
 On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace  
 With radiance from the holiest place,  
 With light as from an angel's face,

Recalling with resistless force  
 And tracing to their hidden source  
 Deeds scarcely noticed in their course—

This little loving fond device,  
 That daily act of sacrifice,  
 Of which too late we learned the price.

Opening our weeping eyes to trace  
 Simple unnoticed kindnesses,  
 Forgotten tones of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be  
 Sacred as hymns in infancy  
 Learnt listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved  
 When it has laid them low.  
 Then let love antedate the work of  
 death,  
 And speak thus now.

\* \* \* \* \*

How does death speak of our beloved  
 When it has laid them low,  
 When it has set its hallowing touch  
 On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand  
 As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,  
 Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how much the vexing deed  
 Was but a generous nature's weed  
 Or some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness  
 Was but love's overanxiousness,  
 Which had not been had love been less;

This failing at which we repined  
 But the dim shade of day declined  
 Which should have made us doubly  
 kind.

It takes each failing on our part  
 And brands it in upon the heart  
 With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained  
 A giant stature will have gained  
 When it can never be explained;

The little service which had proved  
 How tenderly we watched and loved,  
 And those mute lips to smiles had  
 moved;

The little gift from out our store  
 Which might have cheered some cheer-  
 less hour  
 When they with earth's poor needs were  
 poor.

It shows our faults like fires at night;  
 It sweeps their failings out of sight;  
 It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of  
 death  
 And do this now;  
 Thou, who art love, thus hallow our be-  
 loved;  
 Not death, but Thou!  
 —Elizabeth Rundle Charles.

God gives each man one life, like a lamp,  
 then gives  
 That lamp due measure of oil: Lamp  
 lighted—hold high, wave wide,  
 Its comfort for others to share!  
 —Muleykeh.

## THE NEW ERA

It is coming! it is coming! The day is just a-dawning

When man shall be to fellow-man a helper and a brother;

When the mansion, with its gilded hall,  
its tower and arch and awning,  
Shall be to hovel desolate a kind and foster-mother.

When the men who work for wages shall not toil from morn till even,

With no vision of the sunlight, nor flowers, nor birds a-singing;

When the men who hire the workers, blest with all the gifts of heaven,  
Shall the golden rule remember, its glad millennium bringing.

The time is coming when the man who cares not for another

Shall be accounted as a stain upon a fair creation;

Who lives to fill his coffers full, his better self to smother,  
As blight and mildew on the fame and glory of a nation.

Tho hours are growing shorter for the millions who are toiling,

And the homes are growing better for the millions yet to be;

And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste and sin are spoiling  
The fairest and the finest of a grand humanity.

It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are growing deeper;

They are giving of their millions as they never gave before;

They are learning the new gospel, man must be his brother's keeper,  
And right, not might, shall triumph,  
and the selfish rule no more.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

To a darning-needle once exclaimed the kitchen sieve,

"You've a hole right through your body, and I wonder how you live."

But the needle (who was sharp) replied,  
"I too have wondered

That you notice my *one* hole, when in you there are a hundred!"

—Saadi, tr. by James Freeman Clarke.

## LOOKING FOR PEARLS

The Master came one evening to the gate  
Of a fair city; it was growing late,  
And sending his disciples to buy food,  
He wandered forth intent on doing good,  
As was his wont. And in the market-place  
He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space,

Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground,  
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon he found  
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck—  
A dead dog with a halter round his neck,  
And those who stood by mocked the object there,

And one said, scoffing, "It pollutes the air!"

Another, jeering, asked, "How long to-night

Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?"

"Look at his torn hide," sneered a Jewish wit,

"You could not cut even a shoe from it,"  
And turned away. "Behold his ears that bleed,"

A fourth chimed in, "an unclean wretch indeed!"

"He hath been hanged for thieving," they all cried.

And spurned the loathsome beast from side to side.

Then Jesus, standing by them in the street,

Looked on the poor, spent creature at his feet,

And, bending o'er him, spake unto the men,

"*Pearls are not whiter than his teeth.*"  
And then

The people at each other gazed, asking,  
"Who is this stranger pitying this vile thing?"

Then one exclaimed, with awe-abated breath,

"This surely is the Man of Nazareth;  
This must be Jesus, for none else but he

Something to praise in a dead dog could see!"

And, being ashamed, each scoffer bowed his head,

And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Alexander Pope.

## WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

What might be done if men were wise—  
What glorious deeds, my suffering  
brother,

Would they unite  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With kindling drops of loving-kind-  
ness,

And knowledge pour  
From shore to shore  
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,  
All vice and crime, might die together;  
And wine and corn  
To each man born  
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
Might stand erect  
In self-respect,  
And share the teeming world to-  
morrow.

What might be done? This might be  
done.

And more than this, my suffering  
brother;

More than the tongue  
E'er said or sung  
If men were wise and loved each other.  
—Charles Mackay.

If I could see  
A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him com-  
fortless,

When I might be  
A messenger of hope and happiness—  
How could I ask to have that I denied  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share  
A brother's load along the dusty way,  
And I should turn and walk alone that  
day,

How could I dare—  
When in the evening watch I kneel to  
pray—  
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

## SHARED

I said it in the meadow path,  
I say it on the mountain-stairs:  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe—the sky—the  
breeze—

The light without us and within—  
Life with its unlocked treasures—  
God's riches, are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread  
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;  
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red  
Because she makes the whole world  
sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness  
Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!  
And me in every guest you bless  
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way  
That opens into worlds unknown  
It will be life's delight to say,  
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brethren's poverty!  
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest  
Only in what they share with me,  
In what I share with all the rest.  
—Lucy Larcom.

UNCHARITABLENESS NOT  
CHRISTIAN

I know not if 'twas wise or well  
To give all heathens up to hell—  
Hadrian—Aurelius—Socrates—  
And others wise and good as these;  
I know not if it is forbid,  
But this I know—Christ never did.

May every soul that touches mine—  
Be it the slightest contact—get there-  
from some good,  
Some little grace, one kindly thought,  
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of  
courage  
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith  
To brave the thickening ills of life,  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond  
the gathering mists,  
To make this life worth while,  
And heaven a surer heritage.

## SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY

O for a closer walk with man!  
Sweet fellowship of soul,  
Where each is to the other bound,  
Parts of one living whole.

Our Father, God, help us to see  
That all in thee are one;  
O warm our hearts with thy pure love,  
Strong as your glorious sun.

Pride, envy, selfishness will melt  
Beneath that kindling fire;  
Our brother's faults we scarce shall see,  
But good in all admire.

No bitter cry of misery  
Shall ever pass unheard;  
But gentle sympathy spring forth  
In smile and strengthening word.

And when our brother's voice shall call  
From lands beyond the sea,  
Our hearts in glad response will say,  
"Here, Lord, am I, send me."

O Jesus Christ, thou who wast man,  
Grant us thy face to see;  
In thy light shall we understand  
What human life may be.

Then daily with thy Spirit filled,  
According to thy word,  
New power shall flow through us to all,  
And draw men near our Lord.

Thus will the deep desire be met  
With which our prayer began;  
A closer walk with Thee will mean  
A closer walk with man.

If any little word of mine may make a  
life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine may make a  
heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word, and  
take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale to set  
the echoes ringing.  
If any little love of mine may make a  
life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine make other life  
completer,  
If any lift of mine may ease the burden  
of another,  
God give me love and care and strength  
to help my toiling brother.

## CHARITY NOT JUSTICE

Outwearied with the littleness and spite,  
The falsehood and the treachery of  
men,

I cried, "Give me but justice!" think-  
ing then  
I meekly craved a common boon which  
might

Most easily be granted; soon the light  
Of deeper truth grew on my wonder-  
ing ken,

(Escaping baneful damps of stagnant  
fen),

And then I saw that in my pride bedight  
I claimed from erring man the gift of  
Heaven—

God's own great vested right; and I  
grew calm,

With folded hands, like stone, to  
patience given,

And pitying, of pure love distilling  
balm;

And now I wait in quiet trust to be  
All known to God—and ask of men  
sweet charity.

—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

## GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE

When wilt thou save the people,  
O God of mercy, when?

Not kings alone, but nations?

Not thrones and crowns, but men?

Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they:

Let them not pass, like weeds, away—  
Their heritage a sunless day.

God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever,  
Strength aiding still the strong?

Is it thy will, O Father,

That man shall toil for wrong?

"No," say thy mountains, "No,"  
thy skies;

Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs ascend instead of sighs.

God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?

O God of mercy, when?

The people, Lord, the people,

Not thrones and crowns, but men?

God save the people; thine they are,

Thy children, as thine angels fair;

From vice, oppression, and despair,

God save the people!

—Ebenezer Elliott.



## HYMN OF THE CITY

Not in the solitude  
 Alone may man commune with Heaven,  
 or see  
 Only in savage wood  
 And sunny vale the present Deity;  
 Or only hear his voice  
 Where the winds whisper and the waves  
 rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the  
 crowd  
 Through the great city rolled  
 With everlasting murmurs deep and  
 loud—  
 Choking the ways that wind  
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of  
 human kind.

The golden sunshine comes  
 From the round heaven, and on their  
 dwellings lies  
 And lights their inner homes;  
 For them thou fill'st with air the un-  
 bounded skies  
 And givest them the stores  
 Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,  
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps  
 along;  
 And this eternal sound—  
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless  
 throng—  
 Like the resounding sea,  
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest  
 Comes like a calm upon the mid-sea  
 brine,  
 Hushing its billowy breast—  
 The quiet of that moment too is Thine  
 It breathes of Him who keeps  
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.  
 —William Cullen Bryant.

No one is so accursed by fate,  
 No one so utterly desolate,  
 But some heart, though unknown,  
 Responds unto his own.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Believe not each accusing tongue,  
 As most weak people do;  
 But still believe that story wrong  
 Which ought not to be true.  
 —Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

## CHRIST IN THE CITY

Where cross the crowded ways of life,  
 Where sound the cries of race and  
 clan,  
 Above the noise of selfish strife,  
 We hear thy voice, O Son of man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
 On shadowed thresholds dark with  
 fears,  
 From paths where hide the lures of greed  
 We catch the vision of thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,  
 From woman's grief, man's burdened  
 toil,  
 From famished souls, from sorrow's  
 stress,  
 Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee  
 Still holds the freshness of thy grace;  
 Yet long these multitudes to see  
 The sweet compassion of thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side  
 Make haste to heal these hearts of  
 pain,  
 Among these restless throngs abide,  
 O tread the city's streets again,

Till sons of men shall learn thy love  
 And follow where thy feet have trod;  
 Till glorious from thy heaven above  
 Shall come the city of our God.  
 —Frank Mason North.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his  
 soul  
 May keep the path, but will not reach  
 the goal;  
 While he who walks in love may wander  
 far,  
 But God will bring him where the  
 blessed are. —Henry van Dyke.

Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or  
 art,  
 Hard study never made the matter  
 clearer;  
 'Tis the live fountain in the preacher's  
 heart  
 Sends forth the streams that melt  
 the ravished hearer.  
 —Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

## SPEAK OUT

If you have a friend worth loving,  
 Love him. Yes, and let him know  
 That you love him, ere life's evening  
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
 Why should good words ne'er be said  
 Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
 Sung by any child of song,  
 Praise it. Do not let the singer  
 Wait deserved praises long.  
 Why should one who thrills your heart  
 Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
 By its humble, pleading tone.  
 Join it. Do not let the seeker  
 Bow before his God alone.  
 Why should not thy brother share  
 The strength of "two or three" in  
 prayer?

If your work is made more easy  
 By a friendly, helping hand,  
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
 Ere the darkness veil the land.  
 Should a brother workman dear  
 Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness  
 All enriching as you go—  
 Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;  
 He will make each seed to grow.  
 So, until the happy end,  
 Your life shall never lack a friend.

## INFLUENCE

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous  
 ocean

Will leave a track behind forevermore;  
 The lightest wave of influence, once in  
 motion,

Extends and widens to the eternal  
 shore.

We should be wary, then, who go  
 before

A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
 Our bearings carefully where breakers  
 roar

And fearful tempests gather: one mis-  
 take

May wreck unnumbered barks that  
 follow in our wake.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## TELL HIM SO

If you have a word of cheer  
 That may light the pathway drear,  
 Of a brother pilgrim here,  
 Let him know.

Show him you appreciate  
 What he does, and do not wait  
 Till the heavy hand of fate  
 Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought  
 That will brighter make his lot,  
 Then, in mercy, hide it not;  
 Tell him so.

Bide not till the end of all  
 Carries him beyond recall  
 When beside his sable pall,  
 To avow  
 Your affection and acclaim  
 To do honor to his name  
 And to place the wreath of fame  
 On his brow.

Rather speak to him to-day;  
 For the things you have to say  
 May assist him on his way:  
 Tell him now.

Life is hard enough, at best:  
 But the love that is expressed  
 Makes it seem a pathway blest  
 To our feet;  
 And the troubles that we share  
 Seem the easier to bear,  
 Smile upon your neighbor's care,  
 As you greet.

Rough and stony are our ways,  
 Dark and dreary are our days;  
 But another's love and praise  
 Make them sweet.

Wait not till your friend is dead  
 Ere your compliments are said;  
 For the spirit that has fled,

If it know,  
 Does not need to speed it on  
 Our poor praise; where it has gone  
 Love's eternal, golden dawn  
 Is aglow.

But unto our brother here  
 That poor praise is very dear;  
 If you've any word of cheer  
 Tell him so. —J. A. Egerton.

So when a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken  
 The light he leaves behind him lies  
 Upon the paths of men.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## THE MAN WITH A GRUDGE

There once was a man who bore a  
grudge.

Stoutly he bore it many a year.  
"Beware!" said the parson. He  
answered, "Fudge!  
Well it becomes me, never fear.

"Men for this world, and saints for  
heaven;

Too much of meekness shows a fool;  
My loaf shall rise with a livelier leaven;  
'Give as you get,' is a good old rule."

The longer he bore it, the more it grew,  
Grew his grudge, as he trudged along;  
Till in sight of a pearly gate he drew,  
And he heard within it a wondrous  
song.

The shining porter said, "Walk in."

He sought to do so; the gate was strait:  
Hard he struggled his way to win,  
The way was narrow, the grudge was  
great.

He turned in haste to lay it down;

He strove to tear it away—to cut—  
But it had fast to his heart strings  
grown,  
"O wait," he cried; but the door was  
shut.

Through windows bright and clear he  
saw

The blessed going with their Lord to  
sup.

But Satan clapped on his grudge a claw;  
Hell opened her mouth and swallowed  
him up.

—Sara Hammond Palfrey.

Man judges from a partial view;

None ever yet his brother knew;  
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole  
May better read the darkened soul,  
And find, to outward sense denied,  
The flower upon its inward side.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

O brothers! are ye asking how

The hills of happiness to find?  
Then know they lie beyond the vow—  
"God helping me, I will be kind."

—Nixon Waterman.

## A BLESSING

Not to the man of dollars,  
Not to the man of deeds,  
Not unto craft and cunning,  
Not unto human creeds;  
Not to the one whose passion  
Is for the world's renown,  
Not in the form of fashion  
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit  
Years for the great and good;  
Unto the one whose storehouse  
Yieldeth the hungry food;  
Unto the one who labors  
Fearless of foe or frown;  
Unto the kindly-hearted,  
Cometh a blessing down.

—Mary Frances Tucker.

## WEAPONS

Both swords and guns are strong, no  
doubt,

And so are tongue and pen,  
And so are sheaves of good bank notes,  
To sway the souls of men.  
But guns and swords and piles of gold,  
Though mighty in their sphere,  
Are sometimes feebler than a smile,  
And poorer than a tear.

—Charles Mackay.

Enough to know that, through the  
winter's frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is  
lost,

And every duty pays at last its cost.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A kindly act is a kernel sown

That will grow to a goodly tree,  
Shedding its fruit when time is flown  
Down the gulf of Eternity.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin—

A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,  
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks  
within,  
That, not in speech, but thought, the  
virtue lies.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

# CONSECRATION

## SUBMISSION, DEVOTION, PURITY

### THE CHARIOTEER

O God, take the reins of my life!  
I have driven it blindly, to left and to  
right,  
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's  
despite,  
Where the brambles were rife,  
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest  
black of the night.  
O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.  
My hands are a-quiver and so is my  
heart,  
And my eyes are too tired for the tear-  
drops to start,  
And the worn horses reek  
With the anguishing pull and the hot,  
heavy harness's smart,  
While I am all weary and weak.

But Thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.  
Thy hand on the reins and thine eye  
on the way  
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling  
to stay,  
And my life in that hour  
Shall be led into leading, and rest when  
it comes to obey;  
For thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!  
While eyes can look up and while reason  
remains,  
And my hand yet has strength to sur-  
render the reins,  
Ere death stamp my brow  
And pour coldness and stillness through  
all the mad course of my veins—  
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield Thee my place, which is thine.  
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;  
Yea, appoint me to lie at thy feet, and  
no more,  
While the glad axles shine,  
And the happy wheels run on their  
course to the heavenly door,—  
Now thou hast my place, which is  
thine. —Amos R. Wells.

### WHOLLY THE LORD'S

My whole though broken heart, O Lord  
From henceforth shall be thine;  
And here I do my vow record—  
This hand, these words are mine:  
All that I have, without reserve,  
I offer here to thee:  
Thy will and honor all shall serve  
That thou bestow'st on me.

All that exceptions save I lose;  
All that I lose I save;  
The treasures of thy love I choose,  
And Thou art all I crave.  
My God, thou hast my heart and hand;  
I all to thee resign;  
I'll ever to this covenant stand,  
Though flesh hereat repine.

I know that Thou wast willing first,  
And then drew my consent;  
Having thus loved me at the worst  
Thou wilt not now repent.  
Now I have quit all self-pretense,  
Take charge of what's thine own:  
My life, my health, and my defense,  
Now lie on thee alone.  
—Richard Baxter.

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### THE LAST WISH

To do or not to do; to have  
Or not to have, I leave to thee;  
To be or not to be I leave;  
Thy only will be done in me.  
All my requests are lost in one:  
Father, thy only will be done.

Suffice that, for the season past,  
Myself in things divine I sought,  
For comforts cried with eager haste,  
And murmured that I found them not.  
I leave it now to Thee alone:  
Father, thy only will be done.

Thy gifts I clamor for no more,  
 Or selfishly thy grace require  
 An evil heart to varnish o'er;  
 Jesus, the Giver, I desire,  
 After the flesh no longer known:  
 Father, thy only will be done.

Welcome alike the crown or cross;  
 Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,  
 Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,  
 Nor life, nor death, but ever groan,  
 Father, thy only will be done.  
 —Charles Wesley.

### MORNING HYMN

O God! I thank thee for each sight  
 Of beauty that thy hand doth give;  
 For sunny skies and air and light;  
 O God, I thank thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to Thee;  
 And ever as the day is born,  
 On wings of joy my soul would flee  
 And thank thee for another morn;

Another day in which to cast  
 Some silent deed of love abroad,  
 That, greatening as it journeys past,  
 May do some earnest work for God;

Another day to do and dare;  
 To tax anew my growing strength;  
 To arm my soul with faith and prayer,  
 And so reach heaven and Thee at  
 length.

—Caroline Atherton Mason.

### "INTO THY HANDS"

Into Thy guiding hands;  
 Along a way thy love and care forefend  
 Gladly I fare, or rough or smooth may  
 bend  
 The longest road that leads at life's far  
 end  
 Into thy hands.

Into thy chastening hands:  
 If e'er I yield to weakness or to sin,  
 Blind to the guerdon Thou dost bid me  
 win,  
 Bring Thou me back, by Love's sweet  
 discipline,  
 Into thy hands.

Into Thy healing hands;  
 No hurt of soul or body long enthalls,  
 The bruised heart that for thy succor  
 calls  
 When, far from doubting as from fear,  
 it falls  
 Into thy hands.

Into thy saving hands:  
 Despite assail, infirmity, mistake,  
 My life a perfect whole thy power can  
 make,  
 If Thou my shards of broken purpose  
 take  
 Into thy hands.

Into Thy keeping hands;  
 As safe as Heaven kept the guarded  
 Grail—  
 So safe, so pure, so compassed as with  
 mail—  
 The soul committed, e'en through  
 Death's dark vale,  
 Into thy hands.

Into thy loving hands;  
 Who made my heart to love made Thee  
 my guest;  
 Who made the world to tire made thee  
 my rest;  
 My joyful heart I give, at thy behest,  
 Into thy hands.  
 —Louise Manning Hodgkins.

### HERE AM I

My will would like a life of ease,  
 And power to do, and time to rest,  
 And health and strength my will would  
 please,  
 But, Lord, I know thy will is best.

If I have strength to do thy will  
 That should be power enough for me,  
 Whether to work or to sit still  
 The appointment of the day may be.

And if by sickness I may grow  
 More patient, holy and resigned,  
 Strong health I need not wish to know,  
 And greater ease I cannot find.

And rest—I need not seek it here;  
 For perfect rest remaineth still;  
 When in thy presence we appear  
 Rest shall be given by thy will.

Lord, I have given my life to thee,  
And every day and hour is thine;  
What thou appointest let them be:  
Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.  
—Anna B. Warner.

### THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL

Laid on thine altar, O my Lord Divine,  
Accept my will this day, for Jesus' sake;

I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine—  
Nor any world-proud sacrifice to make;  
But here I bring within my trembling hand,

This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,  
And Thou alone, O God, canst understand

How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.  
Hidden therein, thy searching gaze can see

Struggles of passion—visions of delight—  
All that I love, and am, and fain would be,

Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.

It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,  
Clinched in my grasp, till beauty hath it none—

Now, from thy footstool where it vanquished lies,  
The prayer ascendeth, "May thy will be done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,  
And merge it so in thine own Will, that e'en

If, in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,

And thou give back my will, it may have been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,

So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,

I may not see nor know it as my own,  
But, gaining back my will, may find it thine.

Manlike is it to fall into sin,  
Fiendlike is it to dwell therein,  
Christlike is it for sin to grieve,  
Godlike is it all sin to leave.

—Friedrich von Logau.

### O GOD OF TRUTH

O God of Truth, whose living word  
Upholds whate'er hath breath,  
Look down on thy creation, Lord,  
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up thy standard, Lord, that they  
Who claim a heavenly birth  
May march with thee to smite the lies  
That vex thy ransomed earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
In raiment clean and white.

We fight for truth, we fight for God—  
Poor slaves of lies and sin!  
He who would fight for thee on earth  
Must first be true within.

Thou God of Truth for whom we long—  
Thou who wilt hear our prayer—  
Do thine own battle in our hearts;  
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite! still burn! till naught is left  
But God's own truth and love;  
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,  
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,  
From every lie set free,  
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
And we shall live in Thee.

—Thomas Hughes.

### GOD ONLY

Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment live or die  
To serve my God alone.

—Charles Wesley.

In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to thee,  
Thine utterly and only and evermore to be!

O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be thine alone,  
And all we are and all we have shall henceforth be thine own.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## GOD IS EVERYWHERE

A little bird I am,  
 Shut from the fields of air;  
 And in my cage I sit and sing  
 To him who placed me there;  
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
 Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

Naught have I else to do;  
 I sing the whole day long;  
 And He whom most I love to please  
 Doth listen to my song;  
 He caught and bound my wandering  
 wing,  
 But still he bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round,  
 Abroad I cannot fly;  
 But though my wings are closely bound  
 My heart's at liberty.  
 My prison walls cannot control  
 The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh, it is grand to soar  
 These bolts and bars above  
 To Him whose purpose I adore,  
 Whose providence I love!  
 And in thy mighty will to find  
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.  
 —Madame Guyon.

## A CONSECRATED LIFE

Take my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee.  
 Take my moments and my days;  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
 At the impulse of thy love.  
 Take my feet and let them be  
 Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
 Always, only, for my King.  
 Take my lips, and let them be  
 Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;  
 Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Take my intellect, and use  
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine.  
 Take my heart; it is thine own;  
 It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
 At thy feet its treasure-store.  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.  
 —Frances Ridley Havergal.

## UNION WITH GOD

Strong are the walls around me,  
 That hold me all the day;  
 But they who thus have bound me  
 Cannot keep God away:  
 My very dungeon walls are dear,  
 Because the God I love is here.

They know, who thus oppress me,  
 'Tis hard to be alone;  
 But know not One can bless me  
 Who comes through bars and stone.  
 He makes my dungeon's darkness bright  
 And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God! restores me  
 From sighs and tears to praise;  
 And deep my soul adores thee  
 Nor thinks of time or place:  
 I ask no more, in good or ill,  
 But union with thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,  
 'Tis that which brings my gain;  
 Converting woe to pleasure,  
 And reaping joy from pain.  
 Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,  
 To know that God is All in All.  
 —Madame Guyon.

## DEDICATED

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,  
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
 To dedicate myself to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy:  
 That silent, secret thought shall be  
 That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
 Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
 And wheresoe'er my lot may be  
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,  
 And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be  
 That all I want I find in thee.  
 —Jean F. Oberlin.

LEAVING ALL

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, and hoped, and  
 known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!  
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
 With thy favor, loss is gain.  
 I have called thee, "Abba, Father";  
 I have stayed my heart on thee:  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may  
 gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 What a Father's smile is thine;  
 What a Saviour died to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by  
 prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee  
 there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.  
 —Henry F. Lyte.

CHOOSE THOU

Thy way, not mine, O Lord!  
 However dark it be;  
 Lead me by Thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,  
 It will be still the best;  
 Winding or straight it matters not,  
 It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,  
 I would not if I might;  
 Choose Thou for me, O God!  
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
 Is Thine; so let the way  
 That leads to it be thine  
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill;  
 As best to Thee may seem;  
 Choose Thou my good or ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends  
 My sickness or my health;  
 Choose thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice  
 In things or great or small;  
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom and my all.  
 —Horatius Bonar.

ONLY TO-DAY

Only to-day is mine,  
 And that I owe to Thee;  
 Help me to make it thine;  
 As pure as it may be;  
 Let it see something done,  
 Let it see something won,  
 Then at the setting sun  
 I'll give it back to thee.

What if I cannot tell  
 The cares the day may bring?  
 I know that I shall dwell  
 Beneath Thy sheltering wing;  
 And there the load is light;  
 And there the dark is bright,  
 And weakness turns to might,  
 And so I trust and sing.



What shall I ask to-day?  
 Naught but Thine own sweet will;  
 The windings of the way  
 Lead to thy holy hill;  
 And whether here or there  
 Why should I fear or care?  
 Thy heavens are everywhere,  
 And they are o'er me still.

Give me Thyself to-day,  
 I dare not walk alone;  
 Speak to me by the way,  
 And "all things are my own";  
 The treasures of thy grace,  
 The secret hiding place,  
 The vision of thy face,  
 The shadow of thy throne!  
 —Henry Burton.

### THE OFFERING

No more my own, Lord Jesus,  
 Bought with thy precious blood,  
 I give thee but thine own, Lord,  
 That long thy love withstood.

I give the life thou gavest,  
 My present, future, past;  
 My joys, my fears, my sorrows,  
 My first hope and my last.

I give thee up my weakness  
 That oft distrust hath bred,  
 That thy indwelling power  
 May thus be perfected.

I give the love the sweetest  
 Thy goodness grants to me;  
 Take it, and make it meet, Lord,  
 For offering to thee.

Smile, and the very shadows  
 In thy blest light shall shine;  
 Take thou my heart, Lord Jesus,  
 For thou hast made it thine.

Thou knowest my soul's ambition,  
 For thou hast changed its aim  
 (The world's reproach I fear not)  
 To share a Saviour's shame.

Outside the camp to suffer;  
 Within the veil to meet,  
 And hear Thy softest whisper  
 From out the mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me in thy bosom,  
 Amidst thy jewels worn,  
 Upon thy hands deep graven  
 By arms of love upborne.

Rescued from sin's destruction,  
 Ransomed from death and hell;  
 Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus:  
 Thou hast done all things well.

Oh, deathless love that bought me!  
 Oh, price beyond my ken!  
 Oh, Life that hides my own life  
 E'en from my fellow-men!

Now fashion, form and fill me  
 With light and love divine;  
 So, one with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
 I'm thine—forever thine!

### I IN THEE AND THOU IN ME

I am but clay in thy hands, but Thou  
 art the all-loving artist;  
 Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my  
 self-hood I strive  
 So to embody the life and the love thou  
 ever impartest,  
 That in my sphere of the finite I may  
 be truly alive.

Knowing Thou needest this form, as I  
 thy divine inspiration,  
 Knowing thou shapest the clay with  
 a vision and purpose divine,  
 So would I answer each touch of thy  
 hand in its loving creation,  
 That in my conscious life thy power  
 and beauty may shine.

Reflecting the noble intent Thou hast in  
 forming thy creatures;  
 Waking from sense into life of the  
 soul, and the image of thee;  
 Working with thee in thy work to model  
 humanity's features  
 Into the likeness of God, myself from  
 myself I would free.

One with all human existence, no one  
 above or below me;  
 Lit by Thy wisdom and love, as roses  
 are steeped in the morn;  
 Growing from clay to a statue, from  
 statue to flesh, till thou know me  
 Wrought into manhood celestial, and  
 in thine image reborn.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing me  
sooner or later

Past the dark screen that divides these  
shows of the finite from Thee.

Thine, thine only, this warm dear life,  
O loving Creator!

Thine the invisible future, born of the  
present, must be.

—Christopher Pearse Cranch.

### ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING

On Thee my heart is resting:

Ah! this is rest indeed!

What else, Almighty Saviour,

Can a poor sinner need?

Thy light is all my wisdom,

Thy love is all my stay;

Our Father's home in glory

Draws nearer every day.

Great is my guilt, but greater

The mercy Thou dost give;

Thyself, a spotless offering,

Hast died that I should live.

With Thee my soul unfettered

Has risen from the dust;

Thy blood is all my treasure;

Thy word is all my trust.

Through me, thou gentle Master,

Thy purposes fulfill:

I yield myself forever

To thy most holy will.

What though I be but weakness

My strength is not in me;

The poorest of thy people

Has all things, having Thee.

When clouds are darkest round me,

Thou, Lord, art then most near,

My drooping faith to quicken,

My weary soul to cheer.

Safe nestling in thy bosom,

I gaze upon thy face.

In vain my foes would drive me

From Thee, my hiding-place.

'Tis Thou hast made me happy;

'Tis thou hast set me free.

To whom shall I give glory

Forever but to Thee!

Of earthly love and blessing

Should every stream run dry,

Thy grace shall still be with me—

Thy grace to live and die!

—Theodore Monod.

### WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

I love, and have some cause to love, the  
earth;

She is my Maker's creature, therefore  
good;

She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse, she gives me  
food;

But what's a creature, Lord, compared  
with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

The highest honors that the world can  
boast

Are subjects far too low for my desire;

The brightest beams of glory are, at  
most,

But dying sparkles of thy living fire;

The proudest flames that earth can  
kindle be

But nightly glowworms if compared to  
Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags  
of cares;

Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sad-  
ness;

Friendship is treason, and delights are  
snares;

Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but  
pleasing madness:

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what  
they be,

Nor have their being when compared  
with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what  
have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labors  
got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further  
crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I  
not?

I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be  
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd  
of thee. —Francis Quarles.

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it ever

Sealed on the heart, and engraved on  
the life;

Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of en-  
deavor,

Secret of rest and the strength of our  
strife.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

### SINCE FIRST THY WORD AWAKED MY HEART

Since first thy word awakened my heart,  
Like new life dawning o'er me,  
Where'er I turn my eyes, Thou art  
All light and love before me.  
Nought else I feel or hear or see,  
All bonds of earth I sever,  
Thee, O God, and only thee,  
I live for now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropped away  
When light shone o'er his prison,  
My spirit, touched by mercy's ray,  
Hath from her chains arisen.  
And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free  
Return to bondage? Never!  
Thee, O God, and only thee,  
I live for now and ever.

—Thomas Moore.

### WE GIVE ALL

And now we only ask to serve,  
We do not ask to rest;  
We would give all without reserve,  
Our life, our love, our best.

We only ask to see His face,  
It is enough for us;  
We only ask the lowest place,  
So he may smile on us.

—Mary E. Townsend.

### THE TWO WORLDS

Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine  
In glory and in grace;  
The gaudy world grows pale before  
The beauty of thy face.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be  
A sort of fairy ground,  
Where suns unsettling light the sky,  
And flowers and fruits abound

But when Thy keener, purer beam  
Is poured upon our sight,  
It loses all its power to charm,  
And what was day is night.

Its noblest toils are then the scourge  
Which made Thy blood to flow;  
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns  
Which circled round thy brow.

And thus, when we renounce for Thee  
Its restless aims and fears,  
The tender memories of the past,  
The hopes of coming years,

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes  
Are lighted from above;  
We offer what we cannot keep,  
What we have ceased to love.  
—John Henry Newman.

### SELF-SURRENDER

Saviour, who died for me,  
I give myself to thee;  
Thy love, so full, so free,  
Claims all my powers.  
Be this my purpose high,  
To serve Thee till I die,  
Whether my path shall lie  
'Mid thorns or flowers.

But, Lord, the flesh is weak;  
Thy gracious aid I seek,  
For thou the word must speak  
That makes me strong.  
Then let me hear thy voice,  
Thou art my only choice;  
O bid my heart rejoice;  
Be thou my song.

May it be joy to me  
To follow only Thee;  
Thy faithful servant be,  
Thine to the end.  
For Thee I'll do and dare,  
For thee the cross I'll bear,  
To thee direct my prayer,  
On thee depend.

Saviour, with me abide;  
Be ever near my side;  
Support, defend, and guide.  
I look to thee.  
I lay my hand in thine,  
And fleeting joys resign,  
If I may call thee mine  
Eternally.

—Mary J. Mason.

For all the sins that cling to thee  
Let wide the gates of pardon be;  
But hope not thou shalt smuggle through  
The little sin thou clingest to.  
—F. Langbridge.

GOD ALONE LOVED

Do I not love thee, Lord most high,  
In answer to thy love for me!  
I seek no other liberty  
But that of being bound to Thee.

May memory no thought suggest  
But shall to thy pure glory tend;  
May understanding find no rest  
Except in Thee, its only end.

My God, I here protest to Thee  
No other will I have than thine;  
Whatever thou hast given me  
I here again to Thee resign.

All mine is thine, say but the word;  
Whate'er Thou wilt—be it done;  
I know thy love, all-gracious Lord—  
I know it seeks my good alone.

Apart from Thee all things are naught;  
Then grant, O my supremest bliss!  
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;  
Thou givest all in giving this.  
—Ignatius Loyola, tr. by Edward Cas-  
wall.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE  
LOVE

To me 'tis equal whether love ordain  
My life or death, appoint me pain or  
ease  
My soul perceives no real ill in pain,  
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good  
alone,  
To choose thy will, from selfish bias  
free;  
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,  
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross is Thy  
command,  
Die to the world and live to self no  
more;  
Suffer unmoved beneath the rudest  
hand

When shipwrecked pleased as when  
upon the shore.

—Madame Guyon, tr. by William  
Cowper.

I preached as never sure to preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men.  
—Richard Baxter.

PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK

Thee will I love, my strength and tower,  
Thee will I love, my joy and crown,  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all my works, and Thee alone.  
Thee will I love, till that pure fire  
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed  
fires;  
Give to my soul, with filial fears  
The love that all heaven's host in-  
spires;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod;  
What though my head and flesh decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day.  
—Johann A. Scheffler, tr. by John  
Wesley.

DWELL DEEP

Dwell deep! The little things that chafe  
and fret,  
O waste not golden hours to give them  
heed!  
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do  
thou forget,  
Be self-forgot in serving others' need.  
Thou faith in God through love for man  
shalt keep.  
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep.

Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it  
bring  
Neglect of duty; consecrate each  
thought;  
Believe thou in the good of everything,  
And trust that all unto the wisest end  
is wrought.  
Bring thou this comfort unto all who  
weep:  
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep.  
—James Buckham.

Out from thyself, thyself depart;  
God then shall fill thine empty heart;  
Cast from thy soul life's selfish dream—  
In flows the Godhead's living stream.  
—Scheffler, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
Marvin.

# PEACE

## REST, CALM, STILLNESS

### THE PEACE OF GOD

When winds are raging o'er the upper  
ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry  
roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild com-  
motion,  
That peaceful stillness reigneth ever-  
more.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempest  
dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peace-  
fully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he  
flieth,  
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper  
sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O  
Purest,  
There is a temple peaceful evermore.  
And all the babble of life's angry voices  
Dies hushed in stillness at its sacred  
door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise ever peace-  
fully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er  
he flieth,  
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in  
thee.

O rest of rest! O peace serene, eternal!  
Thou ever livest, and thou changest  
never;  
And in the secret of thy presence dwell-  
eth  
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.  
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### BE STILL

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still.  
What God hath ordered must be right;  
Then find in it thy own delight,  
My will!

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?  
God watcheth all with care most true;  
Doubt not that he will give thee too  
Thy part. —Paul Fleming.

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### SIT STILL

(Ruth 3. 18.)

Sit still, my child. 'Tis no great thing I  
ask,  
No glorious deed, no mighty task;  
But just to sit and patiently abide.  
Wait in my presence, in my word confide,

“But oh! dear Lord, I long the sword to  
wield,  
Forward to go, and in the battle field  
To fight for thee, thine enemies o'er-  
throw,  
And in thy strength to vanquish every  
foe.

“The harvest-fields spread out before  
me lie,  
The reapers toward me look, and vainly  
cry—  
‘The field is white, the laborers are few;  
Our Lord's command is also sent to  
you,’”

My child, it is a sweet and blessed thing  
To rest beneath the shadow of my wing;  
To feel thy doings and thy words are  
naught,  
To trust to me each restless, longing  
thought.

"Dear Lord, help me this lesson sweet  
to learn,  
To sit at thy pierced feet and only yearn  
To love thee better, Lord, and feel that  
still  
Waiting is working, if it be thy will."

### THE QUIET MIND

I have a treasure which I prize;  
The like I cannot find;  
There's nothing like it in the earth:  
It is a quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,  
Or senseless, dull, or blind:  
'Tis God's own peace within my soul  
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the Cross.  
'Tis there to every kind  
Of heavy-laden, weary souls  
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life  
To give this were designed;  
And that's the root and that's the  
branch,  
Of this my quiet mind.

The love of God within my heart  
My heart to his doth bind;  
This is the mind of heaven on earth;  
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,  
And many left behind;  
But present trials move me not,  
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross  
I never seek to find;  
My Saviour says, Leave that to Me,  
And keep a quiet mind.

And well I know the Lord hath said,  
To make my heart resigned,  
That mercy still shall follow such  
As have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth,  
And scorn and looks unkind,  
It matters naught: I envy not,  
For I've a quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see the Lord,  
Who's been to me so kind:  
I want to thank him face to face  
For this my quiet mind.

### MY HEART IS RESTING

My heart is resting, O my God;  
I will give thanks and sing:  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but thine shall fill—  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.

And a "new song" is in my mouth,  
To long-loved music set—  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest;  
A calm assurance for to-day  
That to be poor is best!

A prayer reposing on His truth,  
Who hath made all things mine;  
That draws my captive will to him,  
And makes it one with thine.  
—Anna Letitia Waring.

### KEPT IN PERFECT PEACE

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world  
of sin?  
The voice of Jesus whispers Peace with-  
in.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties  
pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surg-  
ing round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but rest is  
found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones  
far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles now do cease,  
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.  
—Edward Henry Bickersteth.

### PERFECT PEACE

Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace;  
Over all victorious in its bright increase;  
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day,  
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,  
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;  
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,  
Not a blast of hurry touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial falleth from above,  
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love,  
We may trust him fully, all for us to do;  
They who trust him wholly find him wholly true.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

### ABIDING

In heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?

Whenever he may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way he taketh,  
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.  
—Anna Letitia Waring.

### CALM

I stand upon the Mount of God  
With sunlight in my soul;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies;  
And to the height on which I stand,  
No storms, nor clouds, can rise.

O, THIS is life! O, this is joy!  
My God, to find thee so;  
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,  
And all thy love to know.  
—Horatius Bonar.

### DIVINE PEACE

Peace upon peace, like wave upon wave,  
This the portion that I crave;  
The peace of God which passeth thought,  
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,  
Peace like the morning's silent glow,  
From day to day, in love supplied,  
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on without decrease,  
From him who is our joy and peace,  
Who, by his reconciling blood,  
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace through the night and through the day,  
Peace through the windings of our way;  
In pain, and toil, and weariness,  
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow  
Upon a stranger here below;  
O God of peace, thy peace impart,  
To every sad and troubled heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,  
Peace from the Spirit, all his own;  
Peace that shall never more be lost,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—Horatius Bonar.

### A QUIET HEART

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart:  
Make me teachable and mild;  
Upright, simple, free from art;  
Make me as a weaned child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:  
Why should I the burthen bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard and Guide.  
—John Newton.

### REST WHERE YOU ARE

When, spurred by tasks unceasing or  
undone,  
You would seek rest afar,  
And can not, though repose be rightly  
won—  
Rest where you are.

Neglect the needless; sanctify the rest;  
Move without stress or jar;  
With quiet of a spirit self-possessed  
Rest where you are.

Not in event, restriction, or release,  
Not in scenes near or far,  
But in ourselves are restlessness or  
peace,  
Rest where you are.

Where lives the soul lives God; his day,  
his world,  
No phantom mists need mar;  
His starry nights are tents of peace un-  
furled:  
Rest where you are.

### BE ALL AT REST

Be all at rest, my soul toward God; from him  
comes my salvation. Psa. 62. 1.

"Be all at rest, my soul." Oh! blessed  
secret  
Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord:  
Not always doth the busiest soul best  
serve him,  
But he who resteth on his faithful word.

"Be all at rest,"—"let not your heart  
be rippled,"  
For tiny wavelets mar the image fair  
Which the still pool reflects of heaven's  
glory—  
And thus the Image he would have you  
bear.

"Be all at rest,"—for rest is highest  
service;  
To the still heart God doth his secrets  
tell:  
Thus shall thou learn to wait, and watch,  
and labor,  
Strengthened to bear, since Christ in  
thee doth dwell.

For what is service but the life of Jesus  
Lived through a vessel of earth's  
fragile clay;  
Loving and giving; poured forth for  
others;  
"A living sacrifice" from day to day?

And what shall meet the deep unrest  
around thee  
But the calm peace of God that filled  
his breast?  
For still a living voice must call the  
weary  
To him who said, "Come unto me and  
rest."

Therefore "be all at rest, my soul,"  
toward him,  
If thou a revelation of the Lord  
would'st be;  
For in the quiet confidence that never  
doubts him,  
Others his truth and faithfulness shall  
see.

"Be all at rest," for rest alone becometh  
The soul that casts on him its every  
care;  
"Be all at rest"—so shall thy life pro-  
claim him  
A God who worketh and who heareth  
prayer.



"Be all at rest"—so shalt thou be an answer  
 To those who question, "Who is God,  
 and where?"  
 For God is rest, and where he dwells is stillness,  
 And they who dwell in him that rest shall share.

—Freda Hanbury Allen.

### REST

Sweet is the pleasure  
 Itself cannot spoil!  
 Is not true leisure  
 One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,  
 Still do thy best;  
 Use it, not waste it,  
 Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty  
 Near thee all round?  
 Only hath duty  
 Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
 The busy career;  
 Rest is the fitting  
 Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,  
 Clear without strife,  
 Fleeing to ocean  
 After its life.

Deeper devotion  
 Nowhere hath knelt;  
 Fuller emotion  
 Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving  
 The Highest and Best!  
 'Tis onwards, unswerving,  
 And that is true rest.  
 —John Sullivan Dwight.

There is peace in power; the men who speak  
 With the loudest tongues do least;  
 And the surest sign of a mind that is weak  
 Is its want of the power to rest.  
 —John Boyle O'Reilly.

### EQUANIMITY

Tost on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,  
 Thyself do thou control;  
 And to the weapons of advancing foes  
 A stubborn breast oppose:  
 Undaunted 'mid the hostile might  
 Of squadrons burning for the fight  
 Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown  
 Wins thee deserved renown;  
 Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat  
 Would urge a base retreat;  
 Rejoice in joyous things—nor overmuch  
 Let grief thy bosom touch  
 'Midst evil, and still bear in mind  
 How changeeful are the ways of human-kind.  
 —Archilochos, tr. by William Hay.

### GOD'S PEACE

Grant us Thy peace, down from thy  
 presence falling,  
 As on the thirsty earth cool night-  
 dews sweet;  
 Grant us thy peace, to thy pure paths  
 recalling,  
 From devious ways, our worn and  
 wandering feet.

Grant us Thy peace, through winning  
 and through losing,  
 Through gloom and gladness of our  
 pilgrim way;  
 Grant us thy peace, safe in thy love's  
 enclosing,  
 Thou who all things in heaven and  
 earth dost sway.

Give us Thy peace, not as the world has  
 given,  
 In momentary rays that fitful  
 gleamed,  
 But calm, deep, sure, the peace of  
 spirits shriven,  
 Of hearts surrendered and of souls re-  
 deemed.

Grant us thy peace, that like a deepening  
 river  
 Swells ever outward to the sea of  
 praise.  
 O thou of peace the only Lord and Giver,  
 Grant us thy peace, O Saviour, all our  
 days.  
 —Eliza Scudder.

## THE INNER CALM

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm  
And bid my spirit rest.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and  
rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm when the great world's news with  
power  
My listening spirit stir;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain;  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.  
—Horatius Bonar.

Father, take not away  
The burden of the day,  
But help me that I bear it  
As Christ his burden bore  
When cross and thorn he wore  
And none with him could share it;  
In his name help I pray!

I only ask for grace  
To see that patient face  
And my impatient one;  
Ask that mine grow like His—  
Sign of an inward peace  
From trust in thee alone,  
Unchanged by time or place.

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song,  
To-day the Prince of Peace is born.  
—James Russell Lowell.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind,  
and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

As flows the river calm and deep.  
In silence toward the sea,  
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,  
The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,  
Deep as the soundless sea;  
How sweetly singeth the soul that cling-  
eth,  
My loving Lord, to thee.

He fails never.  
If He cannot work by us He will work  
through us.  
Let our souls be calm.  
We should be ashamed to sit beneath  
those stars,  
Impatient that we're nothing.  
Get work, get work; be sure 'tis better  
Than what you work to get.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Calm Soul of all things, make it mine  
To feel amid the city's jar,  
That there abides a peace of thine  
Man did not make and cannot mar.  
The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others give;  
Calm, calm me move, nor let me die  
Before I have begun to live.  
—Matthew Arnold.

What secret trouble stirs thy heart?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and hurry?  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

We bless thee for thy peace, O God,  
 Deep as the boundless sea,  
 It falls like sunshine on the road,  
 Of those who trust in thee;  
 That peace which suffers and is strong,  
 Trusts where it cannot see;  
 Deems not the trial way too long,  
 But leaves the end with thee.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes  
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.  
 Why should I feel another man's mis-  
 takes

More than his sicknesses or poverty?  
 In love I should; but anger is not love,  
 Nor wisdom, neither; therefore gently  
 move. —George Herbert.

Why fret thee, soul,  
 For things beyond thy small control?  
 But do thy part, and thou shalt see  
 Heaven will have charge of them and  
 thee.  
 Sow then thy seed, and wait in peace  
 The Lord's increase.

What is the use of worrying  
 And flurrying and scurrying  
 And breaking up one's rest;  
 When all the world is teaching us  
 And praying and beseeching us  
 That quiet ways are best.

I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities  
 A still and quiet conscience.  
 —William Shakespeare.

The stormy blast is strong, but mightier  
 still  
 The calm that binds the storm beneath  
 its peaceful will.  
 —John Sterling.

As running water cleanseth bodies  
 dropped therein  
 So heavenly truth doth cleanse the  
 secret heart from sin.  
 —From the Sanskrit, tr. by Frederic  
 Rowland Marvin.

From our ill-ordered hearts we oft are  
 fain to roam,  
 As men go forth who find unquietness  
 at home.  
 —Richard Chenevix Trench.

A mind from every evil thought set free  
 I count the noblest gift of Deity.  
 —Æschylus, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
 Marvin.

A stone makes not great rivers turbid  
 grow;  
 When saints are vexed their shallowness  
 they show. —Saadi.

Yes, Lord, one great eternal yes  
 To all my Lord shall say;  
 To what I know, or yet shall know,  
 In all the untried way.

Good striving  
 Brings thriving.  
 Better a dog who works  
 Than a lion who shirks.  
 —From the Persian.

# HUMILITY

## MEEKNESS, WEAKNESS, SELFLESSNESS

### A LAST PRAYER

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,  
So clear I see, now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day  
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought  
Were right, or harmless, were a sin;  
So clear I see that I have sought  
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt  
The souls I might have helped to save;  
That I have slothful been, inert,  
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,  
Father, the humblest spot give me;  
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;  
Let me, repentant, work for thee.  
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

### A LOWLY HEART

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simplest are the best,  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts:  
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine  
But Thou, my heavenly guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest.  
—Lyra Catholica.

Before the eyes of men let duly shine  
thy light,  
But ever let thy life's best part be out  
of sight.  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

### KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

#### I.

The Man who Loved the Names of  
Things

Went forth beneath the skies  
And named all things that he beheld,  
And people called him wise.  
An unseen presence walked with him  
Forever by his side,  
The wedded mistress of his soul—  
For Knowledge was his bride;  
She named the flowers, the weeds, the  
trees,  
And all the growths of all the seas.

She told him all the rocks by name,  
The winds and whence they blew;  
She told him how the seas were formed,  
And how the mountains grew.  
She numbered all the stars for him;  
And all the rounded skies  
Were mapped and charted for the gaze  
Of his devouring eyes.  
Thus, taught by her, he taught the  
crowd;  
They praised—and he was very proud.

#### II.

The Man who Loved the Soul of Things

Went forth serene and glad,  
And mused upon the mighty world,  
And people called him mad.  
An unseen presence walked with him  
Forever by his side,  
The wedded mistress of his soul—  
For Wisdom was his bride.  
She showed him all this mighty frame,  
And bade him feel—but named no name.

She stood with him upon the hills  
Ringed by the azure sky,  
And shamed his lowly thought with stars  
And bade it climb as high.  
And all the birds he could not name,  
The nameless stars that roll,  
The unnamed blossoms at his feet  
Talked with him soul to soul;  
He heard the Nameless Glory speak  
In silence—and was very meek.  
—Sam Walter Foss.

## THE INQUIRY

I wonder if ever a song was sung but  
 the singer's heart sang sweeter!  
 I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung but  
 the thought surpassed the meter!  
 I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought till  
 the cold stone echoed his ardent  
 thought!  
 Or if ever the painter with light and  
 shade the dream of his inmost heart  
 portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found and  
 there might not be a fairer!  
 Or if ever a glittering gem was ground  
 and we dreamed not of a rarer!  
 Ah! never on earth do we find the best;  
 but it waits for us in the land of rest,  
 And a perfect thing we shall never be-  
 hold till we pass the portals of shin-  
 ing gold.

## A SONG OF LOW DEGREE

He that is down need fear no fall;  
 He that is low, no pride;  
 He that is humble ever shall  
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
 Little be it, or much;  
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
 Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is  
 That go on pilgrimage;  
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
 Is best from age to age.

—John Bunyan.

## NOT YET PREPARED

O thou unpolished shaft, why leave the  
 quiver?

O thou blunt axe, what forests canst  
 thou hew?

Untempered sword, canst thou the op-  
 pressed deliver?

Go back to thine own maker's forge  
 anew.

Submit thyself to God for preparation,  
 Seek not to teach thy Master and thy  
 Lord;

Call it not zeal; it is a base temptation.  
 Satan is pleased when man dictates  
 to God.

Down with thy pride! with holy ven-  
 geance trample

On each self-flattering fancy that ap-  
 pears;

Did not the Lord himself, for our ex-  
 ample,

Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

## RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The Captains and the Kings depart—  
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.  
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not thee in  
 awe—

Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard—  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
 For frantic boast and foolish word,  
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

—Rudyard Kipling.

In humbleness, O Lord, I ask  
 That thou bestow on me  
 The will and strength to do some task  
 For growth of love for thee;  
 Some task, not of my chosen will—  
 For wisdom is not mine—  
 But let my frailsome life fulfill  
 Some perfect thought of thine.

## I WILL NOT SEEK

I cannot think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so;  
I know he is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but he will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand; it lies so near,  
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,  
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O let me know  
If it is wrong to want it so!"  
He only smiles, he does not speak;  
My heart grows weaker and more weak  
With looking at the thing so dear,  
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet  
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;  
I will not seek, I will not long;  
I almost fear I have been wrong;  
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait, till by some loud, clear word  
Thou callest me to thy loved feet  
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.  
—Saxe Holm.

## TRIUMPHING IN OTHERS

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made?

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples!  
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,  
Your triumph is my own.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects  
high;

So shalt thou humble and magnani-  
mous be;

Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that  
means a tree.

A grain of glory mixed with humbleness  
Cures both a fever and lethargy.  
—George Herbert.

## FOR DIVINE STRENGTH

Father, in thy mysterious presence  
kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy  
kindling love;  
For we are weak and need some deep re-  
vealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness  
from above.

Lord, we have wandered far through  
doubt and sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an  
onward one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown  
morrow—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is  
done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and  
holy  
Abides; and when pain seems to have  
its will,  
Or we despair, O may that peace rise  
slowly  
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence  
kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling  
love;  
Now make us strong, we need thy deep  
revealing,  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness  
from above. —Samuel Johnson.

WHEN I AM WEAK THEN AM I  
STRONG

Half feeling our own weakness,  
We place our hands in Thine—  
Knowing but half our darkness  
We ask for light divine.  
Then, when Thy strong arm holds us,  
Our weakness most we feel,  
And thy love and light around us  
Our darkness must reveal.

Too oft, when faithless doubtings  
Around our spirits press,  
We cry, "Can hands so feeble  
Grasp such almightiness?"  
While thus we doubt and tremble  
Our hold still looser grows;  
While on our darkness gazing  
Vainly thy radiance glows.

Oh, cheer us with Thy brightness,  
 And guide us by thy hand,  
 In thy light teach us light to see,  
 In thy strength strong to stand.  
 Then though our hands be feeble,  
 If they but touch thine arm,  
 Thy light and power shall lead us,  
 And keep us strong and calm.

### A HUMBLE HEART

I would not ask Thee that my days  
 Should flow quite smoothly on and on,  
 Lest I should learn to love the world  
 Too well, ere all my time was done.

I would not ask Thee that my work  
 Should never bring me pain nor fear;  
 Lest I should learn to work alone,  
 And never wish thy presence near.

I would not ask Thee that my friends  
 Should always kind and constant be;  
 Lest I should learn to lay my faith  
 In them alone, and not in thee.

But I would ask a humble heart,  
 A changeless will to work and wake,  
 A firm faith in Thy providence,  
 The rest—'tis thine to give or take.  
 —Alfred Norris.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being  
 one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowl-  
 edge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other  
 men;  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,  
 The mere material with which Wisdom  
 builds,  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted  
 to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to  
 enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned  
 so much,  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no  
 more.  
 —William Cowper.

Humble we must be if to heaven we go;  
 High is the roof there; but the gate is  
 low.  
 —Robert Herrick.

### NOT MINE

It is not mine to run, with eager feet,  
 Along life's crowded ways, my Lord to  
 meet.

It is not mine to pour the oil and wine  
 Or bring the purple robe and linen fine.

It is not mine to break at his dear feet  
 The alabaster box of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear his heavy cross,  
 Or suffer, for his sake, all pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk through valleys  
 dim,  
 Or climb far mountain heights alone  
 with him.

He hath no need of me in grand affairs,  
 Where fields are lost or crowns won  
 unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may make one pale  
 flower  
 Bloom brighter, for thy sake, though  
 one short hour;

If I, in harvest fields where strong ones  
 reap,  
 May bind one golden sheaf for love to  
 keep;

May speak one quiet word when all is  
 still,  
 Helping some fainting heart to bear thy  
 will;

Or sing some high, clear song on which  
 may soar  
 Some glad soul heavenward, I ask no  
 more.

—Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-  
 off ages  
 Once claimed the firstling of the flock,  
 the finest of the wheat;  
 And still he asks his own with gentlest  
 pleading  
 To lay their highest hopes and bright-  
 est talents at his feet.

He'll not forget the feeblest service,  
 humblest love;  
 He only asks that of our stores we  
 give to him the best we have.

## PRAISE DEPRECATED

My sins and follies, Lord, by thee  
 From others hidden are,  
 That such good words are spoke of me  
 As now and then I hear;  
 For sure if others know me such,  
 Such as myself I know,  
 I should have been dispraised as much  
 As I am praised now.

The praise, therefore, which I have  
 heard,  
 Delights not so my mind,  
 As those things make my heart afraid  
 Which in myself I find;  
 And I had rather to be blamed,  
 So I were blameless made,  
 Than for much virtue to be famed  
 When I no virtues had.

Though slanders to an innocent  
 Sometimes do bitter grow,  
 Their bitterness procures content,  
 If clear himself he know.  
 And when a virtuous man hath erred  
 If praised himself he hear,  
 It makes him grieve and more afraid  
 Than if he slandered were.

Lord, therefore make my heart upright,  
 Whate'er my deeds do seem;  
 And righteous rather in thy sight,  
 Than in the world's esteem.  
 And if aught good appears to be  
 In any act of mine,  
 Let thankfulness be found in me,  
 And all the praise be thine.  
 —George Wither (1588-1667).

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,  
 Through the dark medium of life's  
 feverish dream;  
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous  
 plan,  
 If but that little part incongruous  
 seem.  
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals  
 deem,  
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.  
 O then renounce that impious self-  
 esteem  
 That aims to trace the secrets of the  
 skies;  
 For thou art but of dust, be humble  
 and be wise.  
 —James Beattie.

## HUMILITY

O humble me! I cannot bide the joy  
 That in my Saviour's presence ever  
 flows;  
 May I be lowly, lest it may destroy  
 The peace his childlike spirit ever  
 knows.  
 I would not speak thy word, but by thee  
 stand  
 While thou dost to thine erring chil-  
 dren speak;  
 O help me but to keep his own com-  
 mand,  
 And in my strength to feel me ever  
 weak;  
 Then in thy presence shall I humbly  
 stay,  
 Nor lose the life of love he came to  
 give;  
 And find at last the life, the truth, the  
 way  
 To where with him thy blessed serv-  
 ants live;  
 And walk forever in the path of truth—  
 A servant, yet a son; a sire and yet a  
 youth.  
 —Jones Very.

## TURN FROM SELF

This is the highest learning,  
 The hardest and the best—  
 From self to keep still turning,  
 And honor all the rest.

If one should break the letter,  
 Yea, spirit of command,  
 Think not that thou art better;  
 Thou may'st not always stand!

We all are weak—but weaker  
 Hold no one than thou art;  
 Then, as thou growest meeker,  
 Higher will go thy heart.  
 —George Macdonald.

In proud humility a pious man went  
 through the field;  
 The ears of corn were bowing in the  
 wind, as if they kneeled;  
 He struck them on the head, and  
 modestly began to say,  
 "Unto the Lord, not unto me, such  
 honors should you pay."  
 —From the Persian.



## MEEKNESS OF MOSES

Moses, the patriot fierce, became  
The meekest man on earth,  
To show us how love's quickening flame  
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,  
Lost Canaan by self-will,  
To show, where grace has done its part,  
How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in thy fear,  
Yet seest me frail at best,  
Oh, grant me loss with Moses here,  
To gain his future rest.

—John Henry Newman.

## LAUS DEO

Let praise devote thy work, and skill  
employ  
Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost  
in joy.

Well-doing bringeth pride; this constant  
thought

Humility, that thy best done is naught.  
Man doeth nothing well, be it great or  
small,

Save to praise God; but that hath  
saved all.

For God requires no more than thou hast  
done,

And takes thy work to bless it for his  
own.

—Robert Bridges.

“A commonplace life,” we say, and we  
sigh;

But why should we sigh as we say?  
The commonplace sun in the common-  
place sky

Makes up the commonplace day.  
The moon and the stars are common-  
place things,

And the flower that blooms and the bird  
that sings,

But dark were the world and sad our lot  
If the flowers failed and the sun shone  
not;

And God, who studies each separate soul  
Out of commonplace lives makes his  
beautiful whole.

Humility, that low, sweet root  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.  
—Thomas Moore.

## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL

Up and away, like the dew of the morn-  
ing

That soars from the earth to its home  
in the sun,

So let me steal away, gently and lov-  
ingly,

Only remembered by what I have  
done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb  
all forgotten,

The brief race of time well and pa-  
tiently run,

So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remembered by what I have  
done.

Gladly away from this toil would I  
hasten,

Up to the crown that for me has been  
won;

Unthought of by man in rewards or in  
praises,

Only remembered by what I have  
done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,  
That sweeten the twilight as evening  
comes on,

So be my life—a thing felt but not  
noticed,—

And I but remembered by what I  
have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in  
freshness

When the flowers that it came from  
are closed up and gone.

So would I be to this world's weary  
dwellers

Only remembered by what I have  
done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been  
bearing

(As its summer and autumn move  
silently on)

The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed  
of its season;

I shall still be remembered by what I  
have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-  
written record,

The name and the epitaph graved on  
the stone?

The things we have lived for—let them  
be our story—  
We ourselves but remembered by  
what we have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed  
me,  
To reap down the fields which in  
spring I have sown;  
He who plowed and who sowed is not  
missed by the reaper,  
He is only remembered by what he  
has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I  
have spoken,  
Not myself, but the seed that in life  
I have sown,  
Shall pass on to ages—all about me for-  
gotten,  
Save the truth I have spoken, the  
things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;  
So let my name lie, unblazoned, un-  
known;  
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be  
remembered;  
Yes, but remembered for what I have  
done. —Horatius Bonar.

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### SELF

O I could go through all life's troubles  
singing,  
Turning earth's night to day,  
If self were not so fast around me cling-  
ing,  
To all I do or say.

O Lord! that I could waste my life for  
others,  
With no ends of my own,  
That I could pour myself into my  
brothers  
And live for them alone!

Such was the life thou livedst; self-ab-  
juring,  
Thine own pains never easing,  
Our burdens bearing, our just doom  
enduring;  
A life without self-pleasing.  
—Frederick William Faber.

### BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US

The time for toil is past, and night has  
come—  
The last and saddest of the harvest  
eves;  
Worn out with labor, long and wear-  
some,  
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten  
home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit  
grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with  
grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;  
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless—yet their  
trifling weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching  
leaves;  
For long I struggled with my hapless  
fate,  
And stayed and toiled till it was dark  
and late—  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than  
wheat,  
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and  
withered leaves;  
Wherefore I blush and weep as at thy  
feet  
I kneel down reverently and repeat,  
“Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know these blossoms clustering  
heavily,  
With evening dew upon their folded  
leaves,  
Can claim no value or utility—  
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty  
be  
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;  
For well I know thy patient love per-  
ceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,  
And though the full ripe ears be sadly  
few  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.  
—Elizabeth Akers.

I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place,  
And lordly sway;  
I only pray for simple grace  
To look my neighbor in the face  
Full honestly from day to day.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

If thou art blest,  
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness  
rest  
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies  
Black in thy brother's skies.  
If thou art sad,  
Still be in thy brother's gladness glad.  
—Hamilton.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my  
hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

Praise not thy work, but let thy work  
praise thee;  
For deeds, not words, make each  
man's memory stable.  
If what thou dost is good, its good all  
men will see;  
Musk by its smell is known, not by its  
label.

When thou art fain to trace a map of  
thine own heart,  
An undiscovered land set down the  
largest part.  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

Patient, resigned and humble wills  
Impregably resist all ills.  
—Thomas Ken.

He is one to whom  
Long patience hath such mild com-  
posure given,  
That patience now doth seem a thing  
of which  
He hath no need.  
—William Wordsworth.

Be not too ready to condemn  
The wrong thy brothers may have  
done:  
Ere ye too harshly censure them  
For human faults, ask, "Have I  
none?" —Eliza Cook.

Search thine own heart. What paineth  
thee  
In others in thyself may be;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still;  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone.  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the deed that no man knoweth,  
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,  
Where he may not reap who soweth,  
There, Lord, let my heart serve thee.

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion.  
—Robert Burns.

# CONTENTMENT

## RESIGNATION, PATIENCE, COMPENSATION

### CONTENTMENT

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for a patient mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart, at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And *guided* where I go.

Wherever in this world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength—  
To none that ask denied—  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at thy side,  
Content to fill a *little* space,  
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to thee;  
More careful not to serve thee much,  
But to please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,  
Which call for constant care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
Is happy everywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my secret heart has learned the  
truth  
Which makes thy children free,  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

—Anna Letitia Waring.

### TWO PICTURES

An old farm house with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed  
about,  
And wishes his one thought all day:  
"O if I could but fly away!  
From this dull spot the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world has been,  
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,  
Is thinking, thinking all day long:  
"O could I only tread once more  
The field-path to the farm-house door,  
The old green meadow could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be!"

—Annie Douglas Robinson.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest  
he,  
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is  
free;  
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears  
torment,  
But lives in peace, within himself con-  
tent;  
In thought, or act, accountable to none  
But to himself, and unto God alone.

—Henry P. F. Lansdowne.

## CONTENT I LIVE

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
 That God or nature hath assigned:  
 Though much I want that most would  
 have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—  
 I seek no more than may suffice.  
 I press to bear no haughty sway;  
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with what my mind doth bring.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 I grudge not at another's gain;  
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;  
 I brook that as another's bane.  
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend.  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;  
 My conscience clear my chief defense;  
 I never seek by bribes to please  
 Nor by desert to give offense.  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
 Would all did so, as well as I.

—Edward Dyer.

Alt. by William Byrd (1540-1625).

## JUST AS GOD LEADS

Just as God leads me I would go;  
 I would not ask to choose my way;  
 Content with what he will bestow,  
 Assured he will not let me stray.  
 So, as he leads, my path I make,  
 And step by step I gladly take—  
 A child, in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;  
 I rest me calmly in his hands;  
 That which he has decreed and sent—  
 That which his will for me com-  
 mands—  
 I would that he should all fulfill,  
 That I should do his gracious will  
 In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
 I trust me to my Father's will;  
 When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
 His counsel would I yet fulfill;  
 That which his love ordained as right  
 Before he brought me to the right  
 My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide  
 In faith, in hope, in suffering true;  
 His strength is ever by my side—  
 Can aught my hold on him undo?  
 I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
 That God my life is still bestowing—  
 The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go,  
 Out amid thorns and briers keen;  
 God does not yet his guidance show—  
 But in the end it shall be seen.  
 How, by a loving Father's will,  
 Faithful and true, he leads me still.  
 And so my heart is resting.  
 —From the German.

## SWEET CONTENT

O Thou, by long experience tried,  
 Near whom no grief can long abide;  
 My Lord, how full of sweet content  
 I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove  
 To souls impressed with sacred love!  
 Where'er they dwell they dwell in Thee  
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,  
 My country is in every clime;  
 I can be calm and free from care  
 On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
 The soul finds happiness in none;  
 But with a God to guide our way  
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
 That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
 But regions none remote I call,  
 Secure of finding God in all.  
 —Madame Guyon.

## CONTENT AND RICH

My conscience is my crown,  
 Contented thoughts my rest;  
 My heart is happy in itself,  
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;  
 A mean, the surest lot;  
 That lies too high for base contempt,  
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,  
 All easy to fulfill;  
 I make the limits of my power  
 The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care of coin;  
Well doing is my wealth;  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,  
The wings of swelling pride;  
Their fall is worst that from the height  
Of greatest honor slide.

Since sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear,  
I bear so low and small a sail  
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage  
While fury's flame doth burn;  
It is in vain to stop the stream  
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end,  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Into a quiet friend.

And, taught with often proof,  
A tempered calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down;  
When Fortune smiles I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood  
She proves an angry foe,  
Small gain I found to let her come,  
Less loss to let her go.

—Robert Southwell, 1561-95.

(One of the Jesuit Fathers who were  
cruelly executed by Queen Elizabeth.)

Don't lose Courage! Spirit brave  
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose Time in vain distress!  
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose Hope! who lets her stray  
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose Patience, come what will!  
Patience oftentimes outruns skill.

Don't lose Gladness! every hour  
Blossoms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,  
Don't lose Faith in God and man!

### A CONTRAST

Two men toiled side by side from sun  
to sun,  
And both were poor;  
Both sat with children, when the day  
was done,  
About their door.  
One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud  
And shining moon;  
The other, with his head in sadness  
bowed,  
Made night of noon.  
One loved each tree and flower and sing-  
ing bird,  
On mount or plain;  
No music in the soul of one was stirred  
By leaf or rain.  
One saw the good in every fellow-man  
And hoped the best;  
The other marvelled at his Master's  
plan,  
And doubt confessed.  
One, having heaven above and heaven  
below,  
Was satisfied;  
The other, discontented, lived in woe,  
And hopeless died.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

### WHO BIDES HIS TIME

Who bides his time, and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful roundelay  
However poor his fortunes be—  
He will not fail in any quail  
Of poverty; the paltry dime—  
It will grow golden in his palm  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest feet  
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;  
The birds are heralds of his cause,  
And like a never-ending rhyme  
The roadsides bloom in his applause  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not  
In a hot race that none achieves,  
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king  
And sway his hand o'er every clime,  
With peace writ on his signet ring,  
Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## CARELESS CONTENT

I am content; I do not care;  
 Wag as it will the world for me;  
 When Fuss and Fret was all my fare  
 It got no ground, as I could see.  
 So when away my caring went  
 I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought  
 I strive to make my matters meet;  
 To seek, what ancient sages sought,  
 Physic and food in sour and sweet.  
 To take what passes in good part,  
 And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humored hearts  
 I choose to chat, where'er I come,  
 Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
 But if I get among the glum  
 I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,  
 And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;  
 For fortune's favor or her frown;  
 For luck or glut, for loss or gain,  
 I never dodge, nor up nor down:  
 But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
 Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
 Nor trace the turn of every tide;  
 If simple sense will not succeed,  
 I make no bustling, but abide;  
 For shining wealth, or scoring woe,  
 I force no friend, I fear no foe.

I love my neighbor as myself;  
 Myself like him too, by his leave;  
 Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf  
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive;  
 Dame Nature doubtless has designed  
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs;  
 Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
 Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,  
 That man does right to mar his rest,  
 Let me be left, and debonair;  
 I am content; I do not care.

—John Byrom (1692-1763).

Some of your hurts you have cured,  
 And the sharpest you still have sur-  
 vived,

But what torments of grief you endured  
 From the evils which never arrived.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## HAPPY ANY WAY

Lord, it belongs not to my care  
 Whether I die or live;  
 To love and serve thee is my share,  
 And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad  
 That I may long obey;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker  
 rooms  
 Than he went through before;  
 He that into God's kingdom comes  
 Must enter by his door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me  
 meet  
 Thy blessed face to see;  
 For, if thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
 And weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;  
 The eye of faith is dim;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with him.

—Richard Baxter.

## THE THINGS I MISS

An easy thing, O Power Divine,  
 To thank thee for these gifts of thine!  
 For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,  
 For hearts that kindle, thoughts that

glow;  
 But when shall I attain to this:  
 To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,  
 The dreamed-of joys that still are  
 dreams.

Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known  
 Through others' fortunes, not my own,  
 And blessings seen that are not given,  
 And ne'er will be, this side of heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,  
 Would there have been a heaven for me?  
 Could I have felt thy presence near  
 Had I possessed what I held dear?  
 My deepest fortune, highest bliss,  
 Have grown, perchance, from things I  
 miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;  
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;  
A Power that works above my will  
Still leads me onward, upward still;  
And then my heart attains to this:  
To thank thee for the things I miss.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

### THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick and stone and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory  
burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly  
earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment  
springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten soft, white hands;  
This is the best crop from thy lands,  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship past  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

### I AM CONTENT

I am content. In trumpet tones  
My song let people know;  
And many a mighty man with thrones  
And scepter is not so.  
And if he is I joyful cry,  
Why, then he's just the same as I.

My motto is—Content with this;  
Gold—place—I prize not such.  
That which I have my measure is:  
Wise men desire not much.  
Men wish and wish, and have their will,  
And wish again as hungry still.

And gold and honor are besides  
A very brittle glass;  
And time, in his unresting tides  
Makes all things change and pass:  
Turns riches to a beggar's dole;  
Sets glory's race an infant's goal.

Be noble—that is more than wealth;  
Do right—that's more than place;  
Then in the spirit there is health  
And gladness in the face:  
Then thou art with thyself at one  
And, no man hating, fearest none.

—George Macdonald.



## MADAME LOFTY

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,  
 So do I;  
 She has dappled grays to draw it,  
 None have I.  
 She's no prouder of her coachman  
 Than am I  
 With my blue-eyed laughing baby  
 Trundling by.  
 I hide his face, lest she should see  
 The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,  
 Mine has not;  
 He can give his bride a palace,  
 Mine a cot.  
 Hers comes home beneath the starlight,  
 Ne'er cares she;  
 Mine comes in the purple twilight,  
 Kisses me,  
 And prays that He who turns life's sands  
 Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,  
 So have I;  
 She wears hers upon her bosom,  
 Inside I.  
 She will leave hers at Death's portals,  
 By and by;  
 I shall bear the treasures with me  
 When I die—  
 For I have love, and she has gold;  
 She counts her wealth, mine can't be  
 told.

She has those who love her station,  
 None have I,  
 But I've one true heart beside me;  
 Glad am I;  
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,  
 No, not I;  
 God will weigh it in a balance,  
 By and by;  
 And then the difference he'll define  
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

So long as life's hope-sparkle glows, 'tis  
 good;  
 When death delivers from life's woes,  
 'tis good.  
 Oh praise the Lord who makes all good,  
 and will;  
 Whether he life or death bestows, 'tis  
 good.

THE WIND THAT BLOWS, THAT  
WIND IS BEST

Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
 Some heart is glad to have it so;  
 Then blow it east or blow it west,  
 The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
 A thousand fleet from every zone  
 Are out upon a thousand seas;  
 And what for me were favoring breeze  
 Might dash another with the shock  
 Of doom upon some hidden rock.  
 And so I do not dare to pray  
 For winds to waft me on my way;  
 But leave it to a Higher Will  
 To stay or speed me, trusting still  
 That ill is well, and sure that He  
 Who launched my bark will sail with me  
 Through storm and calm, and will not  
 fail,  
 Whatever breezes may prevail,  
 To land me, every peril past,  
 Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
 My heart is glad to have it so;  
 And, blow it east or blow it west,  
 The wind that blows, that wind is best.  
 —Caroline Atherton Mason.

## THE DIFFERENCE

Some murmur, when their sky is clear  
 And wholly bright to view,  
 If one small speck of dark appear  
 In their great heaven of blue.  
 And some with thankful love are filled  
 If but one streak of light,  
 One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
 In discontent and pride,  
 Why life is such a dreary task  
 And all things good denied.  
 Yet hearts in poorest huts admire  
 How love has in their aid  
 (Love that not ever seems to tire)  
 Such rich provision made.  
 —Richard Chenevix Trench.

Give what Thou canst; without thee we  
 are poor;  
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt  
 away.  
 —William Cowper.

### RICHES AND POWER

Cleon has a million acres,  
 Ne'er a one have I;  
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace,  
 In a cottage I.  
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,  
 Not a penny I,  
 Yet the poorer of the twain is  
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,  
 But the landscape I,  
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth,  
 Money cannot buy.  
 Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,  
 Freshening vigor I;  
 He in velvet, I in fustian,  
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,  
 Free as thought am I;  
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,  
 Need of none have I.  
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,  
 Cleon fears to die.  
 Death may come, he'll find me ready.  
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,  
 In a daisy I;  
 Cleon hears no anthem ringing  
 In the sea and sky,  
 Nature sings to me forever,  
 Earnest listener I!  
 State for state, with all attendants,  
 Who would change? Not I  
 —Charles Mackay.

### ENOUGH

I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand  
 One moment without thee;  
 But oh, the tenderness of thine enfold-  
 ing,  
 And oh, the faithfulness of thine up-  
 holding,  
 And oh, the strength of thy right hand!  
*That strength* is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know  
 All fullness dwells in thee;  
 And hour by hour that never-failing  
 treasure  
 Supplies and fills in overflowing measure,  
 My last, my greatest need. And so  
*Thy grace* is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust *THY WORD* alone!  
 I do not ask to see  
 The unveiling of thy purpose, or the  
 shining  
 Of future light or mysteries untwining;  
 The promise-roll is all my own,  
*Thy word* is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now  
 I know  
 That my heart hath from Thee  
 All real, and full, and marvelous affec-  
 tion  
 So near, so human! yet Divine perfection  
 Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!  
*Thy love* is enough for me.

There were strange soul depths, restless,  
 vast and broad  
 Unfathomed as the sea.  
 An infinite craving for some infinite  
 stilling,  
 But now *Thy perfect love* is perfect  
 filling!  
 Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,  
 Thou, thou art enough for me!  
 —Frances Ridley Havergal.

### FULLY CONTENT

I know not, and I would not know,  
 Content, I leave it all with Thee;  
 'Tis ever best it should be so;  
 As thou wilt have it let it be.

But this I know: that every day  
 And every step for me is planned;  
 I surely cannot lose the Way  
 While He is holding fast my hand.

And surely, whatsoe'er betide,  
 I never shall be left alone:  
 Thou standest ever by my side;  
 To thee my future all is known.

And wheresoe'er my lot may fall  
 The way before is marked by Thee;  
 The windings of my life are all  
 Unfoldings of thy Love to me.

What matter will it be, O mortal man,  
 when thou art dying,  
 Whether upon a throne or on the bare  
 earth thou art lying?  
 —From the Persian.

## CONTENT WITH ALL

Content that God's decree  
Should order all for thee.  
Content with sickness or with health—  
Content with poverty or wealth—  
Content to walk in humble guise,  
And as He wills it sink or rise.

Content to live alone  
And call no place thine own.  
No sweet reunions day by day.  
Thy kindred spirits far away.  
And, since God wills to have it so,  
Thou wouldst not change for weal or woe.

Content that others rise  
Before thy very eyes.  
How bright their lot and portion here!  
Wealth fills their coffers—friends are near.  
Behold their mansions tall and fair!  
The timbrel and the dance are there.

Content to toil or rest—  
God's peace within thy breast—  
To feel thy times are in His hand  
Who holds all worlds in his command—  
Thy time to laugh—thy time to sigh—  
Thy time to live—thy time to die.

And is it so indeed  
Thou art with God agreed?  
Content 'mid all the ills of life?  
Farewell, then, sorrow, pain and strife!  
Such high content is heaven begun.  
The battle's fought, the victory won!  
—Mary Ann W. Cook.

## A BLESSED LESSON

Have I learned, in whatsoever  
State to be content?  
Have I learned this blessed lesson  
By my Master sent—  
And with joyous acquiescence  
Do I greet His will  
Even when my own is thwarted  
And my hands lie still?

Surely it is best and sweetest  
Thus to have Him choose,  
Even though some work I've taken  
By this choice I lose.  
Folded hands need not be idle—  
Fold them but in prayer;  
Other souls may toil far better  
For God's answer there.

They that "reap" receive their "wages,"  
Those who "work" their "crown,"  
Those who pray throughout the ages  
Bring blest answers down;  
In "whatever state" abiding  
Till the Master call,  
They at eventide will find Him  
Glorified in all.

What though I can do so little  
For my Lord and King,  
At His feet I sit and listen,  
At His feet I sing.  
And, whatever my condition,  
All in love is meant;  
Sing, my soul, thy recognition,  
Sing, and be content!

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Led by kindlier hand than ours,  
We journey through this earthly scene,  
And should not, in our weary hours,  
Turn to regret what might have been.

And yet these hearts, when torn by pain,  
Or wrung by disappointment keen,  
Will seek relief from present cares  
In thoughts of joys that might have been.

But let us still these wishes vain;  
We know not that of which we dream.  
Our lives might have been sadder yet  
God only knows what might have been.

Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;  
And help us all, from morn to e'en,  
Still to believe that lot were best  
Which is—not that which might have been.

And grant we may so pass the days  
The cradle and the grave between,  
That death's dark hour not darker be  
For thoughts of what life might have been.  
—George Z. Gray.

Hushing every muttered murmur,  
Let your fortitude the firmer  
Gird your soul with strength.  
While, no treason near her lurking,  
Patience in her perfect working,  
Shall be Queen at length.

## BE CONTENT

Be thou content; be still before  
 His face at whose right hand doth  
 reign  
 Fullness of joy for evermore,  
 Without whom all thy toil is vain;  
 He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose  
 rays  
 Make glad with life and light thy dreary  
 days.  
 Be thou content.

In him is comfort, light, and grace,  
 And changeless love beyond our  
 thought;  
 The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
 If he is there, shall harm thee not.  
 He can lift off thy cross and loose thy  
 bands,  
 And calm thy fears; nay, death is in His  
 hands.  
 Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone—  
 Hast none in whom thou canst con-  
 fide?  
 God careth for thee, lonely one—  
 Comfort and help he will provide.  
 He sees thy sorrows, and thy hidden  
 grief,  
 He knoweth when to send thee quick  
 relief;  
 Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain he knows,  
 Thy secret sighs he hears full well;  
 What to none else thou dardest disclose  
 To him thou mayest with boldness  
 tell.  
 He is not far away, but ever nigh,  
 And answereth willingly the poor man's  
 cry:  
 Be thou content.

## MANNA

'Twas in the night the manna fell  
 That fed the hosts of Israel.

Enough for each day's fullest store  
 And largest need; enough, no more.

For willful waste, for prideful show,  
 God sent not angels' food below.

Still in our nights of deep distress  
 The manna falls our heart to bless.

And, famished, as we cry for bread,  
 With heavenly food our lives are fed,

And each day's need finds each day's  
 store  
 Enough. Dear Lord, what want we  
 more!  
 —Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

## BLESSINGS NEAR AT HAND

We look too far for blessings;  
 We seek too far for joys;  
 We ought to be like children  
 Who find their chiefest toys  
 Ofttimes in nearest attic,  
 Or in some dingy lane—  
 Their aprons full of weeds or flowers  
 Gathered in sun or rain.

Within the plainest cottage  
 Unselfish love may grow;  
 The sweetest, the divinest gift,  
 Which mortals ever know.

We ought to count our joys, not woes;  
 Meet care with winsome grace;  
 For discontent plows furrows  
 Upon the loveliest face.

Hope, freedom, sunlight, knowledge,  
 Come not to wealth alone;  
 He who looks far for blessings  
 Will overlook his own.  
 —Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## I WOULDN'T

A sprig of mint by the wayward brook,  
 A nibble of birch in the wood,  
 A summer day, and love, and a book,  
 And I wouldn't be a king if I could.  
 —John Vance Cheney.

The way to make thy son rich is to fill  
 His mind with rest before his trunk  
 with riches:  
 For wealth without contentment climbs  
 a hill  
 To feel those tempests which fly over  
 ditches. —George Herbert.

## THE JEWEL

There is a jewel which no Indian mine  
can buy,

No chemic art can counterfeit;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to  
gold,

The homely whistle to sweet music's  
strain;

Seldom it comes, to few from heaven  
sent,

That much in little, all in naught—  
Content.

## FINDING CONTENT

I could not find the little maid Content,  
So out I rushed, and sought her far  
and wide;

But not where Pleasure each new  
fancy tried,  
Heading the maze of rioting merriment,  
Nor where, with restless eyes and bow  
half bent,

Love in the brake of sweetbriar  
smiled and sighed,

Nor yet where Fame towered,  
crowned and glorified,

Found I her face, nor wheresoe'er I went.  
So homeward back I crawled, like  
wounded bird,

When lo! Content sate spinning at my  
door;

And when I asked her where she was  
before—

"Here all the time," she said; "I never  
stirred;

Too eager in thy search, you passed  
me o'er,

And, though I called you, neither saw  
nor heard." —Alfred Austin.

## DAILY STRENGTH

Day by day the manna fell;  
O to learn this lesson well;  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads;  
Daily strength for daily needs;  
Cast foreboding fears away;  
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand.  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to Thee I live;  
So shall added years fulfill  
Not my own—my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not;  
Happy is my humble lot;  
Anxious, busy cares away;  
I'm provided for to-day.

O to live exempt from care  
By the energy of prayer;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude.

—Josiah Conder.

## GOD IS ENOUGH

God is enough! thou, who in hope and  
fear

Toilest through desert sands of life,  
sore tried,

Climb, trustful, over death's black ridge,  
for near

The bright wells shine; thou wilt be  
satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient  
one,

Who puttest faith in him, and none  
beside,

Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun  
The glad tents gleam; thou wilt be  
satisfied

By God's gold Afternoon! peace ye shall  
have;

Man is in loss except he live aright,  
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,

Faithful and patient; then the restful  
night.

—Edwin Arnold, from the Arabian.

## THE TRULY RICH

They're richer who diminish their de-  
sires,

Though their possessions be not am-  
plified,

Than monarchs, who in owning large  
empires,

Have minds that never will be satis-  
fied.

For he is poor who wants what he would  
have,

And rich who, having naught, doth  
nothing crave. —T. Urchard.

### THY ALLOTMENT

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,  
 It is the very place God meant for thee;  
 And shouldst thou there small scope for action see  
 Do not for this give room to discontent,  
 Nor let the time thou owest God be spent  
 In idle dreaming how thou mightest be,  
 In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
 From outward hindrance or impediment.  
 For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
 That without which all goodness were a task  
 So slight that virtue never could grow strong;  
 And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind—  
 The Imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,  
 And own thy need of, grace to help ere long.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

### THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun  
 Shall lord it but a day;  
 Better the lowly deed were done,  
 And kept the humble way.  
 The rust will find the sword of fame,  
 The dust will hide the crown;  
 Aye, none shall nail so high his name  
 Time will not tear it down.  
 The happiest heart that ever beat  
 Was in some quiet breast  
 That found the common daylight sweet,  
 And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

### WELCOME THE SHADOWS

Welcome the shadows; where they blackest are  
 Burns through the bright supernal hour;  
 From blindness of wide dark looks out the star,  
 From all death's night the April flower.

For beauty and for gladness of the days  
 Bring but the meed of trust;  
 The April grass looks up from barren ways,  
 The daisy from the dust.

When of this flurry thou shalt have thy fill,  
 The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then:  
 The heavens repeat themselves in waters still  
 And in the faces of contented men.

—John Vance Cheney.

### THE DAILY COURSE

New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be  
 As more of heaven in each we see;  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
 Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
 For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we ought to ask:  
 Room to deny ourselves a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;  
 The secret, this, of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
 Fit us for perfect rest above;  
 And help us this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

—John Keble.

## GOD ENOUGH

Let nothing disturb thee,  
 Nothing affright thee;  
 All things are passing;  
 God never changeth;  
 Patient endurance  
 Attaineth to all things;  
 Who God possesseth  
 In nothing is wanting;  
 Alone God sufficeth.

—St. Teresa, tr. by Henry Wadsworth  
 Longfellow.

## THE GOLDEN MEAN

He that holds fast the golden mean  
 And lives contentedly between  
 The little and the great,  
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's  
 door,  
 Embittering all his state.

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN

If every man's internal care  
 Were written on his brow,  
 How many would our pity share  
 Who raise our envy now?  
 The fatal secret, when revealed,  
 Of every aching breast,  
 Would prove that only while concealed  
 Their lot appeared the best.  
 —Pietro Metastasio.

Let us be content in work  
 To do the thing we can, and not pre-  
 sume  
 To fret because it's little.  
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

If none were sick and none were sad,  
 What service could we render?  
 I think if *we* were always glad,  
 We scarcely could be tender.  
 If sorrow never claimed our heart,  
 And every wish were granted,  
 Patience would die and hope depart—  
 Life would be disenchanted.

A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite away  
 his sandals wore,  
 And on the desert's blistering sand his  
 feet grew very sore.  
 "To let me suffer thus, great Allah, is  
 not kind nor just,  
 While in thine service I confront the  
 painful heat and dust."  
 He murmured in complaining tone; and  
 in this temper came  
 To where, around the Kaaba, pilgrims  
 knelt of every name;  
 And there he saw, while pity and re-  
 morse his bosom beat,  
 A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes,  
 but *feet*.  
 —From the Persian, tr. by William  
 Rounseville Alger.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Strength for to-day is all that we  
 need,  
 As there never will be a to-morrow;  
 For to-morrow will prove but another  
 to-day  
 With its measure of joy or of sorrow.

Don't think your lot the worst because  
 Some griefs your joy assail;  
 There aren't so very many saws  
 That never strike a nail.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

When it drizzles and drizzles,  
 If we cheerfully smile,  
 We can make the weather,  
 By working together,  
 As fair as we choose in a little while.  
 For who will notice that clouds are drear  
 If pleasant faces are always near,  
 And who will remember that skies are  
 gray  
 If he carries a happy heart all day?

# ASPIRATION

## DESIRE, SUPPLICATION, GROWTH

### GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That the noble deed is a step toward  
God,  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under  
feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and  
gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion  
slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly  
meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and  
light;  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the  
night  
Our lives are treading the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on  
wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy  
clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for  
men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the  
way;  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire,  
and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire  
walls,  
But the dreams depart, and the vision  
falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of  
stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

### MORE AND MORE

Purer yet and purer  
I would be in mind,  
Dearer yet and dearer  
Every duty find;  
Hoping still and trusting  
God without a fear,  
Patiently believing  
He will make it clear.

Calmer yet and calmer  
Trials bear and pain,  
Surer yet and surer  
Peace at last to gain;  
Suffering still and doing,  
To his will resigned,  
And to God subduing  
Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher  
Out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer  
Rising to the light—  
Light serene and holy—  
Where my soul may rest,  
Purified and lowly,  
Sanctified and blest.

—Johann W. von Goethe.



## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl which, poets  
feign,

Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled  
wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun  
their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont  
to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing  
shell,

Before thee lies revealed—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt  
unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the last year's dwelling for the  
new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway  
through,

Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in its last-found home, and  
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message  
brought by thee,

Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed  
horn;

While on my ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I  
hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul!

As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the  
last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome  
more vast

Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## WALKING WITH JESUS

My Saviour, on the Word of Truth

In earnest hope I live,  
I ask for all the precious things  
Thy boundless love can give.

I look for many a lesser light  
About my path to shine;  
But chiefly long to walk with thee,  
And only trust in thine.

Thou knowest that I am not blest

As Thou would'st have me be  
Till all the peace and joy of faith  
Possess my soul in thee;

And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
With yearnings unexpressed,  
The comfort of thy strengthening love,  
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me

Till, humbled in the dust,  
I know no place in all my heart  
Wherein to put my trust:

Until I find, O Lord! in thee—  
The lowly and the meek—  
That fullness which thy own redeemed  
Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Saviour! on my soul,

Cast down but not dismayed,  
Still be thy chastening healing hand  
In tender mercy laid:

And while I wait for all thy joys  
My yearning heart to fill,  
Teach me to walk and work with thee,  
And at thy feet sit still.

—Anna Letitia Waring.

## A PRAYER TO THE GOD OF NATURE

God of the roadside weed,  
Grant I may humbly serve the humblest  
need.

God of the scarlet rose,  
Give me the beauty that Thy love be-  
stows.

God of the hairy bee,  
Help me to suck deep joys from all I see.

God of the spider's lace,  
Let me, from mine own heart, unwind  
such grace.

God of the lily's cup,  
Fill me! I hold this empty chalice up.

God of the sea-gull's wing,  
Bear me above each dark and turbulent  
thing.

God of the watchful owl,  
Help me to see at midnight, like this  
fowl.

God of the antelope,  
Teach me to scale the highest crags of  
Hope.

God of the eagle's nest,  
Oh, let me make my eyrie near thy  
breast!

God of the burrowing mole,  
Let cold earth have no terrors for mysoul.

God of the chrysalis,  
Grant that my grave may be a cell of  
bliss.

God of the butterfly,  
Help me to vanquish Death, although  
I die.  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

### O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME

O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me,  
And all things else recede!  
My heart be daily nearer thee,  
From sin be daily freed.

Each day let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.

In thy bright beams which on me fall  
Fade every evil thought;  
That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.

More of thy glory let me see,  
Thou holy, wise and true,  
I would thy living image be,  
In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,  
Hold me by strength divine;  
Lord, let the glow of thy great love  
Through my whole being shine.

Make this poor self grow less and less;  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
Oh, make me daily through thy grace  
More meet to bear thy name!

Let faith in Thee and in thy might  
My every motive move;  
Be thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love.  
—Henry B. Smith.

### DAY BY DAY

Looking upward every day,  
Sunshine on our faces,  
Pressing onward every day  
Toward the heavenly places;  
Growing every day in awe,  
For thy name is holy;  
Learning every day to love  
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close  
To our Elder Brother;  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another;  
Every day more gratefully  
Kindnesses receiving,  
Every day more readily  
Injuries forgiving.

Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder;  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder—  
Lord, so pray we every day;  
Hear us in thy pity,  
That we enter in at last  
To the holy city. —Mary Butler.

Better to have the poet's heart than  
brain,  
Feeling than song; but, better far than  
both,  
To be a song, a music of God's making.  
Or but a table on which God's finger of  
flame,  
In words harmonious of triumphant  
verse,  
That mingles joy and sorrow, sets down  
clear  
That out of darkness he hath called the  
light.  
It may be voice to such is after given  
To tell the mighty tale to other worlds  
—George Macdonald.

## FREE FROM SIN

The bird let loose in eastern skies,  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam;  
 But high she shoots through air and light  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
 To hold my course to thee!  
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs;  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom in her wings!  
 —Thomas Moore.

## A PRAYER

O that mine eyes might closed be  
 To what concerns me not to see;  
 That deafness might possess mine ear  
 To what concerns me not to hear;  
 That truth my tongue might always tie  
 From ever speaking foolishly;  
 That no vain thought might ever rest  
 Or be conceived within my breast;  
 That by each deed and word and thought  
 Glory may to my God be brought.  
 But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye  
 On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry!  
 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
 And make it clean in every part;  
 And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,  
 For that is more than I can do.  
 —Thomas Elwood, A.D. 1639.

## THE ALTERED MOTTO

O the bitter shame and sorrow,  
 That a time could ever be  
 When I let the Saviour's pity  
 Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
 "All of self, and none of Thee!"

Yet He found me; I beheld him  
 Bleeding on the accursed tree,  
 Heard him pray, "Forgive them,  
 Father!"  
 And my wistful heart said faintly,  
 "Some of self and some of Thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,  
 Healing, helping, full and free,  
 Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,  
 Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
 "Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heaven,  
 Deeper than the deepest sea,  
 Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;  
 Grant me now my supplication—  
 "None of self, and all of Thee."  
 —Theodore Monod.

## INDWELLING

O dwell in me, my Lord,  
 That I in thee may dwell;  
 Fulfill thy tender word,  
 That thy evangel tell;  
 In me Thou, I in thee,  
 By thy sweet courtesy.

But wilt thou my guest be,  
 In this poor heart of mine?  
 Thy guest? Is this for me  
 In that pure heart of thine?  
 In me thou, I in thee,  
 By thy sweet courtesy.

My chamber, Lord, prepare  
 Whither thou deignest come;  
 I may not seek to share  
 The making of thy home;  
 In me thou, I in thee,  
 By thy sweet courtesy.

Thy gracious gifts bestow,  
 Humility and love;  
 O cause my heart to glow  
 By fire sent from above.  
 In me thou, I in thee,  
 By thy sweet courtesy.  
 —Alexander B. Grosart.

Thy name to me, thy nature grant;  
 This, only this be given;  
 Nothing besides my God I want,  
 Nothing in earth or heaven.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me thine abode;  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 Let all I am be God.  
 —Charles Wesley.

## PERFECTION

O how the thought of God attracts,  
And draws the heart from earth,  
And sickens it of passing shows  
And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls,  
To shun the eternal fires;  
The thought of God will rouse the heart  
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,  
Though rough and strait the road;  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.

Oh, utter but the name of God  
Down in your heart of hearts,  
And see how from the world at once  
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye  
Can win their way above;  
If mountains can be moved by faith  
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,  
How little hast thou gone!  
Take heart, and let the thought of God  
Allure thee further on.

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
But let thy hand be free;  
Look long at Jesus; his sweet blood—  
How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh;  
It is not hard to love;  
If thou wert sick for want of God  
How swiftly wouldst thou move.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide;  
Love him as he loves thee;  
Time and obedience are enough,  
And thou a saint shalt be.  
—Frederick William Faber.

Thou broadest out with every year  
Each breadth of life to meet;  
I scarce can think thou art the same,  
Thou art so much more sweet.  
With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
Dear God, to see thy face;  
And meanwhile in my narrow heart  
O make thyself more space!  
—Frederick William Faber.

## LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful, as Longing?  
The thing we long for, *that* we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the Present poor and bare  
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,  
Glows down the wished ideal,  
And longing molds in clay what life  
Carves on the marble real;  
To let the new life in, we know,  
Desire must ope the portal;  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living;  
But, would we learn that heart's full  
scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,  
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways,  
But when the spirit beckons;  
That some slight good is also wrought,  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought  
Howe'er we fail in action.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## MORE HOLINESS

More holiness give me;  
More strivings within.  
More patience in suffering,  
More sorrow for sin.  
More faith in my Saviour,  
More sense of his care,  
More joy in his service,  
More purpose in prayer.

More gratitude give me,  
More trust in the Lord,  
More pride in his glory,  
More hope in his word.  
More tears for his sorrows,  
More pain at his grief,  
More meekness in trial,  
More praise for relief.

More purity give me,  
 More strength to o'ercome,  
 More freedom from earth-stains,  
 More longings for home;  
 More fit for the kingdom,  
 More used I would be,  
 More blessed and holy—  
 More, Saviour, like thee.  
 —Philip Paul Bliss.

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“MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE  
 LORD”

My soul shall be a telescope,  
 Searching the distant bounds of time  
 and space,  
 That somehow I may image, as I grope,  
 Jehovah's power and grace.

My soul a microscope shall be,  
 In all minutest providences keen  
 Jehovah's patient thoughtfulness to see,  
 And read his love between.

My soul shall be a burning-glass  
 That diligence to worship may suc-  
 ceed,  
 That I may catch God's glories as they  
 pass,  
 And focus to a deed.

So, even so,  
 A mote in his creation, even I  
 Seeking alone to do, to feel, to know,  
 The Lord must magnify.  
 —Amos R. Wells.

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Lord, let me not be too content  
 With life in trifling service spent—  
 Make me aspire!  
 When days with petty cares are filled  
 Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled  
 Of something higher!

Help me to long for mental grace  
 To struggle with the commonplace  
 I daily find.  
 May little deeds not bring to fruit  
 A crop of little thought to suit  
 A shriveled mind.

---

I know this earth is not my sphere,  
 For I cannot so narrow me but that  
 I still exceed it.  
 —Robert Browning.

A SHRINKING PRAYER

Give me, O Lord, a heart of grace,  
 A voice of joy, a smiling face,  
 That I may show, where'er I turn,  
 Thy love within my soul doth burn!

Then life be sweet, and joy be dear,  
 Be in my mind a quiet fear;  
 A patient love of pain and care,  
 An enmity to dark despair.

A tenderness for all that stray,  
 With strength to help them on their  
 way;  
 A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth,  
 Brightening my steps along the earth.

I ask and shrink, yet shrink and ask;  
 I know thou wilt not set a task  
 Too hard for hands that thou hast made,  
 Too hard for hands that thou canst aid.

So let me dwell all peacefully,  
 Content to live, content to die;  
 Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,  
 Rejoicing evermore. Amen.  
 —Rosa Mulholland.

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THAT I MAY SOAR

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf  
 Than that I may not disappoint my-  
 self;  
 That in my action I may soar as high  
 As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value which thy kindness  
 lends,  
 That I may greatly disappoint my  
 friends,  
 Howe'er they think or hope that it may  
 be,  
 They may not dream how thou'st dis-  
 tinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm  
 faith,  
 And my life practise more than my  
 tongue saith;  
 That my low conduct may not show,  
 Nor my relenting lines,  
 That I thy purpose did not know,  
 Or overrated thy designs.  
 —Henry David Thoreau.

## A CRY OF THE SOUL

O God of truth, for whom alone I sigh,  
 Knit thou my heart by strong, sweet  
 cords to thee.  
 I tire of hearing; books my patience try;  
 Untired to thee I cry;  
 Thyself my all shalt be.

Lord, be thou near and cheer my lonely  
 way;  
 With thy sweet peace my aching  
 bosom fill;  
 Scatter my cares and fears; my griefs  
 allay;  
 And be it mine each day  
 To love and please thee still.

My God! Thou hearest me; but clouds  
 obscure  
 Even yet thy perfect radiance, truth  
 divine!  
 O for the stainless skies, the splendors  
 pure,  
 The joys that aye endure.  
 When thine own glories shine!  
 —Pierre Corneille.

## A PURPOSE TRUE

Lord, make me quick to see  
 Each task awaiting me,  
 And quick to do;  
 Oh, grant me strength, I pray,  
 With lowly love each day  
 And purpose true.

To go as Jesus went,  
 Spending and being spent,  
 Myself forgot;  
 Supplying human needs  
 By loving words and deeds,  
 Oh, happy lot!  
 —Robert M. Offord.

There are deep things of God. Push  
 out from shore;  
 Hast thou found much? Give thanks,  
 and look for more.  
 Dost fear the generous Giver to offend?  
 Then know his store of bounty hath no  
 end.  
 He doth not need to be implored or  
 teased;  
 The more we take the better he is  
 pleased.  
 —Charles Gordon Ames.

## BREATHE ON ME

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Fill me with life anew,  
 That I may love what thou dost love,  
 And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Until my heart is pure,  
 Until with thee I will one will,  
 To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Till I am wholly thine;  
 Till all this earthly part of me  
 Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 So shall I never die,  
 But live with thee the perfect life  
 Of thine eternity.  
 —Edwin Hatch.

## THE COMPARATIVE DEGREE

What weight of woe we owe to thee,  
 Accurst comparative degree!  
 Thy paltry step can never give  
 Access to the superlative;  
 For he who would the wisest be,  
 Strives to make others wise as he,  
 And never yet was man judged best  
 Who would be better than the rest;  
 So does comparison unkind  
 Dwarf and debase the haughty mind.

Make not a man your measuring-rod  
 If you would span the way to God;  
 Heed not our petty "worse" or "less,"  
 But fix your eyes on perfectness.  
 Make for the loftiest point in view,  
 And draw your friends along with you.  
 —Amos R. Wells.

Thy nature be my law,  
 Thy spotless sanctity,  
 And sweetly every moment draw  
 My happy soul to thee.

Soul of my soul remain;  
 Who didst for me fulfill,  
 In me, O Lord, fulfill again  
 Thy heavenly Father's will.  
 —Charles Wesley.

## LEAD ON, O LORD

Jesus still lead on  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless;  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For, through many a foe  
To our home we go.

When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief:  
When oppressed by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on  
Till our rest be won;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, control, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.  
—Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf.

Give me this day  
A little work to occupy my mind;  
A little suffering to sanctify  
My spirit; and, dear Lord, if thou canst  
find  
Some little good that I may do for thee,  
I shall be glad, for that will comfort me.  
Mind, spirit, hand—I lift them all to  
thee.

O make me patient, Lord,  
Patient in daily cares;  
Keep me from thoughtless words,  
That slip out unawares.  
And help me, Lord, I pray,  
Still nearer thee to live,  
And as I journey on,  
More of thy presence give.

O square thyself for use. A stone that  
may  
Fit in the wall is not left in the way.  
—From the Persian.

Think, and be careful what thou art  
within,  
For there is sin in the desire of sin:  
Think and be thankful in a different  
case;  
For there is grace in the desire of grace.  
—George Gordon Byron.

A man's higher being is knowing and  
seeing;  
Not having or toiling for more;  
In the senses and soul is the joy of con-  
trol,  
Not in pride and luxurious store.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Be with me, Lord, where'er my path may  
lead;  
Fulfill thy word, supply my every need;  
Help me to live each day more close to  
thee.  
And O, dear Lord, I pray abide with me.

In all I think or speak or do,  
Whatever way my steps are bent,  
God shape and keep me strong and true,  
Courageous, cheerful, and content.  
—W. D. Russell.

Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do:  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

This be my prayer, from dawn to eve,  
Working between the suns;  
Lord, make my arm as firm as a knight's  
My soul as white as a nun's.

Every hour that fleets so slowly has its  
task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown and holy, if we set  
each gem with care.

O for a man to rise in me,  
That the man that I am  
May cease to be.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

# PRAYER

## WORSHIP, COMMUNION, DEVOTION

### THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Father of all! in every age,  
In ev'ry clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,

Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives—  
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound;  
Or think thee Lord alone of man  
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied  
Or aught thy wisdom lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so  
Since quicken'd by thy breath;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;  
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all Being raise,  
All Nature's incense rise!

—Alexander Pope.

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### THE HOUR OF PRAYER

My God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet:  
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for  
grief,  
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.



Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,  
 No privilege so dear shall be  
 As thus my inmost soul to pour  
 In prayer to thee.

—Charlotte Elliott.

### PETITION

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but  
 ever pray,

Though hope be weak or sick with  
 long delay;  
 Pray in the darkness if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human  
 sight,

When war and discord on the earth  
 shall cease;

Yet every prayer for universal peace  
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of  
 heaven,

Though it be what thou canst not  
 hope to see.

Pray to be perfect, though material  
 heaven

Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;  
 But if for any wish thou dardest not pray,  
 Then pray to God to cast that wish  
 away. —Hartley Coleridge.

### SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

Unanswered yet the prayer your lips  
 have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?  
 Does faith begin to fail? Is hope de-  
 parting?

And think you all in vain those falling  
 tears?

Say not the Father hath not heard your  
 prayer;

You shall have your desire sometime,  
 somewhere.

Unanswered yet?—though when you first  
 presented

This one petition at the Father's  
 throne

It seemed you could not wait the time  
 of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it  
 known!

Though years have passed since then,  
 do not despair;

The Lord will answer you sometime,  
 somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say un-  
 granted;

Perhaps your work is not yet wholly  
 done.

The work began when first your prayer  
 was uttered,

And God will finish what he has begun.

If you will keep the incense burning  
 there

His glory you shall see sometime, some-  
 where.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un-  
 answered,

Her feet were firmly planted on the  
 Rock;

Amid the wildest storms she stands un-  
 daunted,

Nor quails before the loudest thunder  
 shock.

She knows Omnipotence has heard her  
 prayer,

And cries, "It shall be done"—some-  
 time, somewhere.

—Miss Ophelia G. Browning.

### SECRET PRAYER

Lord, I have shut my door—

Shut out life's busy cares and fretting  
 noise,

Here in this silence they intrude no  
 more.

Speak thou, and heavenly joys

Shall fill my heart with music sweet and  
 calm—

A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door,

Even on all the beauty of thine earth—  
 To its blue ceiling, from its emerald

floor,  
 Filled with spring's bloom and mirth;

From these, thy works, I turn; thyself  
 I seek;

To thee I speak.

And I have shut my door

On earthly passion—all its yearning  
 love,

Its tender friendships, all the priceless  
 store

Of human ties. Above

All these my heart aspires, O Heart  
 divine!

Stoop thou to mine.

Lord, I have shut my door!  
 Come thou and visit me: I am alone!  
 Come as when doors were shut thou  
   cam'st of yore  
 And visited thine own.  
 My Lord, I kneel with reverence, love,  
   and fear,  
   For thou art here.  
       —Mary Ellen Atkinson.

### WHAT MAN IS THERE OF YOU?

The homely words—how often read!  
 How seldom fully known:  
 "Which father of you, asked for bread,  
   Would give his son a stone?"

How oft has bitter tear been shed,  
 And heaved how many a groan,  
 Because thou wouldst not give for bread  
   The thing that was a stone!

How oft the child thou wouldst have fed  
 Thy gift away has thrown;  
 He prayed, thou heardst, and gavest  
   bread—  
 He cried, "It is a stone!"

Lord, if I ask in doubt and dread,  
 Lest I be left to moan,  
 Am I not he, who, asked for bread,  
   Would give his son a stone?  
       —George Macdonald.

### DENIAL

I want so many, many things,  
 My wishes on my prayers take wings,  
 And heavenward fly to sue for grace  
 Before the loving Father's face.

But He, well knowing all my need,  
 Kindly rebukes my foolish greed,  
 And, granting not the gift I ask,  
 Sets me instead to do some task—

Some lowly task—for love of him,  
 So lowly, and in light so dim,  
 My sorrowing soul must cease to sing,  
 And only sigh, "'Tis for the King."

And scarcely can my faith repeat  
 Her sad petition at his feet:  
 "These daily tasks Thou giv'st to me,  
 Help, Lord, to do as unto thee!"

Yet while his bidding thus I do—  
 I know not how, or why, 'tis true—  
 My thoughts to sweet contentment glide,  
 And I forget the wish denied.

And so my prayers he hears and heeds,  
 Mindful of all my daily needs;  
 Gracious, most gracious, too, in this—  
 Denying, when I ask amiss.  
       —Luella Clark.

### A BLESSING IN PRAYER

If when I kneel to pray,  
 With eager lips I say:  
 "Lord, give me all the things that I de-  
   sire—  
 Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave  
   heart, religious fire,  
 The power to sway my fellow men at will,  
 And strength for mighty works to banish  
   ill"—  
 In such a prayer as this  
 The blessing I must miss.

Or if I only dare  
 To raise this fainting prayer:  
 "Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and  
   weak,  
 And cannot tell what things I ought to  
   seek;  
 I therefore do not ask at all, but still  
 I trust thy bounty all my wants to  
   fill"—  
 My lips shall thus grow dumb,  
 The blessing shall not come.

But if I lowly fall,  
 And thus in faith I call:  
 "Through Christ, O Lord, I pray thee  
   give to me  
 Not what I would, but what seems best  
   to thee  
 Of life, of health, of service, and of  
   strength,  
 Until to thy full joy I come at length"—  
 My prayer shall then avail;  
 The blessing shall not fail.  
       —Charles F. Richardson.

Teach me, dear Lord, what thou wouldst  
   have me know;  
 Guide me, dear Lord, where thou  
   wouldst have me go;  
 Help me, dear Lord, the precious seed  
   to sow;  
 Bless thou the seed that it may surely  
   grow.

## THE TIME FOR PRAYER

When is the time for prayer?  
 With the first beams that light the  
 morning sky,  
 Ere for the toils of day thou dost pre-  
 pare,  
 Lift up thy thoughts on high;  
 Commend thy loved ones to his watch-  
 ful care:  
 Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,  
 If worn by toil or by sad care oppressed,  
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows  
 pour,  
 And he will give thee rest:  
 Thy voice shall reach him through the  
 fields of air:  
 Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,  
 Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the  
 skies,  
 When with the loved, at home, again  
 thou'st met,  
 Then let thy prayers arise  
 For those who in thy joys and sorrows  
 share:  
 Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth—  
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes  
 are given  
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives  
 birth  
 To pure bright dreams of heaven—  
 Kneel to thy God; ask strength life's ills  
 to bear:  
 Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?  
 In every hour, while life is spared to  
 thee—  
 In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—  
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.  
 At home—at morn and eve—with loved  
 ones there,  
 Bend thou the knee in prayer!

## NOT A SOUND INVADES THE STILLNESS

Not a sound invades the stillness,  
 Not a form invades the scene,  
 Save the voice of my Belovèd,  
 And the person of my King.

And within those heavenly places,  
 Calmly hushed in sweet repose,  
 There I drink, with joy absorbing,  
 All the love thou wouldst disclose.

Wrapt in deep adoring silence,  
 Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,  
 Lest I lose the smallest saying  
 Meant to catch the ear of love.

Rest, then, O my soul, contented:  
 Thou hast reached thy happy place  
 In the bosom of thy Saviour,  
 Gazing up in his dear face.

## FORMAL PRAYER

I often say my prayers,  
 But do I ever pray;  
 And do the wishes of my heart  
 Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down  
 And worship gods of stone,  
 As offer to the living God  
 A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart  
 The Lord will never hear:  
 Nor will he to those lips attend  
 Whose prayers are not sincere.  
 —John Burton.

## BLESSINGS OF PRAYER

What various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy-seat!  
 Yet who that knows the worth of  
 prayer  
 But wishes to be often there!

Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
 draw;  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love;  
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
 Prayer keeps the Christian's armor  
 bright;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

Were half the breath that's vainly spent  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Our cheerful song would oftener be  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."  
 —William Cowper.

## WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray!  
—James Montgomery.

## SPIRITUAL DEVOTION

The woman singeth at her spinning  
wheel  
A pleasant chant, ballad, or baracolle;  
She thinketh of her song, upon the  
whole,  
Far more than of her flax; and yet the  
reel  
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,  
With quick adjustment, provident con-  
trol,  
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,  
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal  
To the dear Christian Church, that we  
may do  
Our Father's business in these temples  
mirk  
Thus, swift and steadfast; thus, intent  
and strong;  
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls  
pursue  
Some high, calm, spheric tune and  
prove our work  
The better for the sweetness of our song.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## PRAYER OF DEEDS

The deed ye do is the prayer ye pray;  
"Lead us into temptation, Lord:  
Withhold the bread from our babes this  
day;  
To evil we turn us, give evil's re-  
ward!"

Over to-day the to-morrow bends  
With an answer for each acted prayer;  
And woe to him who makes not friends  
With the pale hereafter hovering  
there. —George S. Burleigh.

## SUNDAY

Not a dread cavern, hoar with damp and  
mould,  
Where I must creep and in the dark and  
cold  
Offer some awful incense at a shrine  
That hath no more divine  
Than that 'tis far from life, and stern,  
and old;

But a bright hilltop, in the breezy air  
Full of the morning freshness, high and  
clear,  
Where I may climb and drink the pure  
new day  
And see where winds away  
The path that God would send me,  
shining fair.  
—Edward Rowland Sill.

## PRAYER

When prayer delights thee least, then  
learn to say,  
Soul, now is greatest need that thou  
should'st pray:

Crooked and warped I am, and I would  
fain  
Straighten myself by thy right line  
again.

Oh, come, warm sun, and ripen my late  
fruits;  
Pierce, genial showers, down to my  
parched roots.

My well is bitter, cast therein the tree,  
That sweet henceforth its brackish  
waves may be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer  
indeed?

The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with  
might

Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won,  
Withdrawn from thence 'twas cold and  
hard anon.

Flowers, from their stalk divided,  
presently  
Droop, fall, and wither in the gazer's  
eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,  
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain-head  
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty  
bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,  
And sun and moon are beggars at his  
gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold  
When angel hands from heaven are  
scattering gold.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

### MEANING OF PRAYER

One thing, alone, dear Lord, I dread—  
To have a secret spot  
That separates my soul from thee,  
And yet to know it not.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,  
Or selfish pastime sweet;  
It is the prostrate creature's place  
At his Creator's feet.

But if this waiting long hath come  
A present from on high,  
Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
That in its depths may lie.

So in the darkness I can learn  
To tremble and adore;  
To sound my own vile nothingness,  
And thus to love thee more.  
—Frederick William Faber.

### TALKING WITH GOD

To stretch my hand and touch Him  
Though he be far away;  
To raise my eyes and see him  
Through darkness as through day;  
To lift my voice and call him—  
This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended  
By One who standeth near;  
To view the love that shineth  
In eyes serene and clear;  
To know that he is calling—  
This is to hear!  
—Samuel W. Duffield.

### MY PRAYER

Being perplexed, I say,  
"Lord, make it right!  
Night is as day to thee,  
Darkness is light.  
I am afraid to touch  
Things that involve so much;  
My trembling hand may shake—  
My skillful hand may break;  
Thine can make no mistake."

Being in doubt, I say,  
"Lord, make it plain!  
Which is the true, safe way?  
Which would be vain?  
I am not wise to know,  
Nor sure of foot to go;  
My blind eyes cannot see  
What is so clear to thee.  
Lord, make it clear to me."

### THE SOURCE OF POWER

There is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel songs,  
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on  
high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the  
world,  
To bring salvation down.  
—James Cowden Wallace.

### DIFFERENT PRAYERS

Three doors there are in the temple  
Where men go up to pray,  
And they that wait at the outer gate  
May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking;  
They lie on the Master's breast,  
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,  
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;  
They doubt where their reason fails;  
But their mind's despair is the ancient  
prayer  
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking;  
They put their strength to the wheel  
For they have not time for thoughts  
sublime;  
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer,  
Each in his kindred way;  
Adapt thy light to his form of night  
And grant him his needed day.  
—William Watson.

### TRUE PRAYER

#### I.

It is not prayer,  
This clamor of our eager wants  
That fills the air  
With wearying, selfish plaints.

It is not faith  
To boldly count all gifts as ours—  
The pride that saith,  
"For me his wealth he ever showers."

It is not praise  
To call to mind our happier lot,  
And boast bright days,  
God-favored, with all else forgot.

#### II.

It is true prayer  
To seek the giver more than gift  
God's life to share  
And love—for this our cry to lift.

It is true faith  
To simply trust his loving will,  
Whic'er he saith—  
"Thy lot be glad" or "ill."

It is true praise  
To bless alike the bright and dark;  
To sing, all days  
Alike, with nightingale and lark.  
—James W. White.

### THE POWER OF PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us one short  
hour  
Spent in thy presence will prevail to  
make:  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms  
take;  
What parched grounds refresh as with  
a shower!  
We kneel—and all about us seems to  
lower;  
We rise—and all, the distant and the  
near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and  
clear.  
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full  
of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves  
this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong;  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
Anxious and troubled, when with us is  
prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are  
with thee?  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

Asked and unasked, thy heavenly gifts  
unfold,  
And evil, though we ask it, Lord, with-  
hold.  
—Homer, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
Marvin.

## MARY OF BETHANY

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
 Nor other thought her mind admits  
 But, he was dead, and there he sits.  
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
 All other, when her ardent gaze  
 Roves from the living brother's face  
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears.  
 Borne down by gladness so complete,  
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's  
 feet  
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful  
 prayers,  
 Whose loves in higher love endure;  
 What souls possess themselves so pure,  
 Or is there blessedness like theirs?  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## PRAYER ITS OWN ANSWER

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man,  
 racked with pain the long night  
 through;  
 Till with prayer his heart was tender, till  
 his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said,  
 "Call louder, child of pain!  
 See if Allah ever hear, or answer 'Here  
 am I' again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his  
 brain and pulses went;  
 To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain  
 a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says "My  
 child! why thus dismayed?  
 Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy  
 soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often;  
 never heard the 'Here am I';  
 And I thought, God will not pity, will  
 not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God  
 said, 'Rise, Elias, go,  
 Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift  
 him from his gulf of woe."

"Tell him that his very longing is itself  
 an answering cry;  
 That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah,'  
 is my answer, 'Here am I'".

"Every inmost aspiration is God's  
 angel undefiled;  
 And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers  
 deep a 'Here, my child!'"  
 —Jelal-ed-Deen, tr. by James Freeman  
 Clarke.

## THE CONTENTS OF PIETY

"Allah!" was all night long the cry of  
 one oppressed with care,  
 Till softened was his heart, and sweet  
 became his lips with prayer.  
 Then near the subtle tempter stole, and  
 spake:  
 "Fond babbler, cease!  
 For not one 'Here am I' has God e'er  
 sent to give thee peace."  
 With sorrow sank the suppliant's soul,  
 and all his senses fled.  
 But lo! at midnight, the good angel,  
 Chiser, came, and said:  
 "What ails thee now, my child, and why  
 art thou afraid to pray?  
 And why thy former love dost thou re-  
 pent? declare and say."  
 "Ah!" cries he, "never once spake God  
 to me, 'Here am I, son.'  
 Cast off methinks I am, and warned far  
 from his gracious throne."  
 To whom the angel answered, "Hear the  
 word from God I bear:  
 'Go tell,' he said, 'yon mourner, sunk in  
 sorrow and despair,  
 Each 'Lord, appear!' thy lips pro-  
 nounce contains my 'Here am I';  
 A special messenger I send beneath  
 thine every sigh;  
 Thy love is but a guerdon of the love I  
 bear to thee.  
 And sleeping in thy 'Come, O Lord!'  
 there lies 'Here, son!' from me."  
 —Oriental, tr. by William Rounseville  
 Alger.

He prayeth well who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast.  
 He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things, both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us  
 He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

## ADORATION

I love my God, but with no love of mine,  
 For I have none to give;  
 I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine  
 For by thy love I live.  
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be  
 Emptied and lost and swallowed up in  
 thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children  
 need,  
 And there is none beside;  
 From thee the streams of blessedness  
 proceed,  
 In thee the blest abide—  
 Fountain of life and all-abounding grace.  
 Our source, our center, and our dwelling  
 place. —Madame Guyon.

## WALKING WITH GOD

O Master, let me walk with thee  
 In lowly paths of service free;  
 Tell me thy secret; help me bear  
 The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move  
 By some clear, winning word of love;  
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
 And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience! still with Thee  
 In closer, dearer company:  
 In work that keeps faith sweet and  
 strong,  
 In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray  
 Far down the future's broadening way;  
 In peace that only thou canst give,  
 With thee, O Master, let me live.  
 —Washington Gladden.

There was a man who prayed  
 For wisdom that he might  
 Sway men from sinful ways  
 And lead them into light.  
 Each night he knelt and asked the Lord  
 To let him guide the sinful horde.  
 And every day he rose again,  
 To idly drift along,  
 One of the many common men  
 Who form the common throng.

## GRANTED OR DENIED

To long with all our longing powers,  
 And have the wish denied;  
 To urge and strain our force in vain  
 Against the unresting tide  
 Of fate and circumstance, which still  
 Baffles and beats and thwarts our will;

To reach the goal toward which we  
 strove  
 All the long way and hard;  
 To win the prize which, to our eyes,  
 Seemed life's one best reward—  
 Love's rose, Fame's laurel, olived Peace,  
 The gold-fruit of Hesperides—

And then to find the prize all vain,  
 The joys all empty made—  
 To taste the sting in each sweet thing,  
 To watch Love's roses fade,  
 The fruit to ashes turn, the gold  
 To worthless dross within our hold!

Now which has most of grief and pain,  
 Which is the worse to bear:  
 The joy we crave and never have,  
 Or the curse of the granted prayer?  
 The baffled wish or the bitter rue—  
 Could our hearts choose between the  
 two?

O will of God, thou blessed will!  
 Which, like a balmèd air,  
 The breath of souls about us rolls,  
 Touching us everywhere,  
 Imparting, like a soft caress,  
 Healing, and help, and tenderness,

O will of God, be thou our will!  
 Then, come or joy or pain,  
 Made one with thee it cannot be  
 That we shall wish in vain,  
 And, whether granted or denied,  
 Our hearts shall be all satisfied.  
 —Susan Coolidge.

## OUT OF TOUCH

Only a smile, yes, only a smile  
 That a woman o'erburdened with grief  
 Expected from you; 'twould have given  
 relief,  
 For her heart ached sore the while;  
 But weary and cheerless she went away,  
 Because, as it happened, that very day  
 You were "out of touch" with your  
 Lord.



Only a word, yes, only a word,  
That the Spirit's small voice whispered  
"Speak";

But the worker passed onward un-  
blessed and weak

Whom you were meant to have stirred  
To courage, devotion, and love anew,  
Because when the message came to you  
You were "out of touch" with your  
Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note  
To a friend in a distant land.  
The Spirit said "Write," but then you  
had planned

Some different work, and you thought  
It mattered little. You did not know  
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and  
woe;

You were "out of touch" with your  
Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song  
That the Spirit said "Sing to-night;  
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased  
right";

But you thought, "'Mid this motley  
throng  
I care not to sing of the city of gold"—  
And the heart that your words might  
have reached grew cold;

You were "out of touch" with your  
Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day!  
But oh, can you guess, my friend,  
Where the influence reaches, and where  
it will end

Of the hours that you frittered away?  
The Master's command is "Abide in me"  
And fruitless and vain will your service  
be

If "out of touch" with your Lord.

—Jean H. Watson.

Prayer is Innocence's friend; and will-  
ingly flieth incessant

'Twixt the earth and the sky, the  
carrier-pigeon of heaven.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

We may question with wand of science,  
Explain, decide, and discuss;

But only in meditation

The Mystery speaks to us.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

I walk down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me—save God's and my  
own!

And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human and sin.

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
And still found the false with the true;  
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of the  
blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the world  
veiled  
Even *that* glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the  
human,  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,  
And heard a Voice call me. Since  
then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine.  
When I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And about me a voice said, "Be mine,"  
There arose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-  
drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from  
censer,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim  
valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to men, like the doves of the deluge  
The message of peace they may bring.

But far out on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar, between mountains,  
And God and his angels are there;  
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,  
The other, the bright Mount of Prayer.  
—Abram Joseph Ryan.

#### HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF

Because I seek thee not O seek thou me!  
Because my lips are dumb O hear the cry

I do not utter as thou passest by,  
And from my lifelong bondage set me free!

Because, content, I perish far from thee,  
O seize me, snatch me from my fate  
and try

My soul in thy consuming fire! Draw  
nigh  
And let me, blinded, thy salvation see.

If I were pouring at thy feet my tears,  
If I were clamoring to see thy face,  
I should not need thee, Lord, as now  
I need,

Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither  
hopes nor fears,  
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this  
place.

Because I seek not, pray not, give thou  
heed.

#### PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN

Two went to pray? O, rather say  
One went to brag, the other to pray;  
One stands up close and treads on high,  
Where the other dares not lend his eye;  
One nearer to God's altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

—Richard Crashaw.

#### A MOMENT IN THE MORNING

A moment in the morning, ere the cares  
of the day begin,  
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the  
world to enter in,  
Ah, then, alone with Jesus, in the silence  
of the morn,  
In heavenly sweet communion, let your  
duty-day be born.  
In the quietude that blesses with a pre-  
lude of repose  
Let your soul be smoothed and softened,  
as the dew revives the rose.

A moment in the morning take your  
Bible in your hand,  
And catch a glimpse of glory from the  
peaceful promised land:

It will linger still before you when you  
seek the busy mart,  
And like flowers of hope will blossom  
into beauty in your heart.

The precious words, like jewels, will  
glisten all the day

With a rare effulgent glory that will  
brighten all the way;

When comes a sore temptation, and  
your feet are near a snare,  
You may count them like a rosary and  
make each one a prayer.

A moment in the morning—a moment,  
if no more—

Is better than an hour when the trying  
day is o'er.

'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the  
manna for the day;

If you fail to gather early—alas! it melts  
away.

So, in the blush of morning, take the  
offered hand of love,

And walk in heaven's pathway and the  
peacefulness thereof.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

#### AN INVITATION TO PRAYER

Come to the morning prayer,  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages rest and pray;  
Sweet is the shadow from the heat  
When the sun smites by day.

At eve, shut to the door,  
 Round the home altar pray;  
 And finding there "the house of God"  
 At "heaven's gate" close the day.

When midnight seals our eyes,  
 Let each in spirit say,  
 "I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
 With thee to watch and pray."  
 —James Montgomery.

### SELFISH PRAYER

How we, poor players on life's little  
 stage,  
 Thrust blindly at each other in our rage,  
 Quarrel and fret, yet rashly dare to pray  
 To God to keep us on our selfish way.

We think to move him with our prayer  
 and praise  
 To serve our needs, as in the old Greek  
 days  
 Their gods came down and mingled in  
 the fight  
 With mightier arms the flying foe to  
 smite.

The laughter of those gods pealed down  
 to man;  
 For heaven was but earth's upper story  
 then,  
 Where goddesses about an apple strove  
 And the high gods fell humanly in love.

We own a God whose presence fills the  
 sky;  
 Whose sleepless eyes behold the worlds  
 roll by;  
 Whose faithful memory numbers, one  
 by one,  
 The sons of man, and calls them each  
 his son.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

To make rough places plain, and crooked  
 straight;  
 To help the weak; to envy not the  
 strong;  
 To make the earth a sweeter dwelling  
 place,  
 In little ways, or if we may, in great,  
 And in the world to help the heavenly  
 song,  
 We pray, Lord Jesus, grant to us thy  
 grace!

### THE TWO RELIGIONS

A woman sat by a hearthside place  
 Reading a book, with a pleasant face,  
 Till a child came up, with a childish  
 frown,  
 And pushed the book, saying, "Put it  
 down."  
 Then the mother, slapping his curly  
 head,  
 Said, "Troublesome child, go off to bed;  
 A great deal of Christ's life I must know  
 To train you up as a child should go."  
 And the child went off to bed to cry,  
 And denounce religion—by and by.

Another woman bent over a book  
 With a smile of joy and an intent look,  
 Till a child came up and jogged her knee,  
 And said of the book, "Put it down—  
 take me."  
 Then the mother sighed as she stroked  
 his head,  
 Saying softly, "I never shall get it read:  
 But I'll try by loving to learn His will,  
 And his love into my child instill."  
 That child went to bed without a sigh,  
 And will love religion—by and by.

### A LIFE HID WITH CHRIST

I have a life with Christ to live;  
 But ere I live it must I wait  
 Till learning can clear answer give  
 Of this or that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live,  
 I have a death in Christ to die;  
 And must I wait till science give  
 All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt  
 Is raging wildly round about,  
 Questioning of life and death and sin,  
 Let me but creep within  
 Thy fold, O Christ, and at thy feet  
 Take but the lowest seat,  
 And hear thine awful voice repeat  
 In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Believe me, and be blest."

—John Campbell Shairp.

Still raise for good the supplicating  
 voice,  
 But leave to Heaven the measure and  
 the choice. —Dr. Samuel Johnson.

## PRAY ALWAYS

Go when the morning shineth,  
 Go when the noon is bright,  
 Go when the eve declineth,  
 Go in the hush of night;  
 Go with pure mind and feeling,  
 Fling earthly thoughts away,  
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
 All who are loved by thee;  
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
 If any such there be.  
 Then for thyself in meekness  
 A blessing humbly claim,  
 And link with thy petition  
 The great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
 In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
 When friends are round thy way,  
 E'en then the silent breathing  
 Of thy spirit, raised above,  
 May reach His throne of glory  
 Who is mercy, truth and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing  
 With this can we compare:  
 The power that he hath given us  
 To pour our hearts in prayer.  
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness  
 Before His footstool fall,  
 And remember in thy gladness  
 His grace who gave thee all.  
 —Jane C. Simpson.

More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore  
 let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and  
 day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or  
 goats,  
 That nourish a blind life within the  
 brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
 prayer,  
 Both for themselves and those who call  
 them friend.  
 For so the whole round earth is every  
 way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
 God.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## ENOCH

He walked with God, by faith, in soli-  
 tude,  
 At early dawn or tranquil eventide;  
 In some lone leafy place he would  
 abide  
 Till his whole being was with God im-  
 bued.  
 He walked with God amid the multi-  
 tude;  
 No threats or smiles could his firm  
 soul divide  
 From that beloved presence at his  
 side  
 Whose still small voice silenced earth's  
 noises rude.  
 Boldly abroad to men he testified  
 How "the Lord cometh" and the judg-  
 ment brings;  
 Gently at home he trained his "sons and  
 daughters";  
 Till, praying, a bright chariot he espied  
 Sent to translate him, as on angels'  
 wings,  
 To walk with God beside heaven's "liv-  
 ing waters." —R. Wilton.

## A WORKER'S PRAYER

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
 In living echoes of thy tone;  
 As thou hast sought, so let me seek  
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
 The precious things thou dost impart;  
 And wing my words that they may reach  
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,  
 That I may speak with soothing power  
 A word in season, as from thee,  
 To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just as thou wilt, and when and  
 where;  
 Until thy blessed face I see,  
 Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

God answers prayer—  
 Answers always, everywhere,  
 I may cast my anxious care,  
 Burdens I could never bear,  
 On the God who heareth prayer.

## SUBMISSION AND REST

The camel, at the close of day  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off  
And rest again.

My soul, thou too should to thy knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift the load  
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet,  
With all to-morrow's work to do,  
If thou thy burden all the night  
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load;  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's  
dawn  
That God may give thee daily care;  
Assured that he no load too great  
Will make thee bear.

## TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

Take time to be holy;  
Speak oft with thy Lord;  
Abide in him always,  
And feed on his word;  
Make friends of God's children,  
Help those who are weak,  
Forgetting in nothing  
His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy;  
The world rushes on;  
Spend much time in secret  
With Jesus alone;  
By looking at Jesus  
Like him thou shalt be;  
Thy friends in thy conduct  
His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy;  
Let him be thy Guide,  
And run not before him  
Whatever betide;  
In joy or in sorrow  
Still follow thy Lord,  
And, looking to Jesus,  
Still trust in his word.

Take time to be holy;  
Be calm in thy soul;  
Each thought and each motive  
Beneath his control;  
Thus led by his Spirit  
To fountains of love,  
Thou soon shalt be fitted  
For service above.  
—W. D. Longstaff.

## PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

Father, before thy footstool kneeling,  
Once more my heart goes up to thee,  
For aid, for strength, to thee appealing,  
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me! for heart and flesh are failing,  
My spirit yielding in the strife;  
And anguish wild as unavailing  
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;  
Help me to bear thy chastening rod;  
Give me endurance; let me borrow  
Strength from thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may  
lighten;  
Not mine the tears of common woes;  
The pang with which my heart-strings  
tighten  
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak, my feeble spirit  
Shrinks from life's task in wild dis-  
may;  
Yet not that thou that task wouldst  
spare it,  
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul thy might infusing,  
Strengthening my spirit by thine own;  
Help me, all other aid refusing,  
To cling to thee, and thee alone.

And O in my exceeding weakness  
Make thy strength perfect; thou art  
strong;  
Aid me to do thy will with meekness,  
Thou to whom all my powers belong.

O let me feel that thou art near me;  
Close to thy side, I shall not fear;  
Hear me, O Strength of Israel, hear me,  
Sustain and aid! in mercy hear.

## LIGHT

Lord, send thy light,  
 Not only in the darkest night,  
 But in the shadowy, dim twilight,  
 Wherein my strained and aching sight  
 Can scarce distinguish wrong from right,  
 Then send thy light.

Teach me to pray.  
 Not only in the morning gray,  
 Or when the moonbeam's silver ray  
 Falls on me, but at high noonday,  
 When pleasure beckons me away,  
 Teach me to pray.

—Constance Milman.

## OUR BURDEN BEARER

The little sharp vexations  
 And the briars that cut the feet,  
 Why not take all to the Helper  
 Who has never failed us yet?  
 Tell him about the heartache,  
 And tell him the longings too,  
 Tell him the baffled purpose  
 When we scarce know what to do.  
 Then, leaving all our weakness  
 With the One divinely strong,  
 Forget that we bore the burden  
 And carry away the song.

—Phillips Brooks.

My proud foe at my hands to take no  
 boon will choose.

Thy prayers are that one gift which he  
 cannot refuse.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

## ANSWER TO PRAYER

Man's plea to man is, that he nevermore  
 Will beg, and that he never begged be-  
 fore;

Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain  
 A former suit, and therefore sues again.  
 How good a God we serve, that, when  
 we sue,

Makes his old gifts examples of his new.  
 —Francis Quarles.

## TALHAIRN'S PRAYER

Grant me, O God, thy merciful protec-  
 tion;

And, in protection, give me strength, I  
 pray;

And, in my strength, O grant me wise  
 discretion;

And, in discretion, make me ever just;

And, with my justice, may I mingle love.

And, with my love, O God, the love of  
 thee;

And, with the love of thee, the love of all.  
 —From the Welsh.

## O sad estate

Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,  
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God  
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we  
 ask,

We should be ruined at our own request.  
 —Hannah More.

Why win we not at once what we in  
 prayer require?

That we may learn great things as  
 greatly to desire.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

# JOY

## PRAISE, CHEERFULNESS, HAPPINESS

### THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY

Just to let thy Father do  
    What he will;  
Just to know that he is true  
    And be still.  
Just to follow hour by hour  
    As He leadeth;  
Just to draw the moment's power  
    As it needeth.  
Just to trust Him, this is all!  
    Then the day will surely be  
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,  
    Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee  
    Through his word,  
Watching that his voice may be  
    Clearly heard.  
Just to tell Him every thing  
    As it rises,  
And at once to him to bring  
    All surprises.  
Just to listen, and to stay  
    Where you cannot miss His voice,  
This is all! and thus to-day,  
    Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do  
    All the day,  
And to make you quick and true  
    To obey.  
Just to take the needed grace  
    He bestoweth,  
Every bar of time and place  
    Overfloweth.  
Just to take thy orders straight  
    From the Master's own command.  
Blessed day! when thus we wait  
    Always at our Sovereign's hand..

Just to recollect his love,  
    Always true;  
Always shining from above,  
    Always new.  
Just to recognize its light,  
    All-enfolding;

Just to claim its present might,  
    All-upholding.  
Just to know it as thine own,  
    That no power can take away;  
Is not this enough alone  
    For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and yet to ask  
    Guidance still;  
Take the training or the task  
    As He will.  
Just to take the joy or pain  
    As He lends it;  
Just to take the loss or gain  
    As he sends it  
He who formed thee for his praise  
    Will not miss the gracious aim;  
So to-day, and all thy days,  
    Shall be molded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand  
    *Little* things;  
All we cannot understand,  
    All that stings.  
Just to let Him take the care  
    Sorely pressing,  
Finding all we let him bear  
    Changed to blessing.  
This is all! and yet the way  
    Marked by Him who loves thee best;  
Secret of a happy day,  
    Secret of his promised rest.  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

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### GOD MEANS US TO BE HAPPY

God means us to be happy;  
    He fills the short-lived years  
With loving, tender mercies—  
    With smiles as well as tears.  
Flowers blossom by the pathway,  
    Or, withering, they shed  
Their sweetest fragrance over  
    The bosoms of our dead.

God filled the earth with beauty;  
 He touched the hills with light;  
 He crowned the waving forest  
 With living verdure bright;  
 He taught the bird its carol,  
 He gave the wind its voice,  
 And to the smallest insect  
 Its moment to rejoice.

What life hath not its blessing?  
 Who hath not songs to sing,  
 Or grateful words to utter,  
 Or wealth of love to bring?  
 Tried in affliction's furnace  
 The gold becomes more pure—  
 So strong doth sorrow make us,  
 So patient to endure.

No way is dark and dreary  
 If God be with us there;  
 No danger can befall us  
 When sheltered by his care.  
 Why should our eyes be blinded  
 To all earth's glorious bloom?  
 Why sit we in the shadow  
 That falls upon the tomb?

Look up and catch the sunbeams!  
 See how the day doth dawn!  
 Gather the scented roses  
 That grow beside the thorn!  
 God's pitying love doth seek us;  
 He leads us to his rest;  
 And from a thousand pathways  
 He chooses what is best.

#### THE PICTURE OF A HAPPY MAN

How blest is he, though ever crossed,  
 That can all crosses blessings make;  
 That finds himself ere he be lost,  
 And lose that found for virtue's sake.

Yea, blest is he, in life and death,  
 That fears not death nor loves this life;  
 That sets his will his wit beneath;  
 And hath continual peace in strife.

That naught observes but what pre-  
 serves  
 His mind and body from offense;  
 That neither courts nor seasons serves,  
 And learns without experience.

That loves his body for his soul,  
 Soul for his mind, his mind for God,  
 God for himself, and doth control  
 Content, if it with him be odd.

That rests in action, acting naught  
 But what is good in deed and show;  
 That seeks but God within his thought,  
 And thinks but God to love and know.

That lives too low for envy's looks,  
 And yet too high for loathed con-  
 tempt;  
 That makes his friends good men and  
 books  
 And naught without them doth at-  
 tempt.

That ever lives a light to all,  
 Though oft obscured like the sun;  
 And, though his fortunes be but small,  
 Yet Fortune doth not seek nor shun.

That never looks but grace to find,  
 Nor seeks for knowledge to be known;  
 That makes a kingdom of his mind,  
 Wherein, with God, he reigns alone.

This man is great with little state,  
 Lord of the world epitomized,  
 Who with staid front outfaceth Fate  
 And, being empty, is sufficed—  
 Or is sufficed with little, since (at least)  
 He makes his conscience a continual  
 feast.—John Davies, of Hereford.

#### THANKS FOR PAIN

My God, I thank thee who hast made  
 The earth so bright;  
 So full of splendor and of joy,  
 Beauty and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made  
 Joy to abound;  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us round;  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy  
 Is touched with pain;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
 That thorns remain;  
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide  
 And not our chain.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept  
 The best in store;  
 We have enough, yet not too much,  
 To long for more;  
 A yearning for a deeper peace  
 Not known before.



I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls  
 Though amply blest,  
 Can never find, although they seek,  
 A perfect rest;  
 Nor ever shall until they lean  
 On Jesus' breast.

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

### THE RIDICULOUS OPTIMIST

There was once a man who smiled  
 Because the day was bright,  
 Because he slept at night,  
 Because God gave him sight  
 To gaze upon his child;  
 Because his little one,  
 Could leap and laugh and run;  
 Because the distant sun  
 Smiled on the earth he smiled.

He smiled because the sky  
 Was high above his head,  
 Because the rose was red,  
 Because the past was dead!  
 He never wondered why  
 The Lord had blundered so  
 That all things have to go  
 The wrong way, here below  
 The overarching sky.

He toiled, and still was glad  
 Because the air was free,  
 Because he loved, and she  
 That claimed his love and he  
 Shared all the joys they had!  
 Because the grasses grew,  
 Because the sweet winds blew,  
 Because that he could hew  
 And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled,  
 And did not look ahead  
 With bitterness or dread,  
 But nightly sought his bed  
 As calmly as a child.  
 And people called him mad  
 For being always glad  
 With such things as he had,  
 And shook their heads and smiled.

—Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

The soul contains a window where  
 It may receive the sun and air,  
 But some with self the window cloy,  
 And shut out all the light and joy.

—Nixon Waterman.

### PRAISE

O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup  
 With every blessing meet!  
 I give thee thanks for every drop—  
 The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,  
 And for the riverside;  
 For all thy goodness hath bestowed,  
 And all thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,  
 And for the gain and loss;  
 I praise thee for the future crown  
 And for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love  
 Which stirred my worldly nest;  
 And for the stormy clouds which drove  
 Me, trembling, to thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,  
 And for the waning joy;  
 And for this strange, this settled peace,  
 Which nothing can destroy.

—Jane Crewdson.

### THANKSGIVING

Lord, for the erring thought  
 Not into evil wrought,  
 Lord, for the wicked will,  
 Betrayed and baffled still,  
 For the heart from itself kept,  
 Our thanksgiving accept.

For the ignorant hopes that were  
 Broken to our blind prayer;  
 For pain, death, sorrow, sent  
 Unto our chastisement;  
 For all loss of seeming good,  
 Quickened our gratitude.

—William Dean Howells.

### RING, HAPPY BELLS

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

#### THE CLEAR VISION

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind;  
Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father, hath not wronged  
With loss the life by thee prolonged;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful thy works appear.

As thou hast made thy world without,  
Make thou more fair my world within;  
Shine through its lingering clouds of  
doubt;

Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
Of life with love to thee and man;  
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Then let us smile when skies are gray,  
And laugh at stormy weather!  
And sing life's lonesome times away;  
So—worry and the dreariest day  
Will find an end together!

Paul and Silas in their prison  
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen;  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon gates at night.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

#### SCATTER SUNSHINE

In a world where sorrow ever will be  
known,  
Where are found the needy, and the sad  
and lone;  
How much joy and comfort we can all  
bestow  
If we scatter sunshine everywhere we go.  
Slightest actions often meet the sorest  
needs,  
For the world wants daily little kindly  
deeds;  
Oh, what care and sorrow we may help  
remove,  
With our songs and courage, sympathy  
and love.

When the days are gloomy, sing some  
happy song,  
Meet the world's repining with a courage  
strong;  
Go, with faith undaunted, through the  
ills of life,  
Scatter smiles and sunshine o'er its toil  
and strife.

—Lanta Wilson Smith.

#### SOWING JOY

I met a child, and kissed it; who shall  
say

I stole a joy in which I had no part?  
The happy creature from that very day  
Hath felt the more his little human  
heart.

Now when I pass he runs away and  
smiles,  
And tries to seem afraid with pretty  
wiles.

I am a happier and a richer man,  
Since I have sown this new joy in the  
earth;

'Tis no small thing for us to reap stray  
mirth

In every sunny wayside where we can.  
It is a joy to me to be a joy

Which may in the most lowly heart  
take root;

And it is gladness to that little boy  
To look out for me at the mountain  
foot.

—Frederick William Faber.

Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;  
Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

## A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY

(Written in May, 1863, when cotton came to Lancashire, enabling the mills to open after being long closed. The suffering, grateful women sang the Doxology.)

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe.  
The Lord who takes—the Lord who gives—

O praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,  
But why, we cannot understand.  
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,  
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,  
The mystery of God and man;  
We women, when afflictions come,  
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,  
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,  
We look up and, through black clouds riven,  
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise.  
We have no deep philosophies;  
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,  
For he who loveth knoweth God.  
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

## VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS

Through night to light! And though  
to mortal eyes

Creation's face a pall of horror wear,  
Good cheer! good cheer! the gloom of  
midnight flies;

Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and  
fair.

Through storm to calm! And though  
his thunder car

The rumbling tempest drive through  
earth and sky,

Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental  
war

Tells that the blessed healing hour is  
nigh.

Through frost to spring! And though  
the biting blast

Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,  
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's  
wrath is past,

Soft-murmuring spring breathes  
sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace! And though  
with bristling front

A thousand frightful deaths encom-  
pass thee,

Good cheer! good cheer! brave thou the  
battle's brunt,

For the peace-march and song of  
victory.

Through toil to sleep! And though the  
sultry noon

With heavy drooping wing oppress  
thee now,

Good cheer! good cheer! the cool of even-  
ing soon

Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary  
brow.

Through cross to crown! And though thy  
spirit's life

Trials untold assail with giant  
strength,

Good cheer! good cheer! soon ends the  
bitter strife,

And thou shalt reign in peace with  
Christ at length.

Through woe to joy! And though at  
morn thou weep,

And though the midnight find thee  
weeping still,

Good cheer! good cheer! the Shepherd  
loves his sheep;

Resign thee to the watchful Father's  
will.

—Rosegarten, tr. by Charles Timothy  
Brooks.

Talk Happiness. The world is sad  
enough

Without your woes. No path is wholly  
rough;

Look for the places that are smooth and  
clear,

And speak of those to rest the weary  
ear

Of earth, so hurt by one continuous  
strain

Of human discontent and grief and pain.

## SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL

Serve God and be cheerful. Make brighter

The brightness that falls to thy lot;  
The rare, or the daily sent, blessing  
Profane not with gloom or with doubt.

Serve God and be cheerful. Each sorrow

Is—with thy will in God's—for the best.

O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow. Tomorrow

Will see the blue sky in the west.

Serve God and be cheerful. Look upward!

God's countenance scatters the gloom;  
And the soft summer light of his heaven  
Shines over the cross and the tomb.

Serve God and be cheerful. The wrinkles

Of age we may take with a smile;  
But the wrinkles of faithless foreboding  
Are the crow's-feet of Beelzebub's guile.

Serve God and be cheerful. The winter  
Rolls round to the beautiful spring.  
And o'er the green grave of the snow-drift

The nest-building robins will sing.

Serve God and be cheerful. Live nobly,  
Do right, and do good. Make the best  
Of the gifts and the work put before you,  
And to God without fear leave the rest.  
—William Newell.

## BRING EVERY BURDEN

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,

Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—

Grace to go forward wherever he guide thee,

Simply believing the truth of his word.

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior—

Ah! thou mayst sorrow, but do not despair.

Even this grief thou mayst bring to thy Saviour,

Cast upon him this burden of care!

Bring all thy hardness—His power can subdue it,

How full is the promise! The blessing how free:

"Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it;

Abide in my love and be joyful in me."

## THY LOVING KINDNESS

Not always the path is easy;

There are thickets hung with gloom,  
There are rough and stony places

Where never the roses bloom.

But oft, when the way is hardest,

I am conscious of One at my side  
Whose hands and whose feet are wounded,

And I'm happy and safe with my Guide.

Better than friends and kindred,

Better than love and rest,

Dearer than hope and triumph,

Is the name I wear on my breast.

I feel my way through the shadows

With a confident heart and brave;

I shall live in the light beyond them;

I shall conquer death and the grave.

Often when tried and tempted,

Often, ashamed of sin—

That, strong as an armed invader,

Has made wreck of the peace within—

That wonderful loving-kindness,

Patient and full and free,

Has stooped for my consolation;

Has brought a blessing to me.

Therefore my lips shall praise thee,

Therefore, let come what may,

To the height of a solemn gladness

My song shall arise to-day.

Not on the drooping willow

Shall I hang my harp in the land,

When the Lord himself has cheered me

By the touch of his pierced hand.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

To try each day his will to know;

To tread the way his will may show;

To live for him who gave me life;

To strive for him who suffered strife

And sacrifice through death for me—

Let this my joy, my portion be.

## THANKS

I thank thee, Lord, for mine unanswered  
prayers,  
Unanswered save thy quiet, kindly  
"Nay";  
Yet it seemed hard among my heavy  
cares—  
That bitter day.

I wanted joy; but Thou didst know for  
me  
That sorrow was the gift I needed  
most,  
And in its mystic depths I learned to see  
The Holy Ghost.

I wanted health; but thou didst bid me  
sound  
The secret treasuries of pain,  
And in the moans and groans my heart  
oft found  
Thy Christ again.

I wanted wealth; 'twas not the better  
part;  
There is a wealth with poverty oft  
given.  
And thou didst teach me of the gold of  
heart—  
Best gift of heaven.

I thank thee, Lord, for these unanswered  
prayers,  
And for thy word, the quiet, kindly  
"Nay."  
'Twas thy withholding lightened all my  
cares  
That blessed day.  
—Oliver Huckel.

## THE GLORIOUS MORN

Open the shutters free and wide.  
And "glorify the room";  
That no dark shadows here may bide—  
That there be naught of gloom.  
  
What joy to breathe the morning air,  
And see the sun again;  
With living things God's love to share,  
In recompense for pain.  
—Henry Coyle.

For all the evils under the sun  
There is some remedy or none;  
If there is one be sure to find it;  
If there is none, why, never mind it.

## EVENING PRAISE

Again, O God, the night shuts down,  
Again I kneel to praise!  
Thy wisdom, love, and truth and power  
Have long made glad my days.  
And, now, with added gratitude,  
An evening hymn I raise.

I take the attitude of prayer,  
But not for gifts to plead;  
Thy bounty, far beyond desert,  
Has more than met my need;  
So, well content, I worship Thee  
In thought and word and deed.

Thou bidst me ask, if I'd receive,  
And seek, if I would find;  
But surely Thou wilt not condemn  
A heart to trust inclined.  
Give what is best; Thou knowest all.  
How blest the quiet mind!

I praise thee that in all the hours  
And moments, as they glide,  
Thy providence enfoldeth close;  
Thy blessings rich abide;  
And Thou dost keep in perfect peace  
Those who in thee confide.

I praise thee for what seemeth good,  
And for what seemeth ill.  
Appearances are vain deceits;  
Above them stands thy will;  
By faith, not sight, thy children walk,  
In hottest fire hold still.

Accept the off'ring that I lay  
In gladness at thy feet;  
My heart o'erflows with keenest joy,  
With ecstasy complete.  
Because, in all vicissitudes,  
Thy constancy I greet.

Thou wilt not cease to love me well,  
Nor fail to hold me fast;  
Though pain may come, it cannot harm;  
My care on thee is cast,  
For future good he'll surely send  
Who sent so sweet a past.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,  
Praise runs the world around;  
And so this little heart of mine  
Shall ne'er in gloom be found,  
Rejoicing that all days and nights  
May with thy praise resound.  
—James Mudge.

## GO TELL JESUS

Bury thy sorrow,  
The world has its share;  
Bury it deeply,  
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly  
When curtained by night;  
Tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief;  
Tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight  
Aglow on thy way;  
Gather the moonbeams,  
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown weary  
With heavier woe,  
Droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow,  
Let others be blest;  
Give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.

## WE WILL PRAISE THEE

Great Jehovah! we will praise thee,  
Earth and heaven thy will obey;  
Suns and systems move obedient  
To thy universal sway.

Deep and awful are thy counsels;  
High and glorious is thy throne;  
Reigning o'er thy vast dominion,  
Thou art God and thou alone.

In thy wondrous condescension  
Thou hast stooped to raise our race;  
Thou hast given to us a Saviour,  
Full of goodness and of grace.

By his blood we are forgiven,  
By his intercession free,  
By his love we rise to glory  
There to reign eternally.

God of Power—we bow before thee;  
God of Wisdom—thee we praise;  
God of Love—so kind and tender,  
We would praise thee all our days.

Praise to thee—our loving Father;  
Praise to thee—redeeming Son;  
Praise to thee—Almighty Spirit;  
Praise to thee—Thou Holy One.  
—John White.

## AFTER ALL

We take our share of fretting,  
Of grieving and forgetting;  
The paths are often rough and steep,  
and heedless feet may fall;  
But yet the days are cheery,  
And night brings rest when weary  
And somehow this old planet is a good  
world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,  
The joys are more than double,  
The brave surpass the cowards and the  
leal are like a wall  
To guard their dearest ever,  
To fail the feeblest never;  
And somehow this old earth remains a  
bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring,  
And shielding and forbearing,  
Dear woman's love to hold us close and  
keep our hearts in thrall.  
There's home to share together  
In calm or stormy weather,  
And while the hearth-flame burns it is  
a good world after all.

The lisp of children's voices,  
The chance of happy choices,  
The bugle sounds of hope and faith,  
through fogs and mists that call;  
The heaven that stretches o'er us,  
The better days before us,  
They all combine to make this earth a  
good world after all.  
—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

Sound an anthem in your sorrows,  
Build a fortress of your fears;  
Throw a halo round your trials,  
Weave a rainbow of your tears.

Never mind if shadows darken,  
Never fear though foes be strong;  
Lift your heads and shout hosannah!  
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

## BE OF GOOD CHEER

God is near thee, Christian; cheer thee,  
 Rest in him, sad soul;  
 He will keep thee when around thee  
 Billows roll.

Calm thy sadness, look in gladness  
 To thy Friend on high;  
 Faint and weary pilgrim, cheer thee;  
 Help is nigh.

Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling  
 Through the stormy skies;  
 God defends him, God attends him  
 When he cries.

Fare thee onward through the sunshine  
 Or through wintry blast;  
 Fear forsake thee; God will take thee  
 Home at last.

## PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

This one sits shivering in Fortune's  
 smile,  
 Taking his joy with bated, doubtful  
 breath.  
 This one, gnawed by hunger, all the  
 while  
 Laughs in the teeth of death.  
 —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE

They stand, the regal mountains, with  
 crowns of spotless snow,  
 Forever changeless, grand, sublime,  
 while ages come and go!  
 Each day the morning cometh in  
 through the eastern gate,  
 With trailing robes of pink and gold; yet  
 still they watch and wait  
 For that more glorious morning, till that  
 glad message sounds—  
 "Lift up your heads, ye gates of God!  
 the King of glory comes!"

And so they stand o'erlooking earth's  
 trouble, pain and sin,  
 And wait the call to lift their gates and  
 let the King come in.  
 O calm, majestic mountains! O ever-  
 lasting hills!  
 Beside your patient watch how small  
 seem all life's joys and ills!

Beyond, the restless ocean, mysterious,  
 vast, and dim,  
 Whose changeful waves forever chant  
 their grand triumphal hymn.  
 Now tempest-lashed and raging, with  
 deep and hungry roar,  
 The foam-capped billows dash them-  
 selves in anger on the shore,

Now wavelets ripple gently along the  
 quiet strand,  
 While summer's sunshine broodeth soft  
 o'er all the sea and land.  
 O mighty waves! as chainless, as free,  
 as birds that skim!  
 There's One who rules the stormy sea—  
 thy song is all of him.

And so in the shadowy forest the birds  
 sing loud and sweet  
 From swaying boughs where breezes  
 rock their little broods to sleep.  
 The golden cups of the cowslip spring  
 from the mossy sod,  
 And the sweet blue violet blooms alone  
 —just for itself and God.

It is aye the same old lesson, from moun-  
 tain, wood, and sea,  
 The old, old story, ever new, and won-  
 drous grand to me—  
 Of One who holds the waters in the hol-  
 low of his hand;  
 Whose presence shone from mountain  
 top in that far eastern land.

"The groves are God's own temples";  
 the wild birds sing his praise;  
 And every flower in the forest dim its  
 humble tribute pays;  
 For God loves all his creatures, however  
 weak and small;  
 His grandest works give praise to him,  
 for he is Lord of all.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
 And sometimes the thing our life misses  
 Helps more than the thing which it  
 gets.  
 For good lieth not in pursuing,  
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
 But just in the doing, and doing  
 As we would be done by is all.  
 —Alice Cary.

## DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the  
heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow  
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;  
So sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming  
Of looks that are beaming  
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's  
poor;  
Eyes bright as a berry,  
Cheeks red as a cherry,  
The groan and the curse and the heart-  
ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,  
All worry to ferry  
Across the famed waters which bid us  
forget,  
And no longer fearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living  
for yet.

## ALTHOUGH—YET

Away! my unbelieving fear!  
Fear shall in me no more have place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face,  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;  
I never will give up my shield.

Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig-trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil.  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race,  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord—  
The God of my salvation praise.

—Charles Wesley.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.  
—Edward Young.

## AS A BIRD IN MEADOWS FAIR

As a bird in meadows fair  
Or in lovely forest sings,  
Till it fills the summer air  
And the green wood sweetly rings,  
So my heart to thee would raise,  
O my God, its song of praise  
That the gloom of night is o'er  
And I see the sun once more.

If thou, Sun of love, arise,  
All my heart with joy is stirred,  
And to greet thee upward flies,  
Gladsome as yon tiny bird.  
Shine thou in me, clear and bright,  
Till I learn to praise thee right;  
Guide me in the narrow way,  
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do;  
Bless whate'er I have and love;  
From the paths of virtue true  
Let me never, never rove;  
By thy spirit strengthen me  
In the faith that leads to Thee,  
Then, an heir of life on high,  
Fearless I may live and die.

## "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL!"

Pleased in the sunshine, pleased in the  
blast,  
Pleased when the heavens are all over-  
cast,  
Pleased when I can or cannot see  
God's loving hand is dealing with me.

Pleased, for Christ's promises never can  
fail;  
Pleased in the calm and also the gale;  
Knowing Omniscience at midnight can  
see,  
Since he was Pilot on dark Galilee.

Pleased when in health or when I am ill,  
Pleased, since I know I'm in the Lord's  
will,  
Pleased with whatever my lot may be  
Knowing Omnipotence careth for me.

Beneath the tiger's jaw I heard a victim  
cry,  
"Thanks, God, that, though in pain,  
yet not in guilt I die."  
—From the Persian.



## THE ROBIN'S SONG

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my way,  
 Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!  
 Whenever you're blue find something  
 to do  
 For somebody else who is sadder than  
 you.  
 Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

He growled at morning, noon, and night,  
 And trouble sought to borrow;  
 Although to-day the sky were bright  
 He knew 'twould storm to-morrow;  
 A thought of joy he could not stand,  
 And struggled to resist it;  
 Though sunshine dappled all the land  
 This sorry pessimist it.

—Nixon Waterman.

Oh, be in God's clear world no dark and  
 troubled sprite!  
 To Christ, thy Master mild, do no such  
 foul despite;  
 But show in look, word, mien, that thou  
 belongest to him,  
 Who says, "My yoke is easy, and my  
 burden light."

—Friedrich Rückert.

Let us gather up the sunbeams  
 Lying all around our path;  
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
 Let us find our sweetest comfort  
 In the blessings of to-day,  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briars from our way.

O give me the joy of living  
 And some glorious work to do!  
 A spirit of thanksgiving,  
 With loyal heart and true;  
 Some pathway to make brighter,  
 Where tired feet now stray;  
 Some burden to make lighter,  
 While 'tis day.

True happiness (if understood)  
 Consists alone in doing good.

Talk happiness each chance you get—  
 and talk it good and strong!  
 Look for it in the byways as you grimly  
 pass along;  
 Perhaps it is a stranger now whose visit  
 never comes,  
 But talk it! Soon you'll find that you and  
 happiness are chums.

'Tis Being and Doing and Having that  
 make  
 All the pleasures and pains of which  
 mortals partake.  
 To Be what God pleases, to Do a man's  
 best,  
 And to Have a good heart, is the way  
 to be blest.

If the weather is cold don't scold,  
 If the weather is wet don't fret,  
 If the weather is warm don't storm,  
 If the weather is dry don't cry;  
 But be cheerful together, whatever the  
 weather.

The inner side of every cloud  
 Is bright and shining;  
 Therefore I turn my clouds about,  
 And always wear them inside out,  
 To show the lining.  
 —Ellen Thornycroft Fowler Felkin.

Let him that loves his ease, his ease,  
 Keep close and house him fair;  
 He'll still be a stranger to the merry  
 thrill of danger  
 And the joy of the open air.  
 —Richard Hovey.

There is no human being  
 With so wholly dark a lot,  
 But the heart, by turning the picture,  
 May find some sunny spot.

Let us cry, All good things  
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now  
 Than flesh helps soul.  
 —Robert Browning.

# AFFLICTION

## CONSOLATION, TRIAL, ENDURANCE

### RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying  
And mourning for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children  
crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
vapors;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal  
tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is  
transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and  
seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is  
doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

\* \* \* \* \*  
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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### MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent  
To break my dream of human power;  
For now, my shallow cistern spent,  
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still;  
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach  
The strength of thine eternal calm;  
And tune its sad but broken speech  
To join on earth the angel's psalm.

Oh, be it patient in thy hands,  
And drawn, through each mysterious  
hour,  
To service of thy pure commands,  
The narrow way of Love and Power.  
—Samuel Johnson.

## GO NOT FAR FROM ME

Go not far from me, O my strength,  
 Whom all my times obey:  
 Take from me any thing Thou wilt,  
 But go not thou away—  
 And let the storm that does thy work  
 Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose,  
 In weakness and distress;  
 I will not ask for greater ease,  
 Lest I should love Thee less.  
 Oh 'tis a blessed thing for me  
 To need thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts  
 For my deliverance care,  
 Thou, in thy wiser, stronger love,  
 Art teaching me to bear—  
 By the sweet voice of thankful song,  
 And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,  
 No outward eye can trace,  
 And my heart sees thee in the deep,  
 With darkness on its face.  
 And communes with thee, 'mid the  
 storm,  
 As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,  
 Whom the world does not see,  
 What hand should pluck me from the  
 flood  
 That casts my soul on thee?  
 Who would not suffer pain like mine  
 To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,  
 And flesh and heart give way,  
 Then on thy everlasting strength  
 With passive trust I stay.  
 And the rough wind becomes a song,  
 The darkness shines like day.

O blessed are the eyes that see—  
 Though silent anguish show—  
 The love that in their hours of sleep  
 Unthanked may come and go.  
 And blessed are the ears that hear,  
 Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in thee—  
 Though patient suffering teach—  
 The secret of enduring strength  
 And praise too deep for speech:  
 Peace that no pressure from without,  
 No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,  
 For Christ, my Lord, hath died;  
 There is no curse in this my pain,  
 For he was crucified.  
 And it is fellowship with him  
 That keeps me near his side.

My heart is fixed—O God, my strength—  
 My heart is strong to bear;  
 I will be joyful in thy love,  
 And peaceful in thy care.  
 Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
 According to his prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
 How blest soe'er it be,  
 Yet may the chastened child be glad  
 His Father's face to see;  
 And oh, it is not hard to bear  
 What must be borne in thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,  
 In thine own bosom laid,  
 The trial of a soul redeemed,  
 For thy rejoicing made.  
 Well may the heart in patience rest  
 That none can make afraid.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace—  
 Almighty to restore—  
 Borne onward, sin and death behind,  
 And love and life before,  
 O let my soul abound in hope,  
 And praise thee more and more.

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
 With peaceful heart will say—  
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
 No waves can take away;  
 And let the storm that speeds me home  
 Deal with me as it may.  
 —Anna Letitia Waring.

Walking along the shore one morn,  
 A holy man by chance I found  
 Who by a tiger had been torn  
 And had no salve to heal his wound.  
 Long time he suffered grievous pain,  
 But not the less to the Most High  
 He offered thanks. They asked him,  
 Why?  
 For answer he thanked God again;  
 And then to them: "That I am in  
 No greater peril than you see:  
 That what has overtaken me  
 Is but misfortune—and not sin."  
 —Richard Henry Stoddard.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;  
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake;  
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
Choose thou, before that spirit die,  
A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
And to my dead heart run them in.  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

I ASKED THE LORD THAT I  
MIGHT GROW

I asked the Lord that I might grow  
In faith and love and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favor'd hour  
At once he'd answer my request,  
And by his love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yes, more: with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my woe,  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds and laid them low.

"Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;  
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ  
From self and pride to set thee free,  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy  
That thou mayest set thine all in me!"  
—John Newton.

"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT"

Source of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains  
me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wished might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad—but not in thee.

Well may thy own beloved, who see  
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love save thee,  
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes, prone to sin,  
And, in thine own exceeding peace,  
Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear  
As air we breathe, as light we see!  
It draws us to thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in thee.  
—Anna Letitia Waring.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;  
In the rough marble beauty hides un-  
seen;

To make the music and the beauty needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's  
chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful  
hand;

Let not the music that is in us die.  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor  
let  
Hidden and lost thy form within us  
lie!

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as  
thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished,  
broken, marred;  
Complete thy purpose that we may be-  
come

Thy perfect image, thou our God and  
Lord!  
—Horatius Bonar.

The childish smile is fair, but lovelier far  
The smiles which tell of griefs that now  
no longer are. —John Sterling.

## A BLESSING IN TEARS

Home they brought her warrior dead;  
 She nor swoon'd nor uttered cry.  
 All her maidens, watching, said,  
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
 Truest friend, and noblest foe;  
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
 Lightly to the warrior slept,  
 Took the face-cloth from the face;  
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set his child upon her knee;  
 Like summer tempest came her tears:  
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## EVERY DAY

O trifling task so often done,  
 Yet ever to be done anew!  
 O cares which come with every sun,  
 Morn after morn, the long years  
 through!  
 We sink beneath their paltry sway—  
 The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,  
 The tiresome round of little things,  
 Are hard to bear, as hour by hour  
 Its tedious iteration brings;  
 Who shall evade or who delay  
 The small demands of every day?

The bowlder, in the torrent's course  
 By tide and tempest lashed in vain,  
 Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force  
 And yields its substance grain by  
 grain;

So crumble strongest lives away  
 Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,  
 Who tracks the tiger for his life  
 May wound them ere they are aware,  
 Or conquer them in desperate strife,  
 Yet powerless he to scathe or slay  
 The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops  
 Is mightier than the fiercest shock;  
 The constant fall of water drops  
 Will groove the adamant rock;  
 We feel our noblest powers decay  
 In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—  
 Our souls a sudden bravery fills—  
 But we endure not always so  
 The drop by drop of little ills;  
 We still deplore, and still obey,  
 The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death  
 Upon the battle-field, and dares  
 Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath  
 The needle-points of frets and cares;  
 The stoutest spirits they dismay—  
 The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,  
 Whose souls by faith have overcome,  
 Who won amid the cruel flame  
 The molten crown of martyrdom,  
 Bore not without complaint alway  
 The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,  
 And more than hero's heart of fire,  
 We need the humble strength of soul  
 Which daily toils and ills require;  
 Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,  
 An added grace for every day.

## PEACEABLE FRUIT

(Heb. 12. 11.)

What shall thine "afterward" be, O  
 Lord,  
 For this dark and suffering night?  
 Father, *what* shall thine "afterward"  
 be?  
 Hast thou a morning of joy for me,  
 And a new and joyous light?

What shall thine "afterward" be, O  
 Lord,  
 For the moan that I cannot stay?  
 Shall it issue in some new song of praise,  
 Sweeter than sorrowless heart could  
 raise,  
 When the night hath passed away?

What shall thine "afterward" be, O  
 Lord,  
 For this helplessness of pain?  
 A clearer view of my home above,  
 Of my Father's strength and my Father's  
 love—  
 Shall *this* be my lasting gain?

What shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord?

How long must thy child endure?  
Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!

Thine "afterward" cometh—I cannot tell what,  
But I know that thy word is sure.

What shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord,

I wonder—and wait to see  
(While to thy chastening hand I bow)  
What "peaceable fruit" may be ripening now—

Ripening fast for me!  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

### HOW WE LEARN

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,  
Such as men give and take from day to day,

Comes in the common walk of easy life,  
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance,  
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;

But grasped in the great struggle of the soul  
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,  
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,

Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart  
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light,

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours  
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,

Truth springs like harvest from the well-plowed field,  
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.  
—Horatius Bonar.

Though trouble-tossed and torture-torn  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.  
—Gerald Massey.

### HEAVIER THE CROSS

Heavier the cross the stronger faith:  
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;  
The vine-juice sweetly issueth

When men have pressed the clustered fruit;  
And courage grows where dangers come  
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross the heartier prayer;  
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;  
If sky and wind were always fair  
The sailor would not watch the star;  
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung  
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross the more aspiring;  
From vales we climb to mountain's crest;  
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,  
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.  
The dove has here no rest in sight,  
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross the easier dying;  
Death is a friendlier face to see;  
To life's decay one bids defying,  
From life's distress one then is free;  
The cross sublimely lifts our faith  
To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry—  
The longer may it dearer be;  
And, lest I faint while here I tarry,  
Implant thou such a heart in me  
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there  
Till for the cross my crown I wear.  
—Benjamin Schmolke.

### LA ROCHELLE

A worthy man of Paris town  
Came to the bishop there:  
His face, o'erclouded with dismay,  
Betrayed a fixed despair.

"Father," said he, "a sinner vile  
Am I, against my will:  
Each hour I humbly pray for faith,  
But am a doubter still.

"Sure were I not despised of God,  
He would not leave me so  
To struggle thus in constant strife  
Against the deadly foe."

The bishop to his sorrowing son  
Thus spoke a kind relief:  
"The King of France has castles twain;  
To each he sends a chief.

"There's Montelhéry, far inland,  
That stands in place secure:  
While La Rochelle, upon the coast,  
Doth sieges oft endure.

"Now for these castles—both pre-  
served—

First in his prince's love  
Shall Montelhéry's chief be placed,  
Or La Rochelle's above?"

"Oh! doubtless, sire," the sinner said,  
"That king will love the most  
The man whose task was hard to keep  
His castle on the coast!"

"Son," said the bishop, "thou art right;  
Apply this reasoning well:  
My heart is Montelhéry fort,  
And thine is La Rochelle!"

### IF THOU COULD'ST KNOW

I think, if thou could'st know,  
O soul, that will complain,  
What lies concealed below  
Our burden and our pain—  
How just our anguish brings  
Nearer those longed-for things  
We seek for now in vain—

I think thou would'st rejoice and not  
complain.

I think, if thou could'st see,  
With thy dim mortal sight,  
How meanings, dark to thee,  
Are shadows hiding light;  
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,  
Life's purpose all perplexed—  
If thou could'st see them right,  
I think that they would seem all clear,  
and wise, and bright.

And yet thou can'st not know;  
And yet thou can'st not see;  
Wisdom and sight are slow  
In poor humanity.  
If thou could'st *trust*, poor soul,  
In him who rules the whole,  
Thou would'st find peace and rest:  
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is  
best.

### MY CROSS

"O Lord, my God!" I oft have said,  
"Had I some other cross instead  
Of this I bear from day to day,  
'Twere easier to go on my way.

"I do not murmur at its weight;  
That Thou hast made proportionate  
To my scant strength; but oh! full sore  
It presses where it pressed before.

"Change for a space, however brief,  
The wonted burden, that relief  
May o'er my aching shoulders steal,  
And the deep bruise have room to heal!"

While thus I sadly sighed to-day  
I heard my gracious Father say,  
"Can'st thou not trust my love, my  
child,  
And to thy cross be reconciled?

"I fashioned it thy needs to meet;  
Nor were thy discipline complete  
Without that very pain and bruise  
Which thy weak heart would fain re-  
fuse."

Ashamed, I answered, "As Thou wilt!  
I own my faithlessness and guilt;  
Welcome the weary pain shall be,  
Since only that is best for me."

### GOD KNOWETH BEST

He took them from me, one by one,  
The things I set my heart upon;  
They looked so harmless, fair, and blest;  
Would they have hurt me? God  
knows best.  
He loves me so, he would not wrest  
Them from me if it were not best.

He took them from me, one by one,  
The friends I set my heart upon.  
O did they come, they and their love,  
Between me and my Lord above?  
Were they as idols in my breast?  
It may be. God in heaven knows best.

I will not say I did not weep,  
As doth a child that wants to keep  
The pleasant things in hurtful play  
His wiser parent takes away;  
But in this comfort I will rest:  
He who hath taken knoweth best.

THE ONLY SOLACE

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live  
When winter comes are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

O who could bear life's stormy doom  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the  
gloom  
Our peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows  
bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.  
—Thomas Moore.

CONSOLATION

If none were sick and none were sad  
What service could we render?  
I think if we were always glad  
We scarcely could be tender.  
Did our beloved never need  
Our patient ministration  
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed  
Its sweetest consolation.  
If sorrow never claimed our heart,  
And every wish were granted,  
Patience would die and hope depart—  
Life would be disenchanted.

Banish far from me all I love,  
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,  
And drive me to that home of homes,  
The heart of Jesus crucified.

Take all the light away from earth,  
Take all that men can love from me;  
Let all I lean upon give way,  
That I may lean on naught but Thee.  
—Frederick William Faber.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

God never would send you the darkness  
If he felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to his guiding  
hand

If the way were always bright;  
And you would not care to walk by  
faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true he has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear:  
He knows how few would reach heaven  
at all  
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness,  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat.  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to his feet,  
For 'tis always so easy to wander  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's  
And sing, if you can, as you go;  
Your song may cheer some one behind  
you  
Whose courage is sinking low.  
And—well—if your lips do quiver—  
God will love you better so.

A LITTLE PARABLE

I made the cross myself whose weight  
Was later laid on me.  
This thought is torture as I toil  
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the  
nails!  
I sang a merry song,  
And chose the heaviest wood I had  
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed—  
Its weight was meant for me,  
I should have made a lighter cross  
To bear up Calvary.  
—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

The unpolished pearl can never shine—  
'Tis sorrow makes the soul divine.  
—From the Japanese, tr. by Frederic  
Rowland Marvin.



## THE SOWER

## I

A Sower went forth to sow;  
 His eyes were dark with woe;  
 He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,  
 Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,  
 That prayed for pity everywhere.  
 He came to a field that was harried  
 By iron, and to heaven laid bare;  
 He shook the seed that he carried  
 O'er that brown and bladeless place.  
 He shook it, as God shakes hail  
 Over a doomed land.  
 When lightnings interlace  
 The sky and the earth, and his wand  
 Of love is a thunder-flail.  
 Thus did that Sower sow;  
 His seed was human blood,  
 And tears of women and men.  
 And I, who near him stood,  
 Said: When the crop comes, then  
 There will be sobbing and sighing,  
 Weeping and wailing and crying,  
 Flame, and ashes, and woe.

## II

It was an autumn day  
 When next I went that way.  
 And what, think you, did I say,  
 What was it that I heard,  
 What music was in the air?  
 The song of a sweet-voiced bird?  
 Nay—but the songs of many  
 Thrilled through with praise and prayer.  
 Of all those voices not any  
 Were sad of memory;  
 But a sea of sunlight flowed,  
 A golden harvest glowed,  
 And I said, Thou only art wise,  
 God of the earth and skies!  
 And I praise thee, again and again,  
 For the Sower whose name is Pain.  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

Not disabled in the combat,  
 No, nor absent from your post;  
 You are doing gallant service  
 Where the Master needs you most.

It was noble to give battle  
 While the world stood cheering on;  
 It is nobler to lie patient,  
 Leaving half one's work undone.

And the King counts up his heroes  
 Where the desperate charge was led,  
 But he writes, "My Best Belovèd,"  
 Over many a sick man's bed.

## I DO NOT ASK, O LORD

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
 A pleasant road;  
 I do not ask that thou wouldst take  
 from me  
 Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always  
 spring  
 Beneath my feet;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I  
 plead:  
 Lead me aright.  
 Though strength should falter and  
 though heart should bleed,  
 Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst  
 shed  
 Full radiance here;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
 My way to see;  
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
 And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
 Like quiet night.  
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall  
 shine  
 Through peace to light.  
 —Adelaide Anne Procter.

## ANGELS OF GRIEF

With silence only as their benediction  
 God's angels come,  
 Where, in the shadow of a great afflic-  
 tion,  
 The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart  
 approveth,  
 Our Father's will,  
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he  
 loveth,  
 Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
 Hath evil wrought;  
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—  
 The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose  
not wholly

What he has given;  
They live on earth in thought and deed  
as truly

As in his heaven.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### FURNACE AND HAMMER

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth  
blow;

And all my heart in anguish shivers  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"  
And in his hottest fire stand still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,  
On the hard anvil, minded so  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow on blow;  
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"  
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;  
The sparks fly off at every blow;  
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,  
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;  
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"  
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow  
Thus only longer-lived would be;  
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,  
When God has done his work in me;  
So I say trusting—"As God will!"  
And, trusting to the end, hold still.  
—Julius Sturm.

### WITH SELF DISSATISFIED

Not when with self dissatisfied,  
O Lord, I lowly lie,  
So much I need thy grace to guide,  
And thy reproving eye,

As when the sound of human praise  
Grows pleasant to my ear,  
And in its light my broken ways  
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,  
We come to know, at length,  
What strength within our weakness lies,  
What weakness in our strength;

What inward peace is born of strife  
What power of being spent;  
What wings unto our upward life  
Is noble discontent.

O Lord, we need thy shaming look  
That burns all low desire;  
The discipline of thy rebuke  
Shall be refining fire!

—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

### TOO MUCH SELF

Some evil upon Rabia fell;  
And one who loved and knew her well  
Murmured that God with pain undue  
Should strike a child so fond and true.  
But she replied, "Believe and trust  
That all I suffer is most just.  
I had, in contemplation, striven  
To realize the joys of heaven;  
I had extended fancy's flights  
Through all that region of delights,  
Had counted, till the numbers failed,  
The pleasures on the blest entailed.  
Had sounded the ecstatic rest  
I should enjoy on Allah's breast—  
And for these thoughts I now atone;  
They were of something of my own,  
And were not thoughts of him alone."  
—From the Arabian.

### THE GAIN OF LOSS

O thou so weary of thy self-denials,  
And so impatient of thy little cross,  
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,  
And count all earthly things a gainful  
loss?

Canst thou forget thy Christian super-  
scription,  
"Behold, we count them happy which  
endure"?

What treasure wouldst thou, in the land  
Egyptian,  
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious  
promise  
For the poor, fleeting joys earth can  
afford?

No hand can take away the treasure  
from us  
That rests within the keeping of the  
Lord.

## A STRANGE BOON

Oft when of God we ask  
 For fuller, happier life,  
 He sets us some new task  
 Involving care and strife;  
 Is this the boon for which we sought?  
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,  
 Though strange to us it seems;  
 We pierce the rock, and soon  
 The blessing on us streams;  
 For when we are the most athirst,  
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in the field  
 Wherein, to us unknown,  
 A treasure lies concealed  
 Which may be all our own.  
 And shall we of the toil complain  
 That speedily will bring such gain?

We dig the wells of life,  
 And God the waters gives;  
 We win our way by strife,  
 Then he within us lives;  
 And only war could make us meet  
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.  
 —Thomas Toke Lynch.

## STILL HOPE! STILL ACT!

Still hope! still act! Be sure that life  
 The source and strength of every good,  
 Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,  
 And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil in tasks however mean  
 For all we know of right and true—  
 In this alone our worth is seen,  
 'Tis this we were ordained to do.

So shalt thou find, in work and thought:  
 The peace that sorrow cannot give;  
 Though grief's worst pangs to thee be  
 taught,  
 By thee let others nobler live.

Oh, wait not in the darksome forest,  
 Where thou must needs be left alone,  
 But e'en when memory is sorest,  
 Seek out a path and journey on!

Thou wilt have angels near above  
 By whom invisible aid is given;  
 They journey still on tasks of love,  
 And never rest except in heaven.  
 —John Sterling.

## THEY SHALL NOT OVERFLOW

In the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 Jesus whispers consolation  
 And supports my fainting soul;  
 Sweet affliction  
 That brings Jesus to my soul.

Thus the lion yields me honey,  
 From the eater food is given;  
 Strengthened thus I still press forward,  
 Singing on my way to heaven.  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Helping speed me on to heaven.

So in darkest dispensations  
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,  
 With his richest consolations  
 To reanimate and cheer;  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.

Floods of tribulation heighten,  
 Billows still around me roar;  
 Those who know not Christ they  
 frighten;  
 But my soul defies their power:  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.

In the sacred page recorded,  
 Thus His word securely stands;  
 "Fear not; I'm, in trouble, near thee,  
 Naught shall pluck thee from my  
 hands."  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Every word my love demands.

All I meet, I find, assists me  
 In my path to heavenly joy,  
 Where, though trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy.  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Every promise gives me joy.

Wearing there a weight of glory,  
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,  
 But, exulting, cry it led me  
 To my blessed Saviour's seat;  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Which hath brought me to his feet.  
 —Pearce.

Glory to God—to God! he saith,  
 Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
 And life is perfected by death.  
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HIS WAYS

I asked for grace to lift me high,  
Above the world's depressing cares.  
God sent me sorrows,—with a sigh  
I said, He has not heard my prayers.

I asked for light, that I might see  
My path along life's thorny road;  
But clouds and darkness shadowed me  
When I expected light from God.

I asked for peace, that I might rest  
To think my sacred duties o'er,  
When lo! such horrors filled my breast  
As I had never felt before.

And O, I cried, can this be prayer  
Whose plaints the steadfast mountains  
move?  
Can this be heaven's prevailing care?  
And, O my God, is this thy love?

But soon I found that sorrow, worn  
As duty's garment, strength supplies,  
And out of darkness meekly borne  
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears which  
stirred  
My startled soul God's will to do,  
On me more real peace conferred  
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in thy mysterious ways  
Lead my dependent spirit on,  
And whensoever it kneels and prays,  
Teach it to say, "Thy will be done!"

Let its one thought, one hope, one  
prayer,  
Thine image seek, thy glory see;  
Let every other wish and care  
Be left confidingly to thee.  
—John Samuel Bewley Monsell.

COMPENSATION

Not in each shell the diver brings to air  
Is found the priceless pearl, but only  
where  
Mangled, and torn, and bruised well-  
nigh to death,  
The wounded oyster draws its laboring  
breath.  
O tired and suffering soul! gauge here  
your gain;  
The pearl of patience is the fruit of pain.  
—Caroline Atherton Mason.

THE DARK ANGEL

Count each affliction, whether light or  
grave,  
God's messenger sent down to thee.  
Do thou  
With courtesy receive him, rise and  
bow,  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold,  
crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,  
Then lay before him all thou hast.  
Allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow  
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief  
should be,  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making  
free;  
Strong to consume small troubles, to  
commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts,  
thoughts lasting to the end.  
—Aubrey Thomas De Vere.

SONG—SERMON

Lord, what is man,  
That thou art mindful of him?  
Though in creation's van,  
Lord, what is man?  
He wills less than he can,  
Lets his ideal scoff him!  
Lord, what is man,  
That thou art mindful of him?  
—George Macdonald.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames  
do scourge us?  
Our sins breathe fire; thy fire returns to  
purge us.  
Lord, what an alchemist art thou, whose  
skill  
Transmutes to perfect good from per-  
fect ill! —Francis Quarles.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
known;  
No traveler e'er reached that blest  
abode  
Who found not thorns and briers in his  
road.  
—William Cowper.

## TAKE AWAY PAIN

The cry of man's anguish went up unto  
God:

"Lord, take away pain—  
The shadow that darkens the world thou  
hast made,

The close-coiling chain  
That strangles the heart, the burden that  
weighs

On the wings that would soar—  
Lord, take away pain from the world  
thou hast made,

That it love thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of  
his world:

"Shall I take away pain  
And with it the power of the soul to en-  
dure,

Made strong by the strain?  
Shall I take away pity, that knits heart  
to heart,

And sacrifice high?  
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift  
from the fire

White brows to the sky?  
Shall I take away love, that redeems  
with a price

And smiles at its loss?  
Can ye spare from your lives, that  
would climb unto mine,  
The Christ on his cross?"

'Tis not alone in the sunshine  
Our lives grow pure and true;  
There is growth as well in the shadow,  
And pain has a work to do.

So it comes to me more and more  
As I enter upon each new day:  
The love of the Father eternal  
Is over us all the way.

"In pastures green"? Not always;  
sometimes he  
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth  
me  
In weary ways where heavy shadows be.

But where He leads me I can safely  
go,  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

## A SONG OF SOLACE

Thou sweet hand of God, that so  
woundest my heart.

Thou makest me smile while thou  
mak'st me to smart;

It seems as if God were at ball-play;  
and I,

The harder he strikes me the higher I fly.

I own it, he bruises, he pierces me sore;  
But the hammer and chisel afflict me  
no more.

Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I  
see

The Sculptor will carve out an angel for  
me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful  
soe'er,

When once I can feel that my God's hand  
is there;

For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow  
When the Smith with his hammer deals  
blow upon blow.

God presses me hard, but he gives  
patience, too!

And I say to myself, "'Tis no more than  
my due,"

And no tone from the organ can swell  
on the breeze

Till the organist's fingers press down on  
the keys.

So come, then, and welcome the blow  
and the pain!

Without them no mortal to heaven can  
attain;

For what can the sheaves on the barn  
floor avail

Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff  
with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with  
pain;

Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on  
rain.

Then bear thou what God on thy spirit  
shall lay;

Be dumb; but, when tempted to mur-  
mur, then pray.

—From the German.

When thou hast thanked thy God for  
every blessing sent,  
What time will then remain for mur-  
murs or lament?

We must live through the weary winter  
 If we would value the spring;  
 And the woods must be cold and silent  
 Before the robins sing.  
 The flowers must lie buried in darkness  
 Before they can bud and bloom;  
 And the sweetest and warmest sunshine  
 Comes after the storm and gloom.  
 —Agnes L. Pratt.

We look along the shining ways,  
 To see the angel faces;  
 They come to us in darkest days  
 And in the blackest places.  
 The strongest hearts have strongest  
 need,  
 To them the fiery trial;  
 Who walks a saint in word and deed  
 Is saint by self-denial.

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,  
 That the strongest suffer most,  
 That the wisest wander farthest,  
 And most hopelessly are lost?  
 That the mark of rank in nature  
 Is capacity for pain,  
 That the anguish of the singer  
 Makes the sweetness of the strain?

O, block by block, with sore and sharp  
 endeavor,  
 Lifelong we build these human natures  
 up  
 Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine.  
 And trial ever consecrates the cup.  
 Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial  
 wine. —James Russell Lowell.

But all God's angels come to us dis-  
 guised;  
 Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
 One after other lift their frowning masks,  
 And we behold the seraph's face beneath  
 All radiant with the glory and the calm  
 Of having looked upon the front of God.  
 —James Russell Lowell.

The man whom God delights to bless  
 He never curses with success.  
 Thrice happy loss which makes me see  
 My happiness is all in thee.  
 —Charles Wesley.

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but  
 half.  
 Who never failed, he never strove or  
 sought.  
 Who never wept is stranger to a laugh  
 And he who never doubted never  
 thought. —J. B. Goode.

I thank thee, Lord, that all my joy  
 Is touched with pain;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
 That thorns remain;  
 So that earth's bliss may be my guide,  
 And not my chain.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet  
 relief?  
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes  
 untold?  
 Balm would'st thou gather for corroding  
 grief?  
 Pour blessings round thee like a  
 shower of gold.

Art thou weary, tender heart?  
 Be glad of pain;  
 In sorrow sweetest things will grow  
 As flowers in rain.  
 God watches; and thou wilt have sun  
 When clouds their perfect work have  
 done. —Lucy Larcom.

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,  
 Whose golden rounds are our calamities  
 Whereon our firm feet planting nearer  
 God  
 The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes un-  
 sealed. —James Russell Lowell.

In the pleasant orchard closes,  
 "God bless all our gains," say we;  
 But "May God bless all our losses,"  
 Better suits with our degree.  
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
 Our burden is our boon;  
 The curse of earth's gray morning is  
 The blessing of its noon.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,  
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved at all.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

—  
 The fountain of joy is fed by tears,  
 And love is lit by the breath of sighs;  
 The deepest griefs and the wildest fears  
 Have holiest ministries.  
 —Josiah Gilbert Holland.

—  
 I held it truth, with him who sings  
 To one clear harp in divers tones  
 That men may rise on stepping stones  
 Of their dead selves to higher things.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

—  
 When God afflicts thee, think he hews  
 a rugged stone,  
 Which must be shaped or else aside as  
 useless thrown.  
 —Richard Chenevix Trench.

My sorrows have not been so light  
 Thy chastening hand I could not trace,  
 Nor have my blessings been so great  
 That they have hid my Father's face.

—  
 Put pain from out the world, what room  
 were left  
 For thanks to God, for love to man?  
 —Robert Browning.

—  
 Heaven is not always angry when he  
 strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most he  
 likes.  
 —John Pomfret.

—  
 The good are better made by ill,  
 As odors crushed are sweeter still.  
 —Samuel Rogers.

—  
 Only those are crowned and sainted  
 Who with grief have been acquainted.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

# LOVE

## DIVINE GOODNESS, UNSELFISHNESS

### LOVE'S FULFILLING

O Love is weak  
Which counts the answers and the gains,  
Weighs all the losses and the pains,  
And eagerly each fond word drains  
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong  
It never tarries to take heed,  
Or know if its return exceed  
Its gifts; in its sweet haste no greed,  
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks  
If it be loved at all; to take  
So barren seems, when it can make  
Such bliss, for the beloved's sake,  
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy  
Could find hard death so beauteous,  
It sees through tears how Christ loved  
us,  
And speaks, in saying "I love thus,"  
No blasphemy.

So much we miss  
If love is weak, so much we gain  
If love is strong, God thinks no pain  
Too sharp or lasting to ordain  
To teach us this.  
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

### LOVE

If suddenly upon the street  
My gracious Saviour I should meet,  
And he should say, "As I love thee,  
What love hast thou to offer me?"  
Then what could this poor heart of mine  
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,  
His thought my inmost thought would  
know;

And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"  
He would not heed my spoken word,  
Because my daily life would tell  
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place  
Wherein he met me face to face  
My life could show some kindness done,  
Some purpose formed, some work begun,  
For his dear sake, then, it were meet  
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.  
—Charles Francis Richardson.

### THE COMMON OFFERING

It is not the deed we do—  
Tho' the deed be never so fair—  
But the love that the dear Lord looketh  
for  
Hidden with holy care  
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,  
The treasure our treasure must hold  
Or ever our Lord will take the gift,  
Or tell the worth of the gold  
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us—the rich and the poor—  
Dear Lord, in thy service draw near;  
One consecrateth a precious coin,  
One droppeth only a tear;  
Look, Master, the love is here!  
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

True love shall trust, but selfish love  
must die,  
For trust is peace, and self is full of  
pain;  
Arise and heal thy brother's grief; his  
tears  
Shall wash thy love, and it will live  
again. —John Boyle O'Reilly.



### EXPECTING AND KNOWING

Faith, Hope and Love were questioned  
 what they thought  
 Of future glory which religion taught;  
 Now Faith *believed* it to be firmly true,  
 And Hope *expected* so to find it too;  
 Love answered, smiling with uncon-  
 scious glow,  
 "Believe? expect? I *know* it to be so."  
 —John Wesley.

### THE LOVE OF GOD

Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
 Were the whole world of parchment  
 made,  
 Were every single stick a quill,  
 Were every man a scribe by trade;  
 To write the love of God alone  
 Would drain the ocean dry;  
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole  
 Though stretched from sky to sky.

### THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I say to thee—do thou repeat  
 To the first man thou mayest meet  
 In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men move  
 Under a canopy of love  
 As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
 And anguish, all are shadows vain;  
 That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
 Through dark ways under ground be led,

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,  
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
 Shall issue out in heavenly day,

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
 All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this  
 Yet one word more: They only miss  
 The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that love,  
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
 And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know:  
 That to believe these things are so,  
 This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife  
 With blessing, all with curses rife,  
 That *this* is blessing, *this* is life.  
 —Richard Chenevix Trench.

### GOD'S ALL-EMBRACING LOVE

Thou grace divine, encircling all,  
 A soundless, shoreless sea  
 Wherein at last our souls shall fall;  
 O love of God most free,

When over dizzy steeps we go  
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
 The other leads us, safe and slow,  
 O love of God, most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,  
 And wander wide and long,  
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,  
 O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
 The toil-worn frame and mind,  
 Alike confess thy sweet control,  
 O love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim  
 Our wayward steps to win;  
 We know thee by a dearer name,  
 O love of God, within!

And filled and quickened by thy breath  
 Our souls are strong and free  
 To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,  
 O love of God, to thee!  
 —Eliza Scudder.

Ah, how skillful grows the hand  
 That obeyeth Love's command!  
 It is the heart, and not the brain,  
 That to the highest doth attain,  
 And he who followeth Love's behest  
 Far excelleth all the rest.  
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

If I truly love the One  
 All the loves are mine;  
 Alien to my heart is none  
 And life grows divine.

GOD'S MERCY

There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in his justice  
Which is more than liberty.  
There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.  
There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.  
If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
—Frederick William Faber.

THE LOVE THAT PASSETH  
KNOWLEDGE

Not what I am, O Lord, but what thou  
art,  
That, that alone, can be my soul's  
true rest;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt  
depart,  
And stills the tempest of my tossing  
breast.

It is thy perfect love that casts out fear;  
I know the voice that speaks the "It  
is I."  
And in these well-known words of  
heavenly cheer  
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow  
fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from the  
Cross;  
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon  
tomb;  
All meaner love is perishable dross,  
But thy shall light me through time's  
thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall forever bless;  
It saves me now, and shall forever  
save;  
It holds me up in days of helplessness,  
It bears me safely o'er each swelling  
wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,  
Breathing that love as heaven's own  
healing air,  
I work or wait, still following my Guide,  
Braving each foe, escaping every  
snare.

'Tis what I know of thee my Lord and  
God,  
That fills my soul with peace, my lips  
with song;  
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff,  
my rod,  
Leaning on thee, in weakness I am  
strong.

I am all want and hunger; this faint  
heart  
Pines for a fullness which it finds not  
here,  
Dear ones are leaving, and as they de-  
part,  
Make room within for something yet  
more dear.

More of thyself, oh, show me hour by  
hour  
More of thy glory, O my God and  
Lord!  
More of thyself in all thy grace and  
power  
More of thy love and truth, Incarnate  
Word.

Love that asketh love again  
Finds the barter naught but pain;  
Love that giveth in full store,  
Aye receives as much, and more.

Love, exacting nothing back,  
Never knoweth any lack;  
Love, compelling love to pay,  
Sees him bankrupt every day.  
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Such power there is in clear-eyed self-  
restraint  
And purpose clean as light from every  
selfish taint.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## HIS BANNER OVER ME

Surrounded by unnumbered foes,  
Against my soul the battle goes!  
Yet, though I weary, sore distressed,  
I know that I shall reach my rest.  
I lift my tearful eyes above;  
His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
Though flesh may faint upon the field;  
He waves before my fading sight  
The branch of palm—the crown of light;  
I lift my brightening eyes above,  
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,  
His veil of splendor curtain him,  
And in the midnight of my fear  
I may not feel him standing near;  
But, as I lift mine eyes above,  
His banner over me is love.  
—Gerald Massey.

## THE SPILT PEARLS

His courtiers of the caliph crave:  
"O say how this may be,  
That of thy slaves this Ethiop slave  
Is best beloved by thee?"

"For he is hideous as the night:  
Yet when has ever chose  
A nightingale for its delight  
A hueless, scentless rose?"

The caliph then: "No features fair,  
No comely mien are his;  
Love is the beauty he doth wear;  
And love his glory is.

"Once when a camel of my train  
There fell, in narrow street,  
From broken casket rolled amain  
Rich pearls before my feet.

"I nodding to my slaves that I  
Would freely give them these,  
At once upon the spoil they fly  
The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained—  
Beside this Ethiop none;  
He, moveless as the steed he reined,  
Behind me sat alone.

"What will thy gain, good fellow, be,  
Thus lingering at my side?"  
"My king, that I shall faithfully  
Have guarded thee," he cried.

"True servant's title he may wear,  
He only, who has not,  
For his lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,  
His lord himself forgot!"

So thou alone dost walk before  
Thy God with perfect aim,  
From him desiring nothing more  
Beside himself to claim.

For if thou not to him aspire,  
But to his gifts alone,  
Not love, but covetous desire,  
Has brought thee to his throne.

While such thy prayer; it climbs above  
In vain—the golden key  
Of God's rich treasure-house of love  
Thine own will never be.  
—Saadi, tr. by Richard Chenevix  
Trench.

## THE HIGHER PRIVILEGE

For some the narrow lane of "must,"  
Be mine the big, broad "may";  
Better to love—be happy—trust,  
Than simply to obey.

O troubled over many things,  
Choose thou the better part:  
Service unconscious of itself,  
And child likeness of heart.

Why cast your burden on the Lord  
And strive to drag it, too?  
Call work an opportunity  
Till it grows joy to you.

"Ought" is a servant's work, not mine;  
I sign no grudging pledge;  
I am a child and son; my toil  
Is only privilege.

Who'd be a thrall to vain debates  
Of "were this right or wrong,"  
When he might toss these cares to God  
And catch instead a song!

Why breathe earth's heavy atmosphere,  
Forgetful we can fly,  
When the high zenith, "God is Love,"  
Allures us to the sky?

The virtues hide their vanquished fires  
Within that whiter flame,  
Till conscience grows irrelevant,  
And duty but a name!  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

## THE WIDOW'S OIL

2 Kings 4. 1-6

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,  
It will not fail until  
Thou failest vessels to provide  
Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,  
Though flowing broad and free  
Till then, and nourished from on high,  
It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love has overflowing streams  
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for thee  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
That good thing from above;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;  
Such is the law of love.  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

## ONLY LOVE

Lord and Father, great and holy!  
Fearing naught, we come to thee;  
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,  
For thy love has made us free.  
By the blue sky bending o'er us,  
By the green earth's flowery zone,  
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,  
"Thou art Love, and Love alone!"

Though the worlds in flame should  
perish,  
Suns and stars in ruin fall,  
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,  
Thou to us be all in all.  
And though heavens thy name are  
praising,  
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone  
Than the strains our hearts are raising,  
"Thou art Love, and Love alone!"  
—Frederic William Farrar.

That love for one from which there doth  
not spring  
Wide love for all is but a worthless thing.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## JOHN AND JESUS

A voice by Jordan's shore!  
A summons stern and clear:  
Reform! be just! and sin no more!  
God's judgment draweth near!

A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear;  
Love God! thy neighbor love! for, see,  
God's mercy draweth near!

O voice of Duty, still  
Speak forth; I hear with awe.  
In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love!  
Yet speak thy word in me;  
Through Duty let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty!  
—Samuel Longfellow.

## WHAT REDRESS?

I pray you, do not use this thing  
For vengeance; but if questioning  
What wound, when dealt your human-  
kind,  
Goes deepest—surely he shall find  
Who wrongs you, loving *him* no less—  
There's nothing hurts like tenderness.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## FORGIVENESS

When on the fragrant sandal-tree  
The woodman's axe descends,  
And she who bloomed so beautifully  
Beneath the keen stroke bends,  
E'en on the edge that wrought her death  
Dying she breathed her sweetest breath,  
As if to token, in her fall,  
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,  
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;  
To see the blow, to feel the pain,  
But render only love again!  
This spirit not to earth is given—  
ONE had it, but he came from heaven.  
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,  
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made,  
But when in death's deep pang he sighed  
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

## LOVE COUNTETH NOT THE COST

There is an ancient story, simply told,  
 As ever were the holy things of old,  
 Of one who served through many a toiling year  
 To earn at last the joy he held most dear;  
 A weary term, to others strangely lost.  
 What mattered it? Love counteth not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath far Eastern skies  
 The faithful life hath, patient, won its prize;  
 Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell  
 The soul, some Rachel waits beside the well;  
 For her the load is borne, the desert crossed.  
 What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

This then of man—and what, dear Lord,  
 of thee,  
 Bowed in the midnight of Gethsemane—  
 Come from those regions infinite with peace,  
 To buy with such a price the world's release?  
 Thy voice descends, through ages tempest-tossed,  
 "What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

O Christ, Redeemer, Master! I who stand  
 Beneath the pressure of thy gracious hand—  
 What is the service thou wouldst have from me?  
 What is the burden to be borne for thee?  
 I, too, would say, though care and fear exhaust,  
 "What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

## LOVE OF HOME

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums  
 That beat to battle where he stands;  
 Thy face across his fancy comes,  
 And gives the battle to his hands.  
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
 He sees his brood about thy knee;  
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## BE KIND TO THYSELF

Comes a message from above—  
 "As thyself thy neighbor love."  
 With myself so vexed I grow—  
 Of my weakness weary so;  
 Easier may I tolerate  
 My neighbor than myself not hate.

Take not part of thee for whole;  
 Thou art neighbor to thy soul;  
 The ray from heaven that gilds the clod  
 Love thou, for it comes from God.  
 Bear thou with thy human clay,  
 Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray.  
 —Edward Sandford Martin.

## LOVE AND LIGHT

Through love to light! oh wonderful the way  
 That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
 From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
 To morning that comes singing o'er the sea,  
 Through love to light! Through light,  
 O God, to thee,  
 Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

## SYMPATHETIC LOVE

O Love divine, that stooped to share  
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!  
 On thee we cast each earthborn care;  
 We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

When drooping pleasure turns to grief  
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
 Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O Love divine, forever dear;  
 Content to suffer while we know,  
 Living and dying, thou art near!  
 —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Love took up the glass of Time, and  
turned it in his glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself  
in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote  
on all the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,  
passed in music out of sight.

—Alfred Tennyson.

For, lo! in hidden deep accord  
The servant may be like his Lord.  
And thy love, our love shining through,  
May tell the world that thou art true,  
Till those who see us see thee too.

—Anna Letitia Waring.

Who loves, no law can ever bind;  
He'd cleave to God as well  
Were there no golden heaven's reward,  
And no dark cave of hell.

—Scheffler, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
Marvin.

To halls of heavenly truth admission  
wouldst thou win?  
Oft knowledge stands without, while  
Love may enter in.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

For others' sake to make life sweet  
Though thorns may pierce your weary  
feet;

For others' sake to walk each day  
As if joy helped you all the way.  
While in the heart may be a grave  
That makes it hard to be so brave.

Herein, I think, is love.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection  
never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its  
waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall  
fill them full of refreshment.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Ah, yes! I would a phoenix be,  
And burn my heart in Deity!  
Then I should dwell by his dear side,  
And in the self of God abide.

—Scheffler, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
Marvin.

The man is happy, Lord, who love like  
this doth owe:  
Loves thee, his friend in thee, and, for  
thy sake, his foe.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

# HOPE

## PROGRESS, OPTIMISM, ENTHUSIASM

### THE PROMISED LAND— TO-MORROW

High hopes that burned like stars sublime

Go down the heavens of freedom,  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need them;  
But never sit we down and say,  
There's nothing left but sorrow—  
We walk the wilderness to-day,  
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,  
There are no flowers blooming,  
But life beats in the frozen bough  
And freedom's spring is coming.  
And freedom's tide comes up alway  
Though we may stand in sorrow;  
And our good bark, aground to-day,  
Shall float again to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes  
With shining futures glisten;  
Lo! now the dawn bursts up the skies:  
Lean out your souls and listen!  
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,  
And ripens with her sorrow;  
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
Brings victory to-morrow.

Through all the long night of the years  
The people's cry ascended;  
The earth was wet with blood and tears  
Ere their meek sufferings ended.  
The few shall not forever sway,  
The many toil in sorrow,  
The bars of hell are strong to-day  
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave on wave,  
But still the tide heaves onward;  
We climb like corals, grave on grave,  
But build a pathway sunward;  
We're beaten back in many a fray,  
But strength divine will borrow—  
And where our vanguard rests to-day  
Our rear shall march to-morrow.

Then, Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,  
With energies immortal,  
To many a haven of desire  
Your yearning opes a portal.  
And though age wearies by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow,  
We sow the golden grain to-day—  
The harvest comes to-morrow.  
—Gerald Massey.

### THE RIGHT MUST WIN

O it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,  
In our mysterious creed,  
Than in the godless look of earth  
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks,  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above;  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion, of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act  
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;  
Her step is firm and free.  
Yet there is cautious science, too  
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like,  
And in the darkest battle-field,  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame  
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

God's justice is a bed where we  
Our anxious hearts may lay,  
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.  
—Frederick William Faber.

Let us believe  
That there is hope for all the hearts that  
grieve;  
That somewhere night  
Drifts to a morning beautiful with light,  
And that the wrong  
Though now it triumphs, yields no scepter long.  
But right will reign  
Throned where the waves of error beat  
in vain. —Frank L. Stanton.

To change and change is life; to move  
and never rest;  
Not what we are, but what we hope, is  
best. —James Russell Lowell.

## HAVE HOPE

Have Hope! it is the brightest star  
That lights life's pathway down:  
A richer, purer gem than decks  
An Eastern monarch's crown.  
The Midas that may turn to joy  
The grief-fount of the soul;  
That paints the prize and bids thee press  
With fervor to the goal.

Have Hope! as the tossed mariner  
Upon the wild sea driven  
With rapture hails the polar star—  
His guiding light to haven—  
So Hope shall gladden thee, and guide  
Along life's stormy road,  
And as a sacred beacon stand  
To point thee to thy God.  
—B. A. G. Fuller.

## WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my  
face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder  
height;  
So flows the good, with equal law,  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor  
high,  
Can keep my own away from me.  
—John Burroughs.



## THE LARGER HOPE

O, yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void  
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
 That not a moth with vain desire  
 Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
 I can but trust that good shall fall  
 At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?  
 An infant crying in the night;  
 An infant crying for the light,  
 And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## DESPONDENCY REBUKED

Say not, the struggle naught availeth;  
 The labor and the wounds are vain;  
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth;  
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
 It may be—in yon smoke concealed—  
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly break-  
 ing,  
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets  
 making,  
 Comes, silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
 When daylight comes, comes in the  
 light;  
 In front the sun climbs slow—how  
 slowly!  
 But westward, look, the land is bright!  
 —Arthur Hugh Clough.

## COMMIT THY WAY

Commit thy way to God,  
 The weight which makes thee faint;  
 Worlds are to him no load,  
 To him breathe thy complaint.  
 He who for winds and clouds  
 Maketh a pathway free,  
 Through wastes or hostile crowds,  
 Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in him be blest  
 Ere bliss can be secure;  
 On his works must thou rest  
 If thy work shall endure.  
 To anxious, prying thought,  
 And weary, fretting care,  
 The highest yieldeth naught:  
 He giveth all to prayer.

Father, thy faithful love,  
 Thy mercy, wise and mild,  
 Sees what will blessing prove,  
 Or what will hurt thy child;  
 And what thy wise foreseeing  
 Doth for thy children choose  
 Thou bringest into being,  
 Nor sufferest them to lose.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled;  
 Hope and be undismayed;  
 Let not thy heart be troubled,  
 Nor let it be afraid.  
 This prison where thou art—  
 Thy God will break it soon,  
 And flood with light thy heart  
 In his own blessed noon.

Up! up! the day is breaking;  
 Say to thy cares, Good night!  
 Thy troubles from thee shaking  
 Like dreams in day's fresh light.  
 Thou wearest not the crown,  
 Nor the best course can tell;  
 God sitteth on the throne  
 And guideth all things well.  
 —Paul Gerhardt, tr. by Elizabeth  
 Rundle Charles.

## THE SILVER LINING

There's never a day so sunny  
 But a little cloud appears,  
 There's never a life so happy  
 But has its time of tears;  
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
 Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
 With roses in every plot;  
 There's never a heart so hardened  
 But has one tender spot;  
 We have only to prune the border  
 To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises  
 But we know 'twill set at night;  
 The tints that gleam in the morning  
 At evening are just as bright;  
 And the hour that is the sweetest  
 Is between the dark and light.

There is never a cup so pleasant  
 But has bitter with the sweet;  
 There is never a path so rugged,  
 Bearing not the print of feet,  
 But we have a helper furnished  
 For the trials we may meet.

There is never a way so narrow  
 But the entrance is made straight,  
 There is always a guide to point us  
 To the "little wicket gate."  
 And the angels will be nearest  
 To a soul that's desolate.

There is never a heart so haughty  
 But will some day bow and kneel;  
 There is never a heart so wounded  
 That the Saviour cannot heal;  
 There is many a lowly forehead  
 Bearing now the hidden seal.

There's never a dream so happy  
 But the waking makes us sad;  
 There's never a dream of sorrow  
 But the waking makes us glad;  
 We shall look some day with wonder  
 At the troubles we have had.

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Yet sometimes glimmers on my sight,  
 Through present wrong, the eternal  
 right;  
 And, step by step, since time began,  
 I see the steady gain of man.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## FARTHER ON

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,  
 Softly in an undertone,  
 Singing as if God had taught it,  
 "It is better farther on!"

Night and day it sings the song,  
 Sings it while I sit alone,  
 Sings so that the heart may hear it,  
 "It is better farther on!"

Sits upon the grave and sings it,  
 Sings it when the heart would groan,  
 Sings it when the shadows darken,  
 "It is better farther on!"

Farther on? How much farther?  
 Count the milestones one by one?  
 No! no counting—only trusting,  
 "It is better farther on!"

## NEW EVERY MORNING

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Every day is a fresh beginning,  
 Every morn is the world made new;  
 You who are weary of sorrow and sin-  
 ning,  
 Here is a beautiful hope for you—  
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
 The tasks are done and the tears are  
 shed;  
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
 Yesterday's wounds, which smarted  
 and bled,  
 Are healed with the healing which  
 night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever,  
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds  
 tight;  
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad  
 days, which never  
 Shall visit us more with their bloom  
 and their blight,  
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful  
 night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve  
 them;  
 Cannot undo, and cannot atone;  
 God in his mercy, receive, forgive them!  
 Only the new days are our own.  
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,  
 Here is the spent earth all reborn;  
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
 To face the sun, and to share with the  
 morn

In the chrism of dew and the cool of  
 dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
 And, spite of all sorrow and old sinning,  
 And puzzle forecasted, and possible  
 pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin  
 again. —Susan Coolidge.

### CHEER UP

Never go gloomily, man with a mind;  
 Hope is a better companion than fear;  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with  
 a tear.

All will be right; look to the light;  
 Morning is ever the daughter of night;  
 All that was black will be all that is  
 bright;

Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,

Many a sorrow a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise,  
 Bringing true love and joys ever new.  
 Stand in the van; strive like a man;  
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan—  
 Trusting in God while you do what you  
 can,

Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

### PROGRESS

Idly as thou, in that old day  
 Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;  
 So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
 Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;

Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
 Which God repeats.

Take heart! The Waster builds again;  
 A charmed life old Goodness hath;  
 The tares may perish, but the grain  
 Is not for death.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### THE VEILED FUTURE

Veiled the future comes, refusing,  
 To be seen, like Isaac's bride  
 Whom the lonely man met musing  
 In the fields at eventide.

Round him o'er the darkening waste  
 Deeper shades of evening fall,  
 And behind him in the past  
 Mother Sarah's funeral.

Mother Sarah being dead,  
 There comes his veiled destiny;  
 The veiled Rebecca he must wed  
 Whatsoe'er her features be.

On he walks in silent prayer,  
 Bids the veiled Rebecca hail,  
 Doubting not she will prove fair  
 When at length she drops the veil.

When the veil is dropped aside,  
 Dropped in Mother Sarah's tent,  
 Oh! she is right fair, this bride  
 Whom his loving God has sent.

To those walking 'twixt the two—  
 'Twixt the past with pleasures dead  
 And the future veiled from view—  
 The veiled future thou must wed;

Walk like Isaac, praying God;  
 Walk by faith and not by sight;  
 And though darker grows the road  
 Doubt not all will yet come right.

Things behind forgetting, hail  
 Every future from above.  
 Doubt not when it drops the veil  
 'Twill be such as thou wouldst love.

Till at death-eve, when the past  
 Rings dear Mother Earth's own  
 knells,  
 Bridal heaven unveils at last  
 With a peal of marriage bells.

—William Robertson.

The night is mother of the day,  
 The winter of the spring;  
 And ever upon old decay  
 The greenest mosses cling.  
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
 For God, who loveth all his works,  
 Has left his hope with all.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## IMAGINARY EVILS

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
 Leave things of the future to fate;  
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow?  
 Life's troubles come never too late!  
 If to hope overmuch be an error,  
 'Tis one that the wise have preferred;  
 And how often have hearts been in  
 terror  
 Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain  
 thee;  
 Permit not suspicion and care  
 With invisible bonds to acclaim thee,  
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.  
 By his spirit supported and gladdened,  
 Be ne'er by forebodings deterred;  
 But think how oft hearts have been sad-  
 dened  
 By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
 Short and dark as our life may appear  
 We may make it still darker by sorrow,  
 Still shorter by folly and fear!  
 Half our troubles are half our invention,  
 And often from blessings conferred  
 Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehen-  
 sion  
 Of evils that never occurred.  
 —Charles Swain.

## THE MORNING STAR

There is a morning star, my soul!  
 There is a morning star;  
 'Twill soon be near and bright, my soul,  
 Though now it seem so dim and far.  
 And when time's stars have come and  
 gone,  
 And every mist of earth has flown,  
 That better star shall rise  
 On this world's clouded skies  
 To shine forever!

The night is well-nigh spent, my soul!  
 The night is well-nigh spent;  
 And soon above our heads shall rise  
 A glorious firmament.  
 A sky all clear and glad and bright,  
 The Lamb once slain its perfect light,  
 A star without a cloud,  
 Whose light no mists enshroud,  
 Descending never!

## THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write—  
 Three words as with a burning pen,  
 In tracings of eternal light,  
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ  
 now,  
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is  
 driven—  
 The calm's disport, the tempest's  
 mirth—  
 Know this: God rules the host of heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
 But man as man thy brother call;  
 And scatter like the circling sun  
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
 Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou  
 shalt find  
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
 Light when thou else wert blind.  
 —Johann Christopher Friedrich von  
 Schiller.

Knowing this, that never yet  
 Share of truth was vainly set  
 In the world's wide fallow;  
 After hands shall sow the seed,  
 After hands from hill and mead  
 Reap the harvests yellow.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

Yet I argue not  
 Against Thy hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and  
 steer  
 Right onward. —John Milton.

The world is growing better,  
 No matter what they say;  
 The light is shining brighter  
 In one refulgent ray;  
 And though deceivers murmur,  
 And turn another way,  
 Yet still the world grows better  
 And better every day.

Never give up! it is wiser and better  
 Always to hope than once to despair;  
 Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering  
 fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical  
 care;  
 Never give up, or the burden may sink  
 you—

Providence kindly has mingled the  
 cup;  
 And in all trials and troubles bethink  
 you

The watchword of life must be—  
 Never give up.

It's wiser being good than bad;  
 It's safer being meek than fierce;  
 It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is a sun will pierce  
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
 That, after Last, returns the First,  
 Though a wide compass round be  
 fetched;

That what began best, can't end  
 worst,  
 Nor what God blest once, prove ac-  
 curst. —Robert Browning.

Hope, Christian soul! in every stage  
 Of this thine earthly pilgrimage,  
 Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage;  
 Abound in hope.  
 Hope through the watches of the night;  
 Hope till the morrow brings the light;  
 Hope till thy faith be lost in sight;  
 Abound in hope.

God works in all things; all obey  
 His first propulsion from the night;  
 Wake thou and watch! the world is gray  
 With morning light.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

When the sun of joy is hidden,  
 And the sky is overcast,  
 Just remember—light is coming,  
 And the storm won't always last.

The mist denies the mountains;  
 The wind forbids the sea;  
 But, mist or wind, I go to find  
 The day that calls to me.

For there are mornings yonder  
 And noons that call and call;  
 And there's a day with arms outheld,  
 That waits beyond them all.  
 —Josephine Preston Peabody.

Open the door of your hearts, my lads,  
 To the angel of Love and Truth  
 When the world is full of unnumbered  
 joys,  
 In the beautiful dawn of youth.  
 Casting aside all things that mar,  
 Saying to wrong, Depart!  
 To the voices of hope that are calling  
 you  
 Open the door of your heart.  
 —Edward Everett Hale.

A little bit of hope  
 Makes a rainy day look gay;  
 A little bit of charity  
 Makes glad a weary way!

Hope, child, to-morrow, and to-morrow  
 still,  
 And every morrow hope; trust while  
 you live.  
 Hope! each time the dawn doth heaven  
 fill,  
 Be there to ask as God is there to give.  
 —Victor Hugo.

# FAITH

## ASSURANCE, DOUBT, UNBELIEF

### THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.  
No offering of mine own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts he gave,  
And plead his love for love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,  
Of greater out of sight;  
And, with the chastened psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.  
And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.  
And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.  
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on thee.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;  
And help us all, from morn till e'en,  
Still to believe that lot the best  
Which is, not that which might have  
been.

And grant we may so pass the days  
The cradle and the grave between,  
That death's dark hour not darker be  
For thoughts of what life might have  
been.

### THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

My prayer to the promise shall cling—  
I will not give heed to a doubt;  
For I ask for the one needful thing  
Which I cannot be happy without:

A spirit of lowly repose  
In the love of the Lamb that was slain;  
A heart to be touched with his woes,  
And a care not to grieve him again;

The peace that my Saviour has bought,  
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,  
The love that can bring every thought  
Into perfect obedience to him;

The wisdom his mercy to own  
In the way he directs me to take—  
To glory in Jesus alone,  
And to love and do good for his sake.

All this thou hast offered to me  
In the promise whereon I will rest;  
For faith, O my Saviour! in thee,  
Is the substance of all my request.

Thy word has commanded my prayer,  
Thy Spirit has taught me to pray;  
And all my unholy despair  
Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me;  
Thy promise my faith shall sustain;  
And soon, very soon, shall I see  
I have not been asking in vain.  
—Anna Letitia Waring.

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Ah, God! I have not had thee day and  
night  
In thought, nor magnified thy name  
aright,  
Nor lauded thee, nor glorified, nor laid  
Upon thine altars one poor kusa-blade!  
Yet now, when I seek refuge, Lord! with  
thee,  
I ask, and thou wilt give, all good to me.  
—Edwin Arnold, from the Sanskrit.

## ABOVE ALL, THE SHIELD

Faith fails;  
Then in the dust  
Lie failing rest and light and trust.  
So doth the troubled soul itself distress,  
And choke the fountain in the wilderness.

I care not what your peace assails!  
The deep root is, faith fails.

Faith fails  
When in the breast  
The Lord's sweet presence doth not rest;  
For who believes, clouds cannot make  
afraid;  
He knows the sun doth shine behind  
the shade;  
He rides at anchor through the gales.  
Do you not so? Faith fails.

Faith fails;  
Its foes alarm,  
And persecution's threats disarm;  
False friends can scarcely wish it a good  
day,  
Before it taketh fright and shrinks away.  
When God doth guard, what foe pre-  
vails?

Why then the fear? Faith fails.

Faith fails;  
Else cares would die,  
And we should on God's care rely.  
Man for the coming day doth grieve and  
fret,  
And all past days doth sinfully forget.  
For every beast God's care avails;  
Why not for us? Faith fails.

Faith fails;  
Then cometh fear,  
If sickness comes, if death is near.  
O man, why is it, when the times are bad  
And the days evil, that thy face is sad?  
How is it that thy courage quails?  
It must be this: Faith fails.

My God!  
Let my faith be  
Living, and working actively  
With hope and joy, that death may not  
surprise.  
So let them sweetly close my eyes;  
The Christian's life to death may  
yield—  
Hope stands; faith has the field.

—S. C. Schœner.

## LOOKING UNTO GOD

I look to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain;  
I feel thy strong and tender love,  
And all is well again:  
The thought of thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road;  
But let me only think of Thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above  
My restlessness to still;  
Around me flows thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will;  
Thy presence fills my solitude;  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,  
Held in thy law, I stand;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in thy hand;  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.  
—Samuel Longfellow.

## FAITH

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in  
thine,  
And surely know  
That I was walking in the light divine  
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear thy voice in accents sweet  
But plainly say,  
To guide my groping, wandering feet,  
"This is the way;"

I would so gladly walk therein; but now  
I cannot see.  
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly  
bow  
And trust in thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing. Were we led  
Like children here,  
And lifted over rock and river-bed,  
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng;  
Life's work undone;  
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true  
and strong,  
Till heaven is won.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## DOUBTING NOTHING

Acts 10. 9-20.

Not to thy saints of old alone dost Thou  
In heavenly trance make known thy  
perfect will,  
But to each hungry soul thy love  
would fill—

Descending out of heaven, we wist not  
how—

Comes by thy grace the holy vision now;  
While we whose hearts should with  
the message thrill

Cry "Common and unholy!" to thee  
still,

And, uninspired, in grief before thee  
bow.

O Thou, whose Own the way we fare  
hath trod,

Give to thy children quick, discern-  
ing eyes

To see in life upspringing from the sod  
All the divineness that within it lies,  
Till humble service lift us to the skies  
Who, "doubting nothing," seek thy will,  
O God!

—Louise Manning Hodgkins.

## THE EYE OF FAITH

I do not ask for earthly store  
Beyond a day's supply;  
I only covet more and more  
The clear and single eye.  
To see my duty face to face  
And trust the Lord for daily grace.

I care not for the empty show  
That thoughtless worldlings see;  
I crave to do the best I know,  
And leave the rest with thee;  
Well satisfied that sweet reward  
Is sure to those who trust the Lord.

Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,  
I will not dare to shun;  
I only ask to live for thee,  
And that thy will be done;  
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,  
While passing on my homeward way.

And when at last, my labor o'er,  
I cross the narrow sea,  
Grant, Lord, that on the other shore  
My soul may dwell with thee,  
And learn what here I cannot know:  
Why thou hast ever loved me so.

—J. J. Maxfield.

## HAVE FAITH IN GOD

Have faith in God! for he who reigns on  
high  
Hath borne thy grief and hears the sup-  
pliant's sigh,  
Still to his arms, thine only refuge, fly.  
Have faith in God!

Fear not to call on him, O soul dis-  
tressed!

Thy sorrow's whisper wooes thee to his  
breast;

He who is oftenest there is oftenest  
blest.

Have faith in God!

Lean not on Egypt's reeds; slake not thy  
thirst

At earthly cisterns. Seek the kingdom  
first.

Though man and Satan fight thee with  
their worst,

Have faith in God!

Go tell him all! The sigh thy bosom  
heaves

Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace  
he gives

Who gave himself for thee. Our Jesus  
lives;

Have faith in God!

## FAITH IN GOD

Though time may dig the grave of  
creeds,

And dogmas wither in the sod,  
My soul will keep the thought it needs—  
Its swerveless faith in God.

No matter how the world began,  
Nor where the march of science goes,  
My trust in something more than man  
Shall help me bear life's woes.

Let progress take the props away,  
And moldering superstitions fall;  
Still God retains his regal sway—  
The Maker of us all.

Why cavil over that or this?  
One thought is vast enough for me—  
The great Creator was, and is,  
And evermore will be.



## A STRONGER FAITH

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,

At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered  
strength,

He would not make his judgment  
blind,

He faced the specters of the mind  
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,

And Power was with him in the night,

Which makes the darkness and the  
light,

And dwells not in the light alone.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## A PERFECT FAITH

O for a faith that will not shrink

Though pressed by every foe,

That will not tremble on the brink

Of any earthly woe!

That will not murmur nor complain

Beneath the chastening rod,

But in the hour of grief or pain

Will lean upon its God;

A faith that shines more bright and clear

When tempests rage without;

That when in danger knows no fear.

In darkness feels no doubt;

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread  
frown,

Nor heeds its scornful smile;

That seas of trouble cannot drown,

Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,

And then, whate'er may come,

We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss

Of an eternal home.

—William H. Bathurst.

Who liveth best? Not he whose sail,

Swept on by favoring tide and gale,

Swift wins the haven fair;

But he whose spirit strong doth still

A victory wrest from every ill;

Whose faith sublime

On every cloud a rainbow paints—

'Tis he redeems the time.

## BELIEVE GOOD THINGS OF GOD

When in the storm it seems to thee

That he who rules the raging sea

Is sleeping—still, with bended knee,

Believe good things of God.

When thou hast sought in vain to find

The silver thread of love entwined

With life's oft-tangled web—resigned,

Believe good things of God.

And should he smite thee till thy heart

Is crushed beneath the bruising smart,

Still, while the bitter tear-drops start,

Believe good things of God.

'Tis true, thou canst not understand

The dealings of thy Father's hand;

But, trusting what his love has planned,

Believe good things of God.

He loves thee! In that love confide—

Unchanging, faithful, true, and tried;

And let or joy or grief betide,

Believe good things of God.

Thou canst not raise thy thoughts too  
high;

As spreads above the earth the sky,

So do his thoughts thy thoughts outvie:

Believe good things of God.

In spite of what thine eyes behold;

In spite of what thy fears have told;

Still to his gracious promise hold—

Believe good things of God.

For know that what thou canst believe

Thou shalt in his good time receive;

Thou canst not half his love conceive—

Believe good things of God.

—William Luff.

## BE NOT WEARY

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing;

Mount, but be sober on the wing;

Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,

Be sober, for thou art not there.

Till death the weary spirit free,

Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee

To walk by faith, and not by sight,

Take it on trust a little while;

Soon thou shalt read the mystery right

In the full sunshine of his smile.

—John Keble.

## ALL'S FOR THE BEST

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;  
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;  
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,  
 Courage forever is happy and wise.

All's for the best, if a man would but know it;  
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;  
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,  
 Heaven is gracious and all's for the best.

All's for the best; then fling away terrors;  
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;  
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors,  
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

All's for the best; unbiased, unbounded,  
 Providence reigns from the east to the west;  
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,  
 Hope, and be happy, that all's for the best.

—Martin Farquhar Tupper.

BLEST IS THE FAITH DIVINE  
AND STRONG

Blest is the faith divine and strong,  
 Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,

Whose life is one perpetual song  
 High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Blest is the hope that holds to God,  
 In doubt and darkness still unshaken;  
 And sings along the heavenly road,  
 Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Blest is the love that cannot love  
 Aught that earth gives of best and brightest;

Whose raptures thrill, like saints above,  
 Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

Blest is the time that in the eye  
 Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,  
 And grows into eternity  
 Like noiseless trees when men are sleeping.

—Frederick William Faber.

## GOD'S VOICE

Around my path life's mysteries  
 Their deepening shadows throw;  
 And as I gaze and ponder,  
 They dark and darker grow;  
 Yet still amid the darkness  
 I feel the light is near,  
 And in the awful stillness  
 God's voice I seem to hear.

Thy voice I hear above me,  
 Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray;  
 The night will soon be over,  
 And light will come with day."  
 Amen! the light and darkness  
 Are both alike to thee;  
 Then to thy waiting servant  
 Alike they both shall be.

That great unending future,  
 I cannot pierce its shroud,  
 But nothing doubt nor tremble,  
 God's bow is on the cloud;  
 To him I yield my spirit,  
 On him I lay my load;  
 Fear ends with death; beyond it  
 I nothing see but God.

—Samuel Greg.

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts  
 control  
 That o'er thee swell and throng;—  
 They will condense within thy soul,  
 And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
 In soft luxurious flow  
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
 Than brightest transports, choicest  
 prayers,  
 Which bloom this hour, and fade.

—John Henry Newman.

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul  
 Who has kept, after youth is past,  
 All the art of the child, all the heart of  
 the child,  
 Holding his faith at last.

—Frank Gelett Burgess.

## GOD KNOWS

God knows—not I—the devious way  
Wherein my faltering feet may tread,  
Before into the light of day,  
My steps from out this gloom are led,  
And, since my Lord the path doth see,  
What matter if 'tis hid from me?

God knows—not I—how sweet accord  
Shall grow at length from out this  
clash

Of earthly discords which have jarred  
On soul and sense; I hear the crash,  
Yet feel and know that on his ear  
Breaks harmony—full, deep, and clear.

God knows—not I—why, when I'd fain  
Have walked in pastures green and  
fair,

The path he pointed me hath lain  
Through rocky deserts, bleak and  
bare.

I blindly trust—since 'tis his will—  
This way lies safety, that way ill.

He knoweth, too, despite my will  
I'm weak when I should be most  
strong.

And after earnest wrestling still  
I see the right yet do the wrong.  
Is it that I may learn at length  
Not mine, but his, the saving strength?

His perfect plan I may not grasp,  
Yet I can trust Love Infinite,  
And with my feeble fingers clasp  
The hand which leads me into light.  
My soul upon his errands goes,  
The end I know not—but God knows.

## THE LORD'S LEADING

Thus far the Lord hath led us, in dark-  
ness and in day,  
Through all the varied stages of the  
narrow homeward way;  
Long since he took that journey—he  
trod that path alone;  
Its trials and its dangers full well him-  
self hath known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; the  
promise hath not failed.

The enemy, encountered oft, has never  
quite prevailed:

The shield of faith has turned aside, or  
quenched each fiery dart,

The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has  
forced him to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; the  
waters have been high,  
But yet in passing through them we felt  
that he was nigh.

A very present helper in trouble we have  
found,

His comforts most abounded when our  
sorrows did abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; our need  
hath been supplied,

And mercy hath encompassed us about  
on every side;

Still falls the daily manna; the pure  
rock-fountains flow;

And many flowers of love and hope along  
the wayside grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; and will  
he now forsake

The feeble ones whom for his own it  
pleases him to take?

Oh, never, never! earthly friends may  
cold and faithless prove,

But his is changeless pity and everlasting  
love.

Calmly we look behind us, our joys and  
sorrows past,

We know that all is mercy now, and  
shall be well at last;

Calmly we look before us; we fear no  
future ill,

Enough for safety and for peace, if *Thou*  
art with us still.

Yes, they that know thy name, Lord,  
shall put their trust in thee,

While nothing in themselves but sin and  
helplessness they see.

The race thou hast appointed us with  
patience we can run,

Thou wilt perform unto the end the  
work thou hast begun.

Have you found your life distasteful?

My life did and does smack sweet.

Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?

Mine I saved, and hold complete.

Do your joys with age diminish?

When mine fail me I'll complain.

Must in death your daylight finish?

My sun sets to rise again.

I find earth not gray, but rosy;

Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.

Do I stoop? I pluck a posy;

Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—Robert Browning.

## WE SHALL KNOW

In wise proportion does a fond hand  
mingle

The sweet and bitter in our life-cup  
here;

Each drop of either is by love eternal  
Poured forth in wisdom for his children dear.

The loving Father, as a wise physician,  
Knows what the wants of all those  
children are;

Knows which is needed most—the joy  
or sorrow,

The peace of comfort, or affliction's  
war.

Then, should the bitter be our daily  
portion,

So that we cannot any sweet discern,  
Let us, in childlike faith, receive with  
meekness

The needed tonic, and its lessons learn.

And if we cannot even that decipher,  
Let us be still, nay, thank him for his  
care,

Contented that we soon shall know—  
hereafter—

When we the fullness of his presence  
share. —Charlotte Murray.

## THE STEPS OF FAITH

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest;

Round him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

Nothing before, nothing behind;

The steps of faith

Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing;

Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

I am of sinfulness and sorrows full!

Thou art the Mighty, Great, and Merciful!

How should we not be friends, or thou  
not save

Me who bring naught to thee who all  
things gave?

—Edwin Arnold, from the Sanskrit.

## MY GUIDE

I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide!

With a childlike trust do I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend by my side;

And the only thing that I say to him,  
As he takes it, is, "Hold it fast!"

Suffer me not to lose the way,  
And lead me home at last."

As when some helpless wanderer  
Alone in some unknown land,

Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
And leaves all else in his hand;

'Tis home—'tis home that I wish to  
reach,

He who guides me may choose the  
way;

And little I care what path I take  
When nearer home each day.

## THE LORD'S PROVISION

In some way or other the Lord will  
provide;

It may not be *my* way, it may not be  
*thy* way;

And yet in his *own* way, "The Lord will  
provide."

At some time or other the Lord will  
provide;

It may not be *my* time, it may not be  
*thy* time;

And yet in his *own* time, "The Lord will  
provide."

Despond, then, no longer, the Lord will  
provide.

And this be the token—no word he hath  
spoken

Was ever yet broken: "The Lord will  
provide."

March on, then, right boldly; the sea  
shall divide;

The pathway made glorious, with shout-  
ings victorious

We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will  
provide."

—Mary Ann W. Cook.

It is faith.  
The feeling that there's God. He reigns  
and rules

Out of this low world.

—Robert Browning.

## FAITH IS THE VICTORY

Encamped along the hills of light,  
 Ye Christian soldiers, rise,  
 And press the battle ere the night  
 Shall veil the glowing skies;  
 Against the foe in vales below  
 Let all our strength be hurled;  
 Faith is the victory, we know,  
 That overcomes the world.

His banner over us is love,  
 Our sword the word of God;  
 We tread the road the saints above  
 With shouts of triumph trod;  
 By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath,  
 Swept on o'er every field;  
 The faith by which they conquered  
 death  
 Is still our shining shield.

On every hand the foe we find  
 Drawn up in dread array;  
 Let tents of ease be left behind,  
 And—onward to the fray;  
 Salvation's helmet on each head,  
 With truth all girt about,  
 The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,  
 And echo with our shout.

To him that overcomes the foe  
 White raiment shall be given;  
 Before the angels he shall know  
 His name confessed in heaven;  
 Then onward from the hills of light,  
 Our hearts with love aflame,  
 We'll vanquish all the hosts of night  
 In Jesus' conquering name.  
 —John H. Yates.

## RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES

Yes, we do differ when we most agree,  
 For words are not the same to you and  
 me,  
 And it may be our several spiritual needs  
 Are best supplied by seeming different  
 creeds.  
 And, differing, we agree in one  
 Inseparable communion,  
 If the true life be in our hearts; the faith  
 Which not to want is death;  
 To want is penance; to desire  
 Is purgatorial fire;  
 To hope is paradise; and to believe  
 Is all of heaven that earth can e'er re-  
 ceive.  
 —Hartley Coleridge.

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE

Though troubles assail, and dangers  
 affright,  
 Though friends should all fail, and foes  
 all unite,  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-  
 tide,  
 The promise assures us, "The Lord will  
 provide."

The birds, without barn or store-house,  
 are fed;  
 From them let us learn to trust for our  
 bread:  
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be  
 denied,  
 So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will  
 provide."

When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by  
 faith;  
 He can not take from us, though oft he  
 has tried,  
 The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord  
 will provide."

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in  
 vain;  
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall  
 obtain:  
 But when such suggestions our graces  
 have tried,  
 This answers all questions, "The Lord  
 will provide."

No strength of our own nor goodness we  
 claim;  
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:  
 In this our strong tower for safety we  
 hide:  
 The Lord is our power, "The Lord will  
 provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in  
 view,  
 The word of his grace shall comfort  
 us through;  
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on  
 our side,  
 We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will  
 provide."  
 —John Newton.

Art thou afraid his power will fail  
 When comes thy evil day?  
 And can an all-creating arm  
 Grow weary, or decay!

## IF WE BELIEVED

If we believed we should arise and sing,  
Dropping our burdens at his pierced  
feet.

Sorrow would flee and weariness take  
wing,  
Hard things grow fair, and bitter  
waters sweet.

If we believed, what room for fear or care  
Within his arms, safe sheltered on his  
breast?

Peace for our pain, and hope for our  
despair,  
Is what he meant who said, "I give  
thee rest."

Why linger, turn away, or idly grieve?  
Where else is rest—the soul's su-  
preme need?

Grandly he offers; meanly we receive.  
Yet love that gives us rest is love  
indeed.

The love that rests—say, shall it not do  
more?

Make haste, sad soul, thy heritage to  
claim.

It calms; it heals; it bears what erst ye  
bore,  
And marks thy burdens with his own  
dear name.

Carried in him and for him, can they  
harm

Or press thee sore, or prove a weary  
weight?

Nay, nay; into thy life his blessed calm  
Shall drop, and thou no more be deso-  
late.

## TO FAITH

Beside thy gracious hearth content I  
stay,

Or with thee fate's appointed journey  
go;

I lean upon thee when my step is slow,  
I wrap me with thee in the naked day.

With thee no loneliness, no pathless  
way;

The wind is heaven's, to take as it  
shall blow;

More than thy voice, thy hand, I need  
not know;

I may not murmur, for I shall not stray.

## WAIT ON GOD

Not so in haste, my heart!  
Have faith in God, and wait;  
Although he seems to linger long  
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late;  
He knoweth what is best;  
Vex not thyself, it is in vain;  
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest;  
Nor grudge the hours that roll;  
The feet that wait for God, 'tis they  
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal  
That is not gained by speed;  
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,  
For I shall wait his lead.

—Bradford Torrey.

## BEGONE, UNBELIEF

Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear.  
His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.

Since all that I meet shall work for my  
good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease  
before long,  
And then, oh, how pleasant the con-  
queror's song! —John Newton.

As yonder tower outstretches to the  
earth

The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast  
therein;

And what is dark below is light in  
Heaven.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Faith is a grasping of Almighty power;  
The hand of man laid on the arm of God;  
The grand and blessed hour  
In which the things impossible to me  
Become the possible, O Lord, through  
thee. —Anna E. Hamilton.

There is no faith in seeing. Were we led  
 Like children here,  
 And lifted over rock and river bed,  
 No care, no fear,  
 We should be useless in the busy throng,  
 Life's work undone;  
 Lord, make us brave and earnest, in  
 faith strong,  
 Till heaven is won.

The cross on Golgotha can never save  
 Thy soul from deepest hell;  
 Unless with loving faith thou sett'st it  
 up  
 Within thy heart as well.  
 —Scheffler, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
 Marvin.

In vain they smite me. Men but do  
 What God permits with different view.  
 To outward sight they hold the rod,  
 But faith proclaims it all of God.  
 —Madame Guyon.

Talk Faith. The world is better off  
 without  
 Your uttered ignorance and morbid  
 doubt.  
 If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
 Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
 Of silence lower thoughts till faith shall  
 come.

The body sins not, 'tis the will  
 That makes the action good or ill.  
 —Robert Herrick.

Who never doubted, never half believed;  
 Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her  
 shadow.  
 —Philip James Bailey.

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
 But the high faith that failed not by  
 the way.  
 —James Russell Lowell.

No more with downcast eyes go falter-  
 ing on,  
 Alone and sick at heart, and closely  
 pressed.  
 Thy chains shall break, thy heavy heart  
 is gone,  
 For he who calls thee, he will "give  
 thee rest."  
 —Mary Lowe Dickinson.

My God, I would not live  
 Save that I think this gross hard-seem-  
 ing world  
 Is our misshaping vision of the Powers  
 Behind the world that make our griefs  
 our gains.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

And all is well, though faith and form  
 Be sundered in the night of fear.  
 Well roars the storm to those that hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
 Seem trifles less than light;  
 Earth looks so little and so low,  
 When faith shines full and bright.  
 —Frederick William Faber.

A faith that shines by night and day  
 Will lighten every earthly load.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee—  
 Clear eyes to measure things below,  
 Faith the invisible to see,  
 And wisdom thee in all to know.

Our doubts are traitors,  
 And make us lose the good we oft might  
 win,  
 By fearing to attempt.  
 —William Shakespeare.

# TRUST

## GUIDANCE, SAFETY, GLADNESS

### RESTING IN GOD

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is he.  
Know his love in full completeness  
Fills the measure of thy weakness;  
If He wound the spirit sore,  
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
In His hand.  
Lay whatever things thou canst not  
Understand.  
Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
From thy faith in pity turneth,  
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,  
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest  
Thou canst stand,  
Childlike, proudly pushing back  
The offered hand,  
Courage soon is changed to fear,  
Strength doth feebleness appear;  
In his love if thou abide,  
He will guide.

Fearlest sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
When the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt him not.  
Always hath the daylight broken;  
Always hath He comfort spoken;  
Better hath he been for years  
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,  
Night or day,  
Know His love for thee provideth  
Good away.  
Crown of sorrow gladly take;  
Grateful wear it for His sake;  
Sweetly bending to his will,  
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth  
Daily strength.  
To each troubled soul that liveth,  
Peace at length.  
Weakest lambs have largest share  
Of the tender Shepherd's care;  
Ask him not the "When," or "How";  
Only bow.  
—Charles Rudolf Hagenbach.

### I WILL TRUST

I am glad to think  
I am not bound to make the world go  
right,  
But only to discover and to do  
With cheerful heart the work that God  
appoints.

I will trust in him  
That he can hold his own; and I will  
take  
His will, above the work he sendeth me,  
To be my chiefest good.  
—Jean Ingelow.

### I KNOW NOT IF THE DARK OR BRIGHT

I know not if the dark or bright  
Shall be my lot;  
If that wherein my hopes delight  
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years  
Toil's heavy chain;  
Or day and night my meat be tears,  
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
With smiles and glee;  
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth  
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand  
By breath divine;  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail  
I have on board;  
Above the raging of the gale  
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;  
I shall not fall;  
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,  
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land!  
The end is this:  
And then with him go, hand in hand,  
Far into bliss. —Dean Alford.



## I CAN TRUST

I cannot see, with my small human  
sight,  
Why God should lead this way or that  
for me;  
I only know he saith, "Child, follow me."  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at  
times  
So straitly hedged, so strongly barred  
before;  
I only know God could keep wide the  
door;  
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my  
way,  
And often have but strength to faintly  
pray;  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed  
ground,  
If ripened fruit will in my life be found;  
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its  
wrath;  
But this I know—God watches all my  
path,  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my  
sight;  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or  
light;  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To see, while here, the land beyond the  
river;  
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;  
So I can trust.

The world is wide  
In time and tide,  
And God is guide;  
Then do not hurry.  
That man is blest  
Who does his best  
And leaves the rest;  
Then do not worry.  
—Charles F. Deems.

## WISDOM OF DISCIPLINE

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
His will is ever just;  
Howe'er he orders now my cause  
I will be still, and trust.  
He is my God,  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
He never will deceive;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to him I cleave,  
And take, content,  
What he hath sent;  
His hand can turn my grief away,  
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
He taketh thought for me;  
The cup that my Physician gives  
No poisoned draught can be,  
But medicine due;  
For God is true;  
And on that changeless truth I build,  
And all my heart with hope is filled.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
My Light, my Life, is he,  
Who cannot will me aught but good;  
I trust him utterly;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;  
Here will I take my stand;  
Though sorrow, need, or death, make  
earth  
For me a desert land.  
My Father's care  
Is round me there;  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to him I leave it all.  
—S. Rodigast.

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

"My times are in thy hand";  
 My God, I wish them there;  
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave  
 Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"  
 Whatever they may be;  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand";  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.

"My times are in thy hand,"  
 Jesus, the crucified!  
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
 Is now my guard and guide.

"My times are in thy hand";  
 I'll always trust in thee;  
 And, after death, at thy right hand  
 I shall forever be.

—William F. Lloyd.

## ALL FOR THE BEST

Away, my needless fears,  
 And doubts no longer mine;  
 A ray of heavenly light appears,  
 A messenger divine.

Thrice comfortable hope,  
 That calms my troubled breast;  
 My Father's hand prepares the cup  
 And what he wills is best.

If what I wish is good,  
 And suits the will divine,  
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
 I know it shall be mine.

Still let them counsel take  
 To frustrate his decree;  
 They cannot keep a blessing back,  
 By heaven designed for me.

Here, then, I doubt no more;  
 But in his pleasure rest  
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and  
 power,  
 Engage to make me blest.  
 —Charles Wesley.

## GOD NEVER FORSAKES

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
 And hope in him, whate'er betide,  
 Thou'lt find in him, in evil days,  
 Thy all-sufficient strength and guide.  
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
 Builds on the rock that naught can  
 move.

What can these anxious cares avail,  
 The never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
 What can it help us to bewail  
 Each painful moment as it flies?  
 Our cross and trials do but press  
 The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,  
 And wait in cheerful hope, content  
 To take whate'er his gracious will,  
 His all-discerning love, hath sent.  
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
 To him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best;  
 He sends them as he sees it meet;  
 When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
 And now art freed from all deceit,  
 He comes to thee all unaware  
 And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife  
 Think God has cast thee off unheard,  
 And that the man whose prosperous life  
 Thou enviest is of him preferred.  
 Time passes, and much change doth  
 bring  
 And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before his face;  
 'Tis easy to our God most high  
 To make the rich man poor and base,  
 To give the poor man wealth and joy;  
 True wonders still by him are wrought  
 Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his  
 ways,  
 But do thine own part faithfully;  
 Trust his rich promises of grace,  
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
 God never yet forsook at need  
 The soul that trusted him indeed.  
 —George Neumarch.

Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

## THE SECRET PLACE

There is a safe and secret place,  
 Beneath the wings divine,  
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace:  
 O be that refuge mine!

The least and feeblest there may bide,  
 Uninjured and unawed;  
 While thousands fall on every side,  
 He rests secure in God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair  
 Of love and trust divine;  
 O child of God. O glory's heir,  
 How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,  
 An ear for every call,  
 An honored life, a peaceful end,  
 And heaven to crown it all!  
 —Henry F. Lyte.

## GOD KNOWS

Our Father! through the coming year  
 We know not what shall be;  
 But we would leave without a fear  
 Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain  
 For what the world holds fair;  
 And all the good we thought to gain  
 Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall darkly blend  
 Our love with anxious fears,  
 And snatch away the valued friend,  
 The tried of many years.

It may be it shall bring us days  
 And nights of lingering pain;  
 And bid us take a farewell gaze  
 Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;  
 No fears our trust shall move;  
 Thou knowest what for each is best,  
 And thou art Perfect Love.  
 —Eliza Cleghorn Gaskell.

Forever in their Lord abiding  
 Who can their gladness tell;  
 Within his love forever hiding,  
 They feel that all is well.

## NO FEAR

I know no life divided,  
 O Lord of life, from thee;  
 In thee is life provided  
 For all mankind and me:  
 I know no death, O Jesus,  
 Because I live in thee;  
 Thy death it is which frees us  
 From death eternally.

I fear no tribulation,  
 Since, whatso'er it be,  
 It makes no separation  
 Between my Lord and me.  
 If thou, my God and Teacher,  
 Vouchsafe to be my own,  
 Though poor, I shall be richer  
 Than monarch on his throne.

If while on earth I wander  
 My heart is light and blest,  
 Ah, what shall I be yonder,  
 In perfect peace and rest?  
 O blessed thought! in dying  
 We go to meet the Lord,  
 Where there shall be no sighing,  
 A kingdom our reward.  
 —Carl J. P. Spitta.

## THE LORD'S APPOINTMENT

I say it over and over, and yet again  
 to-day,  
 It rests my heart as surely as it did yes-  
 terday:  
 It is the Lord's appointment;  
 Whatever my work may be,  
 I am sure in my heart of hearts  
 He has offered it to me.

I must say it over and over, and again  
 to-day  
 For my work is different from that of  
 yesterday:  
 It is the Lord's appointment;  
 It quiets my restless will  
 Like the voice of a tender mother,  
 And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and  
 every day,  
 Whatsoever the Master orders, come  
 what may:  
 It is the Lord's appointment;  
 For only his love can see  
 What is wisest, best and right—  
 What is truly good for me,

## TRUST

I know not what the future holds,  
 Of good or ill for me and mine;  
 I only know that God enfolds  
 Me in his loving arms divine.

So I shall walk the earth in trust  
 That He who notes the sparrow's fall  
 Will help me bear whate'er I must  
 And lend an ear where'er I call.

It matters not if dreams dissolve  
 Like mists beneath the morning sun,  
 For swiftly as the worlds revolve  
 So swiftly will life's race be run.

It matters not if hopes depart,  
 Or life be pressed with toil and care.  
 If love divine shall fill my heart  
 And all be sanctified with prayer.

Then let me learn submission sweet  
 In every thought, in each desire,  
 And humbly lay at his dear feet  
 A heart aglow with heavenly fire.

## "SOMETIME"

Sometime, when all life's lessons have  
 been learned,  
 And sun and stars forevermore have  
 set,  
 The things which our weak judgment  
 here had spurned,  
 The things o'er which we grieve with  
 lashes wet,  
 Will flash before us out of life's dark  
 night,  
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of  
 blue,  
 And we shall see how all God's plans  
 were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was  
 love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown  
 and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and  
 me;  
 How when we called he heeded not our  
 cry,  
 Because his wisdom to the end could  
 see;  
 And even as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to crooning baby's  
 hest,  
 So God perhaps is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things because it seem-  
 eth best.

And if sometimes commingled with life's  
 wine  
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and  
 shrink,  
 Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
 Poured out the potion for our lips to  
 drink;  
 And if some one we love is lying low,  
 Where human kisses can not reach the  
 face,  
 O do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But wear your sorrow with obedient  
 grace,

And you will shortly know that length-  
 ened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God gives his  
 friend;  
 And that sometimes the sable pall of  
 death  
 Conceals the fairest boon his love can  
 send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
 And stand within, and all God's work-  
 ings see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and  
 strife,  
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor  
 heart,  
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white,  
 unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves  
 apart,  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
 And if through patient toil we reach the  
 land  
 Where tired feet with sandals loosed  
 may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and under-  
 stand,  
 I think that we will say: "God knew  
 the best."  
 —May Louise Riley Smith.

O why and whither? God knows all;  
 I only know that he is good,  
 And that whatever may befall,  
 Or here or there, must be the best that  
 could.  
 For He is merciful as just;  
 And so, by faith correcting sight,  
 I bow before his will, and trust  
 Howe'er they seem he doeth all things  
 right.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

## NOT KNOWING

I know not what shall befall me;  
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
 And thus each step of my onward path  
 He makes new scenes to rise,  
 And every joy he sends me comes  
 As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me  
 As I tread on another year;  
 But the past is in God's keeping,  
 The future his mercy shall clear,  
 And what looks dark in the distance  
 May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future  
 Is less bitter than I think;  
 The Lord may sweeten the waters  
 Before I stoop to drink,  
 Or, if Marah must be Marah,  
 He will stand beside its brink.

It may be he keeps waiting  
 Till the coming of my feet  
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
 Some joy so strangely sweet,  
 That my lips shall only tremble  
 With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!  
 'Tis blessed not to know,  
 It stills me in those mighty arms  
 Which will not let me go,  
 And hushes my soul to rest  
 On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing;  
 I would not if I might;  
 I would rather walk in the dark with God  
 Than go alone in the light;  
 I would rather walk with him by faith,  
 Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
 Which the future may disclose,  
 Yet I never had a sorrow  
 But what the dear Lord chose;  
 So I send the coming tears back  
 With the whispered word, "He  
 knows."

—Mary Gardner Brainard.

"Trust is truer than our fears,"  
 Runs the legend through the moss;  
 "Gain is not in added years,  
 Nor in death is loss."

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO

Fret not, poor soul; while doubt and fear  
 Disturb thy breast,  
 The pitying angels, who can see  
 How vain thy wild regret must be,  
 Say, "Trust and Rest."

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;  
 His choice is best;  
 While blind and erring is thy sight  
 His wisdom sees and judges right;  
 So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might  
 Can never wrest  
 The meanest thing to serve thy will;  
 All power is his alone. Be still,  
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire thou not; self-love is strong  
 Within thy breast,  
 And yet he loves thee better still:  
 So let him do his loving will,  
 And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
 Supreme confessed;  
 His power is infinite; his love  
 Thy deepest, fondest dreams above!  
 So Trust and Rest.  
 —Adelaide Anne Procter.

## BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING

My spirit on thy care,  
 Blest Saviour, I recline;  
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
 For thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,  
 On thee I calmly rest;  
 I know thee good, I know thee just,  
 And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,  
 Thy will they all perform;  
 Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
 Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,  
 It must be good for me;  
 Secure of having thee in all,  
 Of having all in thee.  
 —Henry F. Lyte.

## IN HIM CONFIDING

Sometimes a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord who rises  
 With healing on his wings.  
 When comforts are declining  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new.  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing  
 But He will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too.  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And He who feeds the ravens  
 Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither  
 Their unknown fruit should bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice;  
 For while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.  
 —William Cowper.

## TRUSTING GOD

Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,  
 And waits to see it push away the clod,  
 He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
 "Be patient, heart; light breaketh by  
 and by,"  
 He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow  
 The silent harvest of the future grow,  
 God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
 Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
 Knows God will keep.

## TRUST IN GOD

The child leans on its parent's breast,  
 Leaves there its cares and is at rest;  
 The bird sits singing by his nest,  
 And tells aloud  
 His trust in God, and so is blest  
 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;  
 Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;  
 By flowing stream or grassy mead,  
 He sings to shame  
 Men, who forget, in fear of need,  
 A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,  
 And feels as light as it had wings;  
 A well of peace within it springs;  
 Come good or ill.  
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings,  
 It is his will.

—Isaac Williams.

## NO FEARS

Give to the winds thy fears;  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy  
 tears;  
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way;  
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?  
 Still sink thy spirits down?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well."

Leave to his sovereign sway  
 To choose and to command:  
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,  
 How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought,  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully he the work hath wrought  
 That caused thy needless fear.  
 —Paul Gerhardt.

## SIMPLE TRUST

I do not know why sin abounds  
 Within this world so fair,  
 Why numerous discordant sounds  
 Destroy the heavenly air—  
 I can't explain this thing, I must  
 Rely on God in simple trust.

I do not know why pain and loss  
 Oft fall unto my lot.  
 Why I must bear the heavy cross  
 When I desire it not—  
 I do not know, unless 'tis just  
 To teach my soul in God to trust.

I know not why the evil seems  
 Supreme on every hand:  
 Why suffering flows in endless streams  
 I do not understand—  
 Solution comes not to adjust  
 These mysteries. I can but trust.

I do not know why grief's dark cloud  
 Bedims my sunny sky,  
 The tear of bitterness allowed  
 To swell within my eye—  
 But, sorrow-stricken to the dust,  
 I will look up to God and trust.  
 —R. F. Mayer.

## ALL IS YOURS

O foolish heart, be still!  
 And vex thyself no more!  
 Wait thou for God, until  
 He open pleasure's door.  
 Thou knowest not what is good for thee,  
 But God doth know—  
 Let him thy strong reliance be,  
 And rest thee so.

He counted all my days,  
 And every joy and tear,  
 Ere I knew how to praise,  
 Or even had learned to fear.  
 Before I him my Father knew  
 He called me child;  
 His help has guarded me all through  
 This weary wild.

The least of all my cares  
 Is not to him unknown—  
 He sees and he prepares  
 The pathway for his own;  
 And what his hand assigns to me,  
 That serves my peace;  
 The greatest burden it might be,  
 Yet joys increase.

I live no more for earth;  
 Nor seek my full joy here;  
 The world seems little worth  
 When heaven is shining clear.  
 Yet joyfully I go my way  
 So free, so blest!  
 Sweetening my toil from day to day  
 With thoughts of rest.

Give me, my Lord, whate'er  
 Will bind my heart to thee;  
 For that I make my prayer,  
 And know thou hearest me!  
 But all that might keep back my soul—  
 Make thee forgot—  
 Though of earth-good it were the whole,  
 O give it not!

When sickness, pains, distress,  
 And want doth follow fear,  
 And men their hate express,  
 My sky shall still be clear.  
 Then wait I, Lord, and wait for thee;  
 And I am still,  
 Though mine should unaccomplished be,  
 Do thou thy will!

Thou art the strength and stay  
 Of every weary soul;  
 Thy wisdom rules the way  
 Thy pity does control.  
 What ill can happen unto me  
 When thou art near?  
 Thou wilt, O God, my keeper be;  
 I will not fear.  
 —Christian F. Gellert (1715-1769).

## I SHALL NOT WANT

I shall not want: in desert wilds  
 Thou spreadst thy table for thy child;  
 While grace in streams, for thirsting  
 souls,  
 Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

I shall not want: my darkest night  
 Thy lovely smile shall fill with light;  
 While promises around me bloom,  
 And cheer me with divine perfume.

I shall not want: thy righteousness  
 My soul shall clothe with glorious dress;  
 My blood-washed robe shall be more fair  
 Than garments kings or angels wear.

I shall not want: whate'er is good  
 Of daily bread or angels' food  
 Shall to my Father's child be sure,  
 So long as earth and heaven endure.  
 —Charles F. Deems.

## NO CARES

O Lord! how happy should we be  
 If we could leave our cares to thee;  
 If we from self could rest,  
 And feel at heart that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best.

For when we kneel and cast our care  
 Upon our God, in humble prayer,  
 With strengthened souls we rise;  
 Sure that our Father, who is nigh  
 To hear the ravens when they cry,  
 Will hear his children's cries.

How far from this our daily life;  
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden wild alarm!  
 O could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props and simply fall  
 On thine Almighty arms!

We cannot trust him as we should,  
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
 To cast its peace away;  
 But birds and flowers around us preach  
 All, all, the present evil teach,  
 Sufficient for the day.

O may these anxious hearts of ours  
 The lesson learn from birds and flowers,  
 And learn from self to cease,  
 Leave all things to our Father's will,  
 And, in his mercy trusting, still  
 Find in each trial peace.

—Joseph Anstice.

## CARE CAST ON GOD

Lord, I delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend.

When nature's streams are dried  
 Thy fullness is the same;  
 With this will I be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name.

Who made my heaven secure  
 Will here all good provide;  
 While Christ is rich can I be poor?  
 What can I want beside?

I cast my care on thee;  
 I triumph and adore;  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and please thee more.  
 —John Ryland.

## GOD KNOWS ALL

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen,  
 planned;  
 Each drop that fills my daily cup; thy  
 hand  
 Prescribes for ills none else can under-  
 stand.  
 All, all is known to thee.

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever be-  
 tide thee,  
 Only one thing do thou ask of the  
 Lord—  
 Grace to go forward wherever he guide  
 thee,  
 Simply believing the truth of his word.

Whatsoever our lot may be,  
 Calmly in this thought we'll rest  
 Could we see as thou dost see  
 We should choose it as the best.  
 —Eliza Cleghorn Gaskell.

## O FOR A PERFECT TRUST

O for the peace of a perfect trust,  
 My loving God, in thee;  
 Unwavering faith, that never doubts,  
 Thou choosest best for me.

Best, though my plans be all upset;  
 Best, though the way be rough;  
 Best, though my earthly store be scant;  
 In thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be  
 gone,  
 Though weary days be mine,  
 Shut out from much that others have;  
 Not my will, Lord, but thine!

And even though disappointments come,  
 They, too, are best for me—  
 To wean me from this changing world  
 And lead me nearer thee.

O for the peace of a perfect trust  
 That looks away from all;  
 That sees thy hand in everything,  
 In great events or small;

That hears thy voice—a Father's voice—  
 Directing for the best;  
 O for the peace of a perfect trust,  
 A heart with thee at rest!



## A SONG OF TRUST

I cannot always see the way that leads  
 To heights above;  
 I sometimes quite forget that he leads on  
 With hands of love;  
 But yet I know the path must lead me to  
 Immanuel's land,  
 And when I reach life's summit I shall  
 know  
 And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course  
 My ship must take,  
 But, looking backward, I behold afar  
 Its shining wake  
 Illumined with God's light of love; and  
 so  
 I onward go,  
 In perfect trust that he who holds the  
 helm  
 The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which  
 He builds my life;  
 For oft the sound of hammers, blow on  
 blow,  
 The noise of strife,  
 Confuse me till I quite forget he knows  
 And oversees,  
 And that in all details with his good plan  
 My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand  
 The Master's rule;  
 I cannot always do the tasks he gives  
 In life's hard school;  
 But I am learning, with his help, to solve  
 Them one by one,  
 And, when I cannot understand, to say,  
 "Thy will be done."  
 —Gertrude Benedict Custis.

## ALL IS WELL

The clouds which rise with thunder  
 slake  
 Our thirsty souls with rain;  
 The blow most dreaded falls to break  
 From off our limbs a chain;  
 And wrongs of man to man but make  
 The love of God more plain.  
 As through the shadowy lens of even  
 The eye looks farthest into heaven—  
 On gleams of star and depths of blue  
 The glaring sunshine never knew.  
 —Johh Greenleaf Whittier.

## CHOOSE FOR US, GOD

Still will we trust, though earth seem  
 dark and dreary,  
 And the heart faint beneath his  
 chastening rod;  
 Though rough and steep our pathway,  
 worn and weary,  
 Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
 And our blind choosing brings us grief  
 and pain;  
 Through him alone who hath our way  
 appointed,  
 We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God! nor let our weak  
 preferring  
 Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast  
 designed;  
 Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is un-  
 erring,  
 And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,  
 Accept the hardship, shrink not from  
 the loss;  
 Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,  
 Our crown beyond the cross.  
 —William H. Burleigh.

## ALL THINGS WORK GOOD

With strength of righteous purpose in  
 the heart  
 What cause to fear for consequence of  
 deed?  
 God guideth then, not we; nor do we  
 need  
 To care for aught but that we play our  
 part.  
 Most simple trust is often highest art.  
 The issue we would fly may be a seed  
 Ordained by God to bear our souls a  
 meed  
 Of peace that no self-judging could im-  
 part.  
 "All things work good for him who  
 trusteth God!"  
 Doth God not love us with a longing love  
 To make us happy, and hath he not  
 sight  
 From end to end of our short earthly  
 road?  
 This, Lord, I hold—aye, *know* that thou  
 wouldst move  
 The world to lead one trusting soul  
 aright.  
 —Edward Harding.

## RELIGIOUS INFIDELS

How many chatters of a creed  
Think doubt the gravest sin,  
Unmindful of her double birth—  
For worry is her twin.

Ah! Christian atheism seems  
The most insulting kind,  
For, though the tongue says, God is love,  
The heart is deaf and blind.

How he who marks the sparrow's fall  
Must be aggrieved to see  
These loud lip-champions manifest  
Such infidelity!

Each fretful line upon their brow,  
Dug by the plow of care,  
Is treason to their pledge of faith  
And satire on their prayer.

O just to hold, without one fear,  
The strong, warm Hand above,  
With orthodoxy of the heart—  
The childlike creed of love!

None such can be a heretic;  
Nay, only he forsooth  
Who lives the falsity of doubt,  
But prates the cant of truth.  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

Worry and Fret were two little men  
That knocked at my door again and  
again.  
"O pray let us in, but to tarry a night,  
And we will be off with the dawning of  
light."  
At last, moved to pity, I opened the door  
To shelter these travelers, hungry and  
poor;  
But when on the morrow I bade them  
"Adieu,"  
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry  
with you."  
And, deaf to entreaty and callous to  
threat,  
These troublesome guests abide with me  
yet.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:  
I know that God is good!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## MAKE THY WAY MINE

Father, hold thou my hand;  
The way is steep;  
I cannot see the path my feet must keep,  
I cannot tell, so dark the tangled way,  
Where next to step. O stay;  
Come close; take both my hands in thine;  
Make thy way mine!

Lead me. I may not stay;  
I must move on; but oh, the way!  
I must be brave and go,  
Step forward in the dark, nor know  
If I shall reach the goal at all—  
If I shall fall.  
Take thou my hand.  
Take it! Thou knowest best  
How I should go, and all the rest  
I cannot, cannot see:  
Lead me: I hold my hands to thee;  
I own no will but thine;  
Make thy way mine!

## MY PSALM

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold;  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track;  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

What most you wish and long for  
Might only bring you pain;  
You cannot see the future,  
God's purpose to explain.

So trust, faint heart, thy Master!  
He doeth all things well,  
He loveth more than heart can guess,  
And more than tongue can tell.

## BETTER TRUST

Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that de-  
ceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our  
youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.  
—Frances Anne Kemble.

Be patient; keep thy lifework  
Well in hand;  
Be trustful where thou canst not  
Understand;  
Thy lot, whate'er it be, is  
Wisely planned;  
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the  
key;  
Thou well canst trust him, and bide  
patiently.

There is never a day so dreary  
But God can make it bright;  
And unto the soul that trusts him  
He giveth songs in the night.  
There is never a path so hidden  
But God will show the way,  
If we seek the Spirit's guidance  
And patiently watch and pray.

Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill the space with loving deeds,  
And therein stay.  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow.  
—Mary Frances Butts.

On God for all events depend;  
You cannot want when God's your  
friend.  
Weigh well your part and do your best;  
Leave to your Maker all the rest.  
—Cotton.

## OUR STRONG STAY

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid;  
On him who thee and all things made  
With calm reliance rest;  
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,  
Our Father in the heavens must know  
In all things what is best.  
—Paul Fleming.

If the wren can cling  
To a spray a-swing  
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing  
As if she'd burst for joy—

Why cannot I  
Contented lie  
In his quiet arms, beneath his sky,  
Unmoved by life's annoy.  
—Robert Haven Schauffler.

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight  
Awhile on boughs too slight,  
Feels them give way beneath her and yet  
sings—  
Knowing that she hath wings.  
—Victor Hugo.

Let not your heart be troubled, Jesus  
said;  
Let not your heart be troubled or afraid.  
My peace into your hands I freely give;  
Trust in your God, and in his precepts  
live.

Thunder, lightning, fire and rain,  
Poverty, sorrow, loss and gain,  
Death and heaven, and earth and hell,  
For us must work together well.

With patient course thy path of duty  
run  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldst do the same if thou  
couldst see  
The end of all events as well as he.

I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love:  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

## GOD'S CARE

### PROVIDENCE, GOD'S KNOWLEDGE AND BENEFICENCE

#### CONSIDER THE RAVENS

Lord, according to thy words,  
I have considered thy birds;  
And I find their life good,  
And better, the better understood;  
Sowing neither corn nor wheat  
They have all that they can eat;  
Reaping no more than they sow  
They have more than they could stow;  
Having neither barn nor store,  
Hungry again they eat more.

Considering, I see too that they  
Have a busy life, but plenty of play;  
In the earth they dig their bills deep,  
And work well, though they do not  
heap;  
Then to play in the way they are not  
loth,  
And their nests between are better than  
both.

But this is when there blow no storms,  
When berries are plenty in winter, and  
worms,  
When feathers are rife, with oil enough  
To keep the cold out and send the rain  
off;  
If there come, indeed, a long, hard frost,  
Then it looks as though thy birds were  
lost.

But I consider further and find  
A hungry bird has a free mind;  
He is hungry to-day, but not to-morrow,  
Steals no comfort, no grief doth borrow;  
This moment is his, thy will hath said it,  
The next is nothing till Thou hast made  
it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear—  
Which is the worst of any gear;  
When cold and hunger and harm betide  
him,  
He does not take them and stuff inside  
him;  
Content with the day's ill he has got,  
He waits just, nor haggles with his lot;  
Neither jumbles God's will  
With dribblets from his own still.

But next I see, in my endeavor,  
The birds here do not live forever;  
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,  
Finishes their earthly stage;  
The rooks drop in cold nights,  
Leaving all their wrongs and rights;  
Birds lie here and birds lie there  
With their feathers all astare;  
And in thine own sermon, thou  
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm,  
For neither so comes the bird to harm,  
Seeing our Father, thou hast said,  
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;  
Therefore it is a blessed place,  
And a sharer in high grace.

It cometh therefore to this, Lord:  
I have considered thy word;  
And henceforth will be thy bird.  
—George Macdonald.

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#### GOD KEEPS HIS OWN

I do not know whether my future lies  
Through calm or storm;  
Whether the way is strewn with broken  
ties,  
Or friendships warm.

This much I know: Whate'er the path-  
way trod,  
All else unknown,  
I shall be guided safely on, for God  
Will keep his own.

Clouds may obscure the sky, and drench-  
ing rain  
Wear channels deep;  
And haggard want, with all her bitter  
train,  
Make angels weep.

And those I love the best, beneath the  
sod  
May sleep alone;  
But through it all I shall be led, for God  
Will keep his own.  
—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## CARE THOU FOR ME

Care Thou for me! Let me not care!  
 Too weak am I, dear Lord, to bear  
 The heavy burdens of the day;  
 And oft I walk with craven feet  
 Upon life's rough and toilsome way;  
 How sweet to feel, how passing  
 sweet,  
 Thy watchful presence everywhere!  
 Care Thou for me! Let me not care!

Care Thou for me! Why should I care,  
 And looks of gloomy sadness wear,  
 And fret because I cannot see  
 (Thy wisdom doth ordain it so)  
 The path thou hast marked out for  
 me?

My Father's plan is best, I know,  
 It will be light, sometime—somewhere—  
 Care thou for me! Why should I care?

Care Thou for me! Let me not care!  
 This, each new day, shall be my prayer;  
 Thou, who canst read my inmost  
 heart,

Dost know I am exceeding frail;  
 Both just and merciful thou art,  
 Whose loving kindness ne'er shall  
 fail;

My human nature thou wilt spare;  
 Care Thou for me! I will not care!

## THE SPARROW

I am only a little sparrow,  
 A bird of low degree;  
 My life is of little value,  
 But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;  
 It is very plain, I know,  
 With never a speck of crimson,  
 For it was not made for show,

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
 And it shields me from the rain;  
 Were it bordered with gold or purple  
 Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
 I neither sow nor reap;  
 God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
 But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
 Close picking makes it sweet;  
 I have always enough to feed me,  
 And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,  
 All over the world we are found;  
 But our heavenly Father knoweth  
 When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;  
 Though weak we are never afraid;  
 For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
 The life of the creatures he made.

## HE KNOWETH ALL

The twilight falls, the night is near,  
 I fold my work away  
 And kneel to One who bends to hear  
 The story of the day.

The old, old story, yet I kneel  
 To tell it at thy call;  
 And cares grow lighter as I feel  
 That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,  
 The joy, the grief, the loss,  
 The roughened path, the sunbeam  
 bright,  
 The hourly thorn and cross—

Thou knowest all; I lean my head,  
 My weary eyelids close,  
 Content and glad awhile to tread  
 This path, since Jesus knows!

And he has loved me! All my heart  
 With answering love is stirred,  
 And every anguished pain and smart  
 Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,  
 As nightly shadows fall,  
 And lean, confiding, on his breast,  
 Who knows and pities all!

If to Jesus for relief  
 My soul has fled by prayer,  
 Why should I give way to grief  
 Or heart-consuming care?  
 While I know his providence  
 Disposes each event  
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,  
 And yield to discontent?  
 Sparrows if he kindly feed,  
 And verdure clothe in rich array,  
 Can he see a child in need,  
 And turn his eyes away?

## HE NEVER FORGETS

Nay, nay, do not tell me that God will  
not hear me.

I know he is high over all,  
Yet I know just as well that he always  
is near me

And never forgets me at all.

He shows not his face, for its glory  
would blind me,

Yet I walk on my way unafraid;  
Though lost in the desert He surely  
would find me

His angels would come to my aid.

He sits on his throne in the wonderful  
city,

And I—I am ashes and dust!  
Yet I am at rest in His wonderful pity,  
And I in his promises trust.

He lighteth the stars, and they shine in  
their places;

He maketh his sun like a flame;  
But better and brighter to Him are the  
faces

Of mortals that call on his name.

Nay, nay! do not tell me that, wrapped  
in his glory,

He hears not my voice when I cry;  
He made me! He loves me! He knows  
all my story!

I shall look on his face by and by!

## THE SURE REFUGE

O I know the Hand that is guiding me  
Through the shadow to the light;

And I know that all betiding me  
Is meted out aright.

I know that the thorny path I tread  
Is ruled with a golden line;  
And I know that the darker life's tangled  
thread

The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness  
hope,

And the lamp of faith burns dim,  
O! I know where to find the honey drop  
On the bitter chalice brim.

For I see, though veiled from my mortal  
sight,

God's plan is all complete;  
Though the darkness at present be not  
light,

And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the dayspring shall over-  
flow

The night of pain and care;  
For I know there's a blessing for every  
woe,

A promise for every prayer.  
Yes, I feel that the Hand which is hold-  
ing me

Will ever hold me fast;  
And the strength of the arms that are  
folding me

Will keep me to the last.

## FOLLOWING

As God leads me will I go,

Nor choose my way.  
Let him choose the joy or woe  
Of every day;

They cannot hurt my soul,  
Because in his control;  
I leave to him the whole—

His children may.

As God leads me I am still

Within his hand;  
Though his purpose my self-will  
Doth oft withstand;

Yet I wish that none  
But his will be done  
Till the end be won

That he hath planned.

As God leads I am content;

He will take care!  
All things by his will are sent  
That I must bear;

To him I take my fear,  
My wishes, while I'm here;  
The way will all seem clear,  
When I am there!

As God leads me it is mine

To follow him;  
Soon all shall wonderfully shine  
Which now seems dim.

Fulfilled be his decree!  
What he shall choose for me  
That shall my portion be,  
Up to the brim!

As God leads me so my heart

In faith shall rest.  
No grief nor fear my soul shall part  
From Jesus' breast.

In sweet belief I know  
What way my life doth go—  
Since God permitteth so—

That must be best.

—L. Gedicke.

### "YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH"

There are two words of light divine  
That fall upon this heart of mine,  
That thrill me in the hour of gain,  
That still me in the hour of pain:  
Two words endued with magic power,  
Sufficient unto any hour—  
He knows.

As summer breezes, cool and sweet,  
Bring rest, relief from toil and heat;  
As showers, needed as they fall,  
Renew, refresh and comfort all;  
So to my feverish heart is given  
This loving message, fresh from heaven:  
He knows.

My fainting heart finds strength in this,  
My hungry heart here seeks its bliss;  
Here angry billows never surge,  
Here death can never sing its dirge;  
My rising fears, with murmuring fraught,  
Find sudden calm beneath this thought:  
He knows.

O lullaby for children grown!  
O nectar sweet for lips that moan!  
O balm to stricken hearts oppressed!  
O pillow where worn heads may rest!  
All joy, all comfort in thee meet,  
O blessed words, surpassing sweet,  
He knows.

### FEAR NOT

Don't you trouble trouble  
Till trouble troubles you.  
Don't you look for trouble;  
Let trouble look for you.

Don't you borrow sorrow;  
You'll surely have your share.  
He who dreams of sorrow  
Will find that sorrow's there.

Don't you hurry worry  
By worrying lest it come.  
To flurry is to worry,  
'Twill miss you if you're mum.

If care you've got to carry  
Wait till 'tis at the door;  
For he who runs to meet it  
Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it,  
Then better not to mind;  
The best thing is to end it—  
Just leave it all behind.

Who feareth hath forsaken  
The Heavenly Father's side;  
What he hath undertaken  
He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee  
With all their happy song;  
The very flowers teach thee  
That fretting is a wrong.

"Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth,  
"Thy Father feedeth me;  
Think how much more he careth,  
O lonely child, for thee!"

"Fear not," the flowers whisper;  
"Since thus he hath arrayed  
The buttercup and daisy,  
How canst thou be afraid?"

Then don't you trouble trouble,  
Till trouble troubles you;  
You'll only double trouble,  
And trouble others too.

### HE LEADS US ON

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know;  
Upward he leads us, though our steps  
be slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter on the  
way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure  
the day,  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on.  
Through all the quiet years;  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and  
doubts, and fears,  
He guides our steps. Through all the  
tangled maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days  
We know his will is done;  
And still he leads us on.

And he, at last,  
After the weary strife—  
After the restless fever we call life—  
After the deariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have  
proved in vain,  
After our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

THE DEVIL IS A FOOL

Saint Dominic, the glory of the schools,  
Writing, one day, "The Inquisition's"  
rules,  
Stopt, when the evening came, for want  
of light.  
The devils, who below from morn till  
night,  
Well pleased, had seen his work, ex-  
claimed with sorrow,  
"Something he will forget before to-  
morrow!"  
One zealous imp flew upward from the  
place,  
And stood before him, with an angel  
face.  
"I come," said he, "sent from God's  
Realm of Peace,  
To light you, lest your holy labors cease."  
Well pleased, the saint wrote on with  
careful pen.  
The candle was consumed; the devil then  
Lighted his *thumb*; the saint, quite un-  
disturbed,  
Finished his treatise to the final word.  
Then he looked up, and started with  
affright;  
For lo! the thumb blazed with a lurid  
light.  
"Your thumb is burned!" said he. The  
child of sin  
Changed to his proper form, and with a  
grin  
Said, "I will quench it in the martyrs'  
blood  
Your book will cause to flow—a crimson  
flood!"

Triumphantly the fiend returned to hell  
And told his story. Satan said, "'Tis  
well!  
Your aim was good, but foolish was the  
deed;  
For blood of martyrs is the Church's  
seed."

—Herder, tr. by James Freeman  
Clarke.

PROVIDENCE

We all acknowledge both thy power and  
love  
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;  
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly  
move,  
While all things have their will, yet  
none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *per-  
mission*  
Lay hands on all: they are thy right and  
left:  
The first puts on with speed and expe-  
dition;  
The other curbs sin's stealing pace  
and theft.

Nothing escapes them both; all must  
appear  
And be disposed and dressed and  
tuned by thee,  
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could  
hear  
Thy skill and art what music would  
it be!

Thou art in small things great, nor small  
in any;  
Thy even praise can neither rise nor  
fall.  
Thou art in all things one, in each thing  
many;  
For thou art infinite in one and all.  
—George Herbert.

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

—William Cowper.



## DISAPPOINTMENT

Our yet unfinished story  
Is tending all to this:  
To God the greatest glory,  
To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together  
For ends so grand and blest,  
What need to wonder whether  
Each in itself is best!

If some things were omitted,  
Or altered as we would,  
The whole might be unfitted  
To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed,  
But we may calmly rest;  
What God has once appointed,  
Is better than our best.

We cannot see before us,  
But our all-seeing Friend  
Is always watching o'er us,  
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble?  
He will not let us fall;  
And learning to be humble  
Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned  
A smother way to go  
Than where his hand hath beckoned?  
It will be better so.

What only seemed a barrier  
A stepping-stone shall be;  
Our God is no long tarrier,  
A present help is he.

And when amid our blindness  
His disappointments fall,  
We trust his loving-kindness  
Whose wisdom sends them all;

The discord that involveth  
Some startling change of key,  
The Master's hand revolveth  
In richest harmony.

Then tremble not, and shrink not,  
When disappointment nears;  
Be trustful still, and think not  
To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling  
We shall behold her rise,  
Our Father's love revealing,  
An angel in disguise.  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## GOD'S CARE

Not a brooklet floweth  
Onward to the sea,  
Not a sunbeam gloweth  
On its bosom free,  
Not a seed unfoldeth  
To the glorious air,  
But our Father holdeth  
It within his care.

Not a floweret fadeth,  
Not a star grows dim,  
Not a cloud o'ershadoweth,  
But 'tis marked by him.  
Dream not that thy gladness  
God doth fail to see;  
Think not in thy sadness  
He forgetteth thee.

Not a tie is broken,  
Not a hope laid low,  
Not a farewell spoken,  
But our God doth know.  
Every hair is numbered,  
Every tear is weighed  
In the changeless balance  
Wisest Love has made.

Power eternal resteth  
In his changeless hand;  
Love immortal hasteth  
Swift at his command,  
Faith can firmly trust him  
In the darkest hour,  
For the keys she holdeth  
To his love and power.

## "I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE"

Among so many can he care?  
Can special love be everywhere?  
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—  
And God's eye over every place?

*Over; but in?* The world is full;  
A grand omnipotence must rule;  
But is there life that doth abide  
With mine own, loving, side by side?

So many, and so wide abroad;  
Can any heart have all of God?  
From the great spaces vague and dim,  
May one small household gather him?

I asked; my soul bethought of this:  
In just that very place of his  
Where he hath put and keepeth you,  
God hath no other thing to do.  
—Adeline Dutton Train Whitney.

## CONSTANT CARE

How gentle God's commands!  
 How kind his precepts are!  
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
 And trust his constant care.

Beneath his watchful eye  
 His saints securely dwell;  
 That hand which bears all nature up  
 Shall guard his children well.

Why should this anxious load  
 Press down your weary mind?  
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne  
 And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day;  
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
 And bear a song away.  
 —Philip Doddridge.

## THOU KNOWEST

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
 sorrow  
 Of the sad heart that comes to thee  
 for rest.  
 Cares of to-day and burdens for to-  
 morrow,  
 Blessings implored, and sins to be  
 confest,  
 I come before thee, at thy gracious word,  
 And lay them at thy feet. *Thou knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest all the past—how long  
 and blindly  
 On the dark mountains the lost wan-  
 derer strayed,  
 How the good Shepherd followed, and  
 how kindly  
 He bore it home upon his shoulders  
 laid,  
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and  
 soothed the pain,  
 And brought back life, and hope, and  
 strength again.

Thou knowest all the present—each  
 temptation,  
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding  
 fear;  
 All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
 Or to beloved ones than self more  
 dear!  
 All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
 Longings for sunshine and for music  
 gone!

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of  
 gladness

By stormy clouds too quickly over-  
 cast—  
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting  
 sadness,  
 And the dark river to be crossed at  
 last:  
 Oh, what could confidence and hope  
 afford  
 To tread this path, but this—*Thou  
 knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest not alone as God—all-  
 knowing—  
 As *man* our mortal weakness thou hast  
 proved  
 On earth; with purest sympathies o'er-  
 flowing,  
 O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou  
 hast loved.  
 And love and sorrow still to thee may  
 come  
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obey-  
 ing,  
 And lay my sins and sorrows at thy  
 feet;  
 On everlasting strength my weakness  
 staying,  
 Clothed in thy robe of righteousness  
 complete.  
 Then rising, and refreshed, I leave thy  
 throne,  
 And follow on to know as I am known!

## A GREAT DIFFERENCE

Men lose their ships, the eager things  
 To try their luck at sea,  
 But none can tell, by note or count,  
 How many there may be.

One turneth east, another south—  
 They never come again,  
 And then we know they must have sunk,  
 But neither how nor when.

God sends his happy birds abroad—  
 "They're less than ships," say we;  
 No moment passes but he knows  
 How many there should be.

One buildeth high, another low,  
 With just a bird's light care—  
 If only one, perchance, doth fall,  
 God knoweth when and where.

## HE CARETH FOR YOU

If I could only surely know  
 That all these things that tire me so  
 Were noticed by my Lord.  
 The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
 The lesser pains of daily life,  
 The noise, the weariness, the strife,  
 What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares  
 In all my little human cares,  
 This mighty King of kings.  
 If he who guides each blazing star  
 Through realms of boundless space afar  
 Without confusion, sound or jar,  
 Stoops to these petty things.

It seems to me, if sure of this,  
 Blent with each ill would come such  
 bliss  
 That I might covet pain,  
 And deem whatever brought to me  
 The loving thought of Deity,  
 And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,  
 No loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt  
 That thou dost compass me about  
 With sympathy divine.  
 The love for me once crucified  
 Is not a love to leave my side,  
 But waiteth ever to divide  
 Each smallest care of mine.

## MOMENT BY MOMENT

Never a trial that He is not there;  
 Never a burden that He doth not bear;  
 Never a sorrow that He doth not share.  
 Moment by moment I'm under his care.

Never a heart-ache, and never a groan,  
 Never a tear-drop, and never a moan,  
 Never a danger but there, on the throne,  
 Moment by moment, He thinks of his  
 own.

Never a weakness that He doth not feel;  
 Never a sickness that He cannot heal.  
 Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,  
 Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.  
 —Daniel W. Whittle.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
 Rough-hew them then how we will.  
 —William Shakespeare.

## EVENING HYMN

It is the evening hour,  
 And thankfully,  
 Father, thy weary child  
 Has come to thee.

I lean my aching head  
 Upon thy breast,  
 And there, and only there,  
 I am at rest.

Thou knowest all my life,  
 Each petty sin,  
 Nothing is hid from thee  
 Without, within.

All that I have or am  
 Is wholly thine,  
 So is my soul at peace,  
 For thou art mine.

To-morrow's dawn may find  
 Me here, or there;  
 It matters little, since thy love  
 Is everywhere!

## THE BELIEVER'S HERITAGE

No care can come where God doth guard;  
 No ill befall whom he doth keep;  
 In safety hid, of trouble rid,  
 I lay me down in peace and sleep.

I wholly love thy holy name;  
 I hail with glee thy glorious will;  
 Where'er I go, 'tis joy to know  
 That thou, my King, art near me still.

Thy power immense, consummate,  
 grand,  
 Thy wisdom, known to thee alone,  
 Thy perfect love, all thought above,  
 Make me a sharer in thy throne.

With thee abiding none can fear,  
 Nor lack, of every good possessed;  
 Thy grace avails, whate'er assails,  
 And I in thee am fully blest.

Then leap, my heart, exultant, strong,  
 Cast every doubt and weight away;  
 Give thanks and praise to God always,  
 For he will guide to perfect day!  
 —James Mudge.

"HE CARETH FOR THEE"

What can it mean? Is it aught to him  
That the nights are long and the days  
are dim?

Can he be touched by griefs I bear  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the  
hair?

Around his throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss unruffled by any strife.  
How can he care for my poor life?

And yet I want him to care for me  
While I live in this world where the sor-  
rows be;

When the lights die down on the path I  
take,

When strength is feeble, and friends for-  
sake,

When love and music, that once did  
bless,

Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And life's song changes to sobbing  
prayers—

Then my heart cries out for God who  
cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole  
day long,

And my spirit is bowed with shame and  
wrong;

When I am not good, and the deeper  
shade

Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the Universe cares for  
me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that heart above;  
He fights for me when I cannot fight;  
He comforts me in the gloom of night;  
He lifts the burden, for he is strong;  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrow that bowed me down he  
bears,

And loves and pardons because he cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;  
We are not alone in hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from his throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with his love.  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for he is nigh.  
Can it be trouble which he doth share?  
O rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD

Thou who art touched with feeling of our  
woes,

Let me on thee my heavy burden cast!  
My aching, anguished heart on thee re-  
pose.

Leaving with thee the sad mysterious  
past;

Let me submissive bow and kiss the rod;  
Let me "be still, and know that thou  
art God."

Why should my harassed agitated mind  
Go round and round this terrible  
event?

Striving in vain some brighter side to  
find,

Some cause why all this anguish has  
been sent?

Do I indeed that sacred truth believe—  
Thou dost not willingly afflict and  
grieve?

My lovely gourd is withered in an hour!  
I droop, I faint beneath the scorching  
sun;

My Shepherd, lead me to some sheltering  
bower;

There where thy little flock "lie down  
at noon";

Though of my dearest earthly joy bereft  
Thou art my portion still; thou, thou,  
my God, art left.

—Charlotte Elliott.

Says God: "Who comes towards me an  
inch through doubtings dim,  
In blazing light I do approach a yard  
towards him."

—Oriental, tr. by William Rounse-  
ville Alger.

The light of love is round His feet,

His paths are never dim;

And He comes nigh to us, when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.

—Frederick William Faber.

Not in our waking hours alone

His constancy and care are known,

But locked in slumber fast and deep

He giveth to us while we sleep.

—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

## HIS CARE

God holds the key of all unknown,  
 And I am glad.  
 If other hands should hold the key,  
 Or if he trusted it to me,  
 I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here  
 Without its rest?  
 I'd rather he unlock the day,  
 And as the hours swing open say,  
 "Thy will be best."

The very dimness of my sight  
 Makes me secure;  
 For groping in my misty way,  
 I feel his hand; I hear him say,  
 "My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plan,  
 But this I know:  
 I have the smiling of his face,  
 And all the refuge of his grace,  
 While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,  
 And so I rest;  
 For what I cannot he can see,  
 And in his care I sure shall be  
 Forever blest. —John Parker.

Forever, from the hand that takes  
 One blessing from us, others fall;  
 And soon or late our Father makes  
 His perfect recompense to all.  
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

Nothing pays but God,  
 Served—in work obscure done honestly,  
 Or vote for truth unpopular, or faith  
 maintained  
 To ruinous convictions.  
 —James Russell Lowell.

He did God's will, to him all one,  
 If on the earth or in the sun.  
 —Robert Browning.

I am  
 Part of that Power, not understood,  
 Which always wills the bad  
 And always works the good.  
 (Mephistopheles, in Faust.)  
 —Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

I have no answer, for myself or thee,  
 Save that I learned beside my mother's  
 knee:

"All is of God that is, and is to be;  
 And God is good." Let this suffice us  
 still,  
 Resting in childlike trust upon his will  
 Who moves to his great ends un-  
 thwarted by the ill.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

He knows, he loves, he cares,  
 Nothing his truth can dim;  
 He gives his very best to those  
 Who leave the choice to him.

No help! nay, it is not so!  
 Though human help be far, thy God is  
 nigh.  
 Who feeds the ravens hears his children's  
 cry;  
 He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps  
 roam,  
 And he will guide thee, light thee, help  
 thee home.

God sees me though I see him not;  
 I know I shall not be forgot;  
 For though I be the smallest dot,  
 It is his mercy shapes my lot.  
 —From the Scandinavian, tr. by  
 Frederic Rowland Marvin.

Teach me to answer still,  
 Whate'er my lot may be,  
 To all thou sendest me, of good or ill,  
 "All goeth as God will."

Dance, O my soul! 'tis God doth play;  
 His will makes music all the day;  
 That song which rings the world around  
 This heart of mine shall ever sound.  
 —James Mudge.

Let one more attest:  
 I have seen God's hand through a life  
 time,  
 And all was for best.  
 —Robert Browning.

# GOD'S WILL

## OBEDIENCE, DIVINE UNION

### THE WILL OF GOD

I worship thee, sweet will of God!  
And all thy ways adore.  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of his heart  
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in his,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet;  
I cannot fear thee, blessed will!  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;  
My heart is ever gay;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will!  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For man on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,  
Thou glorious Will! ride on;  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet will!

—Frederick William Faber.

### THE WILL DIVINE

Thy will, O God, is joy to me,  
A gladsome thing;  
For in it naught but love I see,  
Whate'er it bring.

No bed of pain, no rack of woe—  
Thy will is good;  
A glory wheresoe'er I go,  
My daily food.

Within the circle of thy will  
All things abide;  
So I, exulting, find no ill  
Where thou dost guide.

In that resplendent will of thine  
I calmly rest;  
Triumphantly I make it mine,  
And count it best.

To doubt and gloom and care and fear  
I yield no jot;  
Thy choice I choose, with soul sincere,  
Thrice happy lot!

In all the small events that fall  
From day to day  
I mark thy hand, I hear thy call,  
And swift obey.

I walk by faith, not sense or sight;  
Calm faith in thee;  
My peace endures, my way is bright,  
My heart is free.

Unflinching trust, complete content,  
The days ensphere,  
Each meal becomes a sacrament,  
And heaven is here.

—James Mudge.

## THE TREE GOD PLANTS

The wind that blows can never kill

The tree God plants;  
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,  
The tender leaves have little rest,  
But any wind that blows is best;

The tree God plants  
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,  
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good  
will  
Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight  
The tree God shields;  
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,  
And when Spring comes it surely knows,  
And every bud to blossom grows.

The tree God shields  
Grows on apace by day and night,  
Till sweet to taste and fair to sight  
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast  
The tree God knows;

No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,  
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—  
When they are spent it doth remain.

The tree God knows  
Through every tempest standeth fast,  
And from its first day to its last  
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place

A seed God sows—  
A little seed—it soon will grow,  
And far and near all men will know  
For heavenly lands he bids it blow.

A seed God sows,  
And up it springs by day and night;  
Through life, through death, it groweth  
right;  
Forever grows.

—Lillian E. Barr.

## GOD'S WILL

Take thine own way with me, dear Lord,  
Thou canst not otherwise than bless.  
I launch me forth upon a sea  
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I could not choose a larger bliss  
Than to be wholly thine; and mine  
A will whose highest joy is this,  
To ceaselessly unclasp in thine.

I will not fear thee, O my God!

The days to come can only bring  
Their perfect sequences of love,  
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Within the shadow of this love,  
Loss doth transmute itself to gain;  
Faith veils earth's sorrow in its light,  
And straightway lives above her pain.

We are not losers thus; we share  
The perfect gladness of the Son,  
Not conquered—for, behold, we reign;  
Conquered and Conqueror are one.

Thy wonderful, grand will, my God,  
Triumphantly I make it mine;  
And faith shall breathe her glad "Amen"  
To every dear command of thine.

Beneath the splendor of thy choice,  
Thy perfect choice for me, I rest;  
Outside it now I dare not live,  
Within it I must needs be blest.

Meanwhile my spirit anchors calm  
In grander regions still than this;  
The fair, far-shining latitudes  
Of that yet unexplored bliss.

Then may thy perfect glorious will  
Be evermore fulfilled in me,  
And make my life an answering chord  
Of glad, responsive harmony.

Oh! it is life indeed to live  
Within this kingdom strangely sweet;  
And yet we fear to enter in,  
And linger with unwilling feet.

We fear this wondrous will of thine  
Because we have not reached thy  
heart.

Not venturing our all on thee  
We may not know how good thou art.  
—Jean Sophia Pigott.

Deep at the heart of all our pain,  
In loss as surely as in gain,  
His love abideth still.  
Let come what will my heart shall stand  
On this firm rock at his right hand,  
"Father, it is thy will."  
—John White Chadwick.

THE CARPENTER

O Lord! at Joseph's humble bench  
Thy hands did handle saw and plane,  
Thy hammer nails did drive and clench,  
Avoiding knot, and humoring grain.

That thou didst seem thou *wast* indeed,  
In sport thy tools thou didst not use,  
Nor, helping hind's or fisher's need,  
The laborer's *hire* too nice refuse.

Lord! might I be but as a saw,  
A plane, a chisel in thy hand!  
No, Lord! I take it back in awe,  
Such prayer for me is far too grand.

I pray, O Master! let me lie,  
As on thy bench the favored wood;  
Thy saw, thy plane, thy chisel ply,  
And work me into something good.

No! no! Ambition holy, high,  
Urges for more than both to pray;  
Come in, O gracious force, I cry,  
O Workman! share my shed of clay.

Then I at bench, or desk, or oar,  
With last, or needle, net, or pen,  
As thou in Nazareth of yore,  
Shall do the Father's will again.  
—George Macdonald.

THE DIVINE MAJESTY

The Lord our God is clothed with might,  
The winds obey his will;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar;  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine;  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar;  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwind to his car  
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;  
Ye nations, wait his nod;  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

—H. Kirke White.

THOU SWEET, BELOVED WILL OF GOD

Thou sweet, beloved will of God,  
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,  
My spirit's silent, fair abode,  
In thee I hide me and am still.

O Will, that wiltest good alone,  
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;  
A little child, I follow on,  
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,  
Holds fast in its sublime embrace  
My captive will, a gladsome bird,  
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Within this place of certain good  
Love evermore expands her wings,  
Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,  
Abides content with what it brings.

Oh lightest burden, sweetest yoke!  
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,  
It giveth wings to this poor heart;  
My freedom is thy grand control.

Upon God's will I lay me down,  
As child upon its mother's breast;  
No silken couch, nor softest bed,  
Could ever give me such deep rest.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,  
With triumph now I make it mine;  
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!  
To every dear command of thine.

AS IT WAS TO BE

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare!  
The spray of the tempest is white in air;  
The winds are out with the waves at  
play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in  
glee;  
And the town that was builded upon a  
rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake's  
shock. —Francis Bret Harte.



USEFUL ACCORDING TO GOD'S  
WILL

Let me not die before I've done for thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be;  
Call me not hence with mission unful-  
filled;

Let me not leave my space of ground  
untilled;

Impress this truth upon me, that not one  
Can do my portion that I leave undone.

Then give me strength all faithfully to  
toil,

Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.  
I long to be an instrument of thine  
For gathering worshipers into thy shrine:  
To be the means one human soul to save  
From the dark terrors of a hopeless  
grave.

Yet most I want a spirit of content  
To work where'er thou'lt wish my labor  
spent,

Whether at home or in a stranger's clime,  
In days of joy or sorrow's sterner time;  
I want a spirit passive to be still,  
And by thy power to do thy holy will.

And when the prayer unto my lips doth  
rise,

"Before a new home doth my soul sur-  
prise,

Let me accomplish *some great work* for  
thee,"

Subdue it, Lord; let my petition be,  
"O make me useful in this world of  
thine,

In ways according to thy will, not mine."

## AS THOU WILT

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

O may thy will be mine;  
Into thy hand of love

I would my all resign.

Through sorrow or through joy

Conduct me as thine own,

And help me still to say,

"My Lord, thy will be done."

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

If needy here, and poor,

Give me thy people's bread,

Their portion rich and sure.

The manna of thy word

Let my soul feed upon;

And if all else should fail—

My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

If among thorns I go,  
Still sometimes here and there

Let a few roses blow.

But thou on earth along

The thorny path hast gone;

Then lead me after thee.

My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

Though seen through many a tear,

Let not my star of hope

Grow dim or disappear.

Since thou on earth hast wept

And sorrowed oft alone,

If I must weep with thee,

My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

If loved ones must depart

Suffer not sorrow's flood

To overwhelm my heart.

For they are blest with thee,

Their race and conflict won;

Let me but follow them.

My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

When death itself draws nigh,

To thy dear wounded side

I would for refuge fly.

Leaning on thee, to go

Where thou before hast gone;

The rest as thou shalt please.

My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt:

All shall be well for me;

Each changing future scene

I gladly trust with thee.

Straight to my home above,

I travel calmly on,

And sing in life or death,

"My Lord, thy will be done."

—Benjamin Schmolke, tr. by J.  
Borthwick.

## GREAT AND SMALL

There is no great nor small in Nature's  
plan,

Bulk is but fancy in the mind of man;

A raindrop is as wondrous as a star,

Near is not nearest, farthest is not far;

And suns and planets in the vast serene

Are lost as midges in the summer sheen,

Born in their season; and we live and die

Creatures of Time, lost in Eternity.

—Charles Mackay.

GOD'S WILL BE DONE

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me "be still," and murmur not;  
O breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast called me to resign  
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;  
I have but yielded what was thine;  
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay;  
My Father! still I strive to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;  
My God! to thee I leave the rest:  
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day!  
Blend it with thine; and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore:  
"Thy will be done!"

—Charlotte Elliott.

THE TWO ANGELS

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick  
and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! he looks back from the departing  
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
Without his leave they pass no  
threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believ-  
ing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the  
door?

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AMEN!

I cannot say,  
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-  
day,  
I joy in these;  
But I can say  
That I had rather walk this rugged way,  
If *Him* it please.

I cannot feel  
That all is well when darkening clouds  
conceal  
The shining sun;  
But then I know  
God lives and loves, and say, since it is  
so,  
*Thy will be done.*

I cannot speak  
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my  
cheek  
Show I am sad:  
But I can speak  
Of *grace* to suffer with submission meek  
Until made glad.

I do not see  
Why God should e'en permit some things  
to be,  
When *He is love*;  
But I can see,  
Though often dimly, through the mys-  
tery  
His hand above!

I do not know  
Where falls the seed that I have tried to  
sow  
With greatest care;  
But I *shall know*  
The meaning of each waiting hour below  
*Sometime, somewhere!*

I do not look  
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,  
To read my fate;  
But I *do look*  
For *promised blessings* in God's holy  
Book;  
And *I can wait.*

I may not try  
To keep the hot tears back—but hush  
that sigh,  
"It might have been";  
And try to still  
Each rising murmur, and to *God's sweet*  
*will*

Respond "*Amen!*"

—Miss Ophelia G. Browning.

## AS HE WILLS

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
 Alike they're needful for the flower;  
 And joys and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul fit nourishment.  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove,  
 With murmurs, whom they trust and  
 love?

Creator! I would ever be  
 A trusting, loving child to thee:  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

O ne'er will I at life repine—  
 Enough that thou hast made it mine;  
 When falls the shadow cold of death  
 I yet will sing with parting breath,  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.  
 —Sarah Flower Adams.

## ACCORDING TO THY WILL

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
 That the next sun  
 Which sinks should bear me past all fear  
 and sorrow  
 For any one,  
 All the fight fought, all the short journey  
 through,  
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or  
 falter,  
 But just go on  
 Doing my work, nor change nor seek to  
 alter  
 Aught that is gone;  
 But rise, and move, and love, and smile,  
 and pray  
 For one more day.

And lying down at night, for a last  
 sleeping,  
 Say in that ear  
 Which harkens ever, "Lord, within thy  
 keeping,  
 How should I fear?  
 And when to-morrow brings thee nearer  
 still,  
 Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful,  
 tender,

My soul would lie  
 All night long; and when the morning  
 splendor

Flashed o'er the sky,  
 I think that I could smile—could calmly  
 say,  
 "It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue  
 yonder

Held out a scroll  
 On which my life was writ, and I with  
 wonder

Beheld unroll  
 To a long century's end its mystic clew—  
 What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and  
 Master!

Other than this,  
 Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,  
 Nor fear to miss  
 The road, although so very long it be,  
 While led by thee?

Step by step, feeling thee close beside  
 me,

Although unseen;  
 Through thorns, through flowers,  
 whether the tempest hide thee  
 Or heavens serene,  
 Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
 Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand re-  
 vealeth

Thy counsels wise;  
 Along the path no deepening shadow  
 stealth;

No voice replies  
 To all my questioning thought the time  
 to tell,  
 And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
 Thy will always;

Through a long century's ripe fruition  
 Or a short day's;  
 Thou canst not come too soon; and I  
 can wait

If thou come late!  
 —Susan Coolidge.

God's in his heaven,  
 All's right with the world.  
 —Robert Browning.

WHAT PLEASETH GOD

What pleaseth God with joy receive;  
Though storm-winds rage and billows  
heave  
And earth's foundations all be rent,  
Be comforted; to thee is sent  
What pleaseth God.

God's will is best; to this resigned,  
How sweetly rests the weary mind!  
Seek, then, this blessed conformity,  
Desiring but to do and be  
What pleaseth God.

God's thoughts are wisest; human  
schemes  
Are vain delusions, idle dreams;  
Our purposes are frail and weak;  
With earthly mind we seldom seek  
What pleaseth God.

God is the holiest; and his ways  
Are full of kindness, truth, and grace;  
His blessing crowns our earnest prayer,  
While worldlings scorn, and little care  
What pleaseth God.

God's is the truest heart; his love  
Nor time, nor life, nor death, can move;  
To those his mercies daily flow,  
Whose chief concern it is to know  
What pleaseth God.

Omnipotent he reigns on high  
And watcheth o'er thy destiny;  
While sea, and earth, and air produce  
For daily pleasure, daily use,  
What pleaseth God.

He loves his sheep, and when they stray  
He leads them back to wisdom's way;  
Their faithless, wandering hearts to turn,  
Gently chastising, till they learn  
What pleaseth God.

He knows our every need, and grants  
A rich supply to all our wants;  
No good withholds from those whose  
mind  
Is bent with earnest zeal to find  
What pleaseth God.

Then let the world, with stubborn will,  
Its earth-born pleasures follow still;  
Be this, my soul, thy constant aim,  
Thy riches, honor, glory, fame,  
What pleaseth God.

Should care and grief thy portion be,  
To thy strong refuge ever flee;  
For all his creatures but perform,  
In peace and tumult, calm and storm,  
What pleaseth God.

Faith lays her hand on God's rich grace,  
And hope gives patience for the race;  
These virtues in thy heart enshrined,  
Thy portion thou wilt surely find,  
What pleaseth God.

In heaven thy glorious portion is;  
There is thy throne, thy crown, thy bliss;  
There shalt thou taste, and hear, and  
see,  
There shalt thou ever do and be,  
What pleaseth God.  
—Paul Gerhardt.

"THE SPLENDOR OF GOD'S WILL"

O words of golden music  
Caught from the harps on high,  
Which find a glorious anthem  
Where we have found a sigh,  
And peal their grandest praises  
Just where ours faint and die.

O words of holy radiance  
Shining on every tear  
Till it becomes a rainbow,  
Reflecting, bright and clear,  
Our Father's love and glory  
So wonderful, so dear!

O words of sparkling power,  
Of insight full and deep!  
Shall they not enter other hearts  
In a grand and glad some sweep,  
And lift the lives to songs of joy  
That only droop and weep?

And O, it is a splendor,  
A glow of majesty,  
A mystery of beauty,  
If we will only see;  
A very cloud of glory  
Enfolding you and me.

A splendor that is lighted  
At one transcendent flame,  
The wondrous love, the perfect love,  
Our Father's sweetest name;  
For his very name and essence  
And his will are all the same.  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## NOT BY CHANCE

No chance has brought this ill to me;  
'Tis God's sweet will, so let it be;  
He seeth what I cannot see.

There is a need-be for each pain,  
And he will make it one day plain  
That earthly loss is heavenly gain.

Like as a piece of tapestry,  
Viewed from the back, appears to be  
Naught but threads tangled hopelessly,

But in the front a picture fair  
Rewards the worker for his care,  
Proving his skill and patience rare.

Thou art the workman, I the frame;  
Lord, for the glory of thy name,  
Perfect thine image on the same!

## SUBMISSION TO GOD

Whate'er God wills let that be done;  
His will is ever wisest;  
His grace will all thy hope outrun  
Who to that faith arisest.  
The gracious Lord  
Will help afford;  
He chastens with forbearing;  
Who God believes,  
And to him cleaves,  
Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,  
My light, and my existence;  
His counsel is beyond my sense,  
But stirs no weak resistance;  
His word declares  
The very hairs  
Upon my head are numbered;  
His mercy large  
Holds me in charge  
With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day when at his will  
The pulse of nature ceases.  
I think upon it, and am still,  
Let come whate'er he pleases.  
To him I trust  
My soul, my dust,  
When flesh and spirit sever;  
The Christ we sing  
Has plucked the sting  
Away from death forever.  
—Albert of Brandenburg, 1586.

## THY WILL BE DONE

We see not, know not; all our way  
Is night; with thee alone is day.  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayers we lift:  
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint  
Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
The weakness of our love of ease?  
Thy will be done!

We take, with solemn thankfulness,  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,  
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
We trace thy picture's wise design,  
And thank thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press;  
If from thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by thee, our present pain  
Be liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done.

Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies!  
The minor of thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

There is no sense, as I can see,  
In mortals such as you and me  
A-faulting nature's wise intents  
And locking horns with Providence.

It is no use to grumble and complain;  
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;  
When God sorts out the weather and  
sends rain—  
Why, rain's my choice.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### THY WILL

Not in dumb resignation  
 We lift our hands on high;  
 Not like the nerveless fatalist,  
 Content to do and die.  
 Our faith springs like the eagle  
 Who soars to meet the sun,  
 And cries, exulting, unto thee,  
 "O Lord, thy will be done!"

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;  
 It bids the strong be just;  
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,  
 No brow to seek the dust.  
 Wherever man oppresses man,  
 Beneath the liberal sun,  
 O Lord, be there! Thine arm make bare!  
 Thy righteous will be done!  
 —John Hay.

### AS GOD WILL

All goeth but God's will!  
 The fairest garden flower  
 Fades after its brief hour  
 Of brightness. Still,  
 This is but God's good will.

All goeth but God's will!  
 The brightest, dearest day  
 Doth swiftly pass away,  
 And darkest night  
 Succeeds the vision bright.

But still strong-hearted be,  
 Yea, though the night be drear;  
 How sad and long soe'er  
 Its gloom may be,  
 This darkness, too, shall flee.

Weep not yon grave beside!  
 Dear friend, he is not gone;  
 God's angel soon this stone  
 Shall roll aside.  
 Yea, death shall not abide!

Earth's anguish, too, shall go,  
 O then be strong, my soul!  
 When sorrows o'er thee roll  
 Be still, and know  
 'Tis God's will worketh so.

Dear Lord and God, incline  
 Thine ear unto my call!  
 O grant me that in all,  
 This will of mine  
 May still be one with thine!

Teach me to answer still,  
 Whate'er my lot may be,  
 To all thou sendest me,  
 Of good or ill;  
 "All goeth as God will."  
 —Alice Williams.

### THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT ROCK

Sweet is the solace of thy love,  
 My heavenly Friend, to me,  
 While through the hidden way of faith  
 I journey home with thee,  
 Learning by quiet thankfulness  
 As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of thy peace  
 My feet would often stray,  
 Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
 And will not turn away;  
 Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last  
 As none beneath thee may.

No other comforter I need  
 If thou, O Lord, be mine;  
 Thy rod will bring my spirit low,  
 Thy fire my heart refine,  
 And cause me pain that none may feel  
 By other love than thine.

Then in the secret of my soul,  
 Though hosts my peace invade,  
 Though through a waste and weary land  
 My lonely way be made,  
 Thou, even thou, wilt comfort me;  
 I need not be afraid.

O there is nothing in the world  
 To weigh against thy will;  
 Even the dark times I dread the most  
 Thy covenant fulfill;  
 And when the pleasant morning dawns  
 I find thee with me still.

Still in the solitary place  
 I would awhile abide,  
 Till with the solace of thy love  
 My soul is satisfied,  
 And all my hopes of happiness  
 Stay calmly at thy side.

On thy compassion I repose  
 In weakness and distress;  
 I will not ask for greater ease  
 Lest I should love thee less,  
 It is a blessed thing for me  
 To need thy tenderness.  
 —Anna Letitia Waring.

## RABIA

There was of old a Moslem saint  
 Named Rabia. On her bed she lay  
 Pale, sick, but uttered no complaint.  
 "Send for the holy men to pray."  
 And two were sent. The first drew near:  
 "The prayers of no man are sincere  
 Who does not bow beneath the rod,  
 And bear the chastening strokes of God."  
 Whereto the second, more severe:  
 "The prayers of no man are sincere  
 Who does not in the rod rejoice  
 And make the strokes he bears his  
 choice."  
 Then she, who felt that in such pain  
 The love of self did still remain,  
 Answered, "No prayers can be sincere  
 When they from whose wrung hearts  
 they fall  
 Are not as I am, lying here,  
 Who long since have forgotten all.  
 Dear Lord of love! There is no pain."  
 So Rabia, and was well again.  
 —Edmund Clarence Stedman.

## THREE STAGES OF PIETY

Rabia, sick upon her bed,  
 By two saints was visited:

Holy Malik, Hassan wise,  
 Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan said: "Whose prayer is pure  
 Will God's chastisement *endure*."

Malik, from a deeper sense,  
 Uttered his experience:

"He who loves his Master's choice  
 Will in chastisement *rejoice*."

Rabia saw some selfish will  
 In their maxims lingering still,

And replied: "O men of grace!  
 He who sees his Master's face

"Will not in his prayer recall  
 That he is chastised at all."

—Arabian, tr. by James Freeman Clarke,  
 from the German of Tholuck.

(Rabia was a very holy Arabian  
 woman who lived in the second century  
 of the Hegira, or the eighth century of  
 our era.)

## PRAYER'S GRACE

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed  
 The wise men gathered, gazing  
 gravely.  
 "Daughter of God!" the youngest said,  
 "Endure thy Father's chastening  
 bravely;  
 They who have steeped their souls in  
 prayer  
 Can any anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,  
 Though not reproachfully nor sadly.  
 "Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,  
 "Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly;  
 They who have learned to pray aright  
 From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then spake she out: "Your words are  
 fair;  
 But, oh, the truth lies deeper still.  
 I know not, when absorbed in prayer,  
 Pleasure or pain, or good or ill.  
 They who God's face can understand  
 Feel not the workings of his hand."  
 —Monckton Milnes.

## I LOVE THY WILL

I love thy will, O God!  
 Thy blessèd, perfect will.  
 In which this once rebellious heart  
 Lies satisfied and still.

I love thy will, O God!  
 It is my joy, my rest;  
 It glorifies my common task,  
 It makes each trial blest.

I love thy will, O God!  
 The sunshine or the rain;  
 Some days are bright with praise, and  
 some  
 Sweet with accepted pain.

I love thy will, O God!  
 O hear my earnest plea,  
 That as thy will is done in heaven  
 It may be done in me!  
 —Bessie Pegg MacLaughlin.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
 yet they grind exceeding small;  
 Though with patience he stands waiting,  
 with exactness grinds he all.  
 —Tr. by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## DAILY BREAD

I pray, with meek hands on my breast,  
 "Thy will be done, thy kingdom  
 come,"

But shouldst thou call my dear ones  
 home

Should I still say, "'Tis best;  
 Thy will be done"?

I cannot tell. I probe my heart  
 With sharpest instruments of pain,  
 And listen if the sweet refrain  
 Still wells up through the smart—  
 "Thy will be done!"

I cannot tell. I yield the quest,  
 Content if only day by day  
 My God shall give me grace to say,  
 "Father, thou knowest best;  
 Thy will be done!"

He gives no strength for coming ill,  
 Until its advent. Then he rolls  
 His love in on his waiting souls,  
 Sure of their sweet "Thy will,  
 Thy will be done!"

"Give us this day our daily bread"—  
 So prayed the Christ, and so will I;  
 Father, my daily bread supply,  
 Or, if I go unfed,  
 "Thy will be done!"  
 —Caroline Atherton Mason.

## APPROACHES

When thou turnest away from ill  
 Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest towards good  
 Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"  
 Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern duty wakes to watch  
 Then his hand is on the latch.

But when hope thy song doth rouse  
 Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit  
 Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole  
 Then is Christ thy very soul.

—George Macdonald.

## SUBMISSION

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,  
 And both mine eyes are thine,  
 My mind would be extremely stirred  
 For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow  
 Some place and power on me?  
 Then should thy praises with me grow,  
 And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve  
 I do resume my sight;  
 And, pilfering what I once did give,  
 Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,  
 That I should then raise thee?  
 Perhaps great places and thy praise  
 Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;  
 I will no more advise;  
 Only do thou lend me a hand,  
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.  
 —George Herbert.

## YOUTH'S WARNING

Beware, exulting youth, beware,  
 When life's young pleasures woo,  
 That ere you yield yon shrine your heart,  
 And keep your conscience true!  
 For sake of silver spent to-day  
 Why pledge to-morrow's gold?  
 Or in hot blood implant remorse,  
 To grow when blood is cold?  
 If wrong you do, if false you play,  
 In summer among the flowers,  
 You must atone, you must repay,  
 In winter among the showers.

To turn the balances of heaven  
 Surpasses mortal power;  
 For every white there is a black,  
 For every sweet a sour.  
 For every up there is a down,  
 For every folly shame,  
 And retribution follows guilt  
 As burning follows flame.  
 If wrong you do, if false you play,  
 In summer among the flowers,  
 You must atone, you must repay  
 In winter among the showers.  
 —George Macdonald.



## THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

I love thy skies, thy sunny mists,  
Thy fields, thy mountains hoar,  
Thy wind that bloweth where it lists;  
Thy will, I love it more.

I love thy hidden truth to seek  
All round, in sea, on shore;  
The arts whereby like gods we speak;  
Thy will to me is more.

I love thy men and women, Lord,  
The children round thy door,  
Calm thoughts that inward strength  
afford;  
Thy will, O Lord, is more.

But when thy will my life shall hold,  
Thine to the very core,  
The world which that same will did mold  
I shall love ten times more.  
—George Macdonald.

No child of man may perish ere his time  
arrives;  
A thousand arrows pierce him and he  
still survives;  
But when the moment fixed in heaven's  
eternal will  
Comes round, a single blade of yielding  
grass may kill.  
—From the Mahabharata, tr. by Fred-  
eric Rowland Marvin.

God gives to man the power to strike  
or miss you;  
It is not thy foe who did the thing.  
The arrow from the bow may seem to  
issue,  
But we know an archer drew the  
string.  
—Saadi, tr. by James Freeman Clarke.

On two days it steads not to run from  
thy grave:  
The appointed and the unappointed  
day;  
On the first neither balm nor physician  
can save,  
Nor thee on the second the universe  
slay.  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## ROUNDEL

I do not know thy final will,  
It is too good for me to know.  
Thou wilt that I mercy show,  
That I take heed and do no ill,  
That I the needy warm and fill,  
Nor stones at any sinner throw;  
But I know not thy final will,  
It is too good for me to know.

I know thy love unspeakable—  
For love's sake able to send woe!  
To find thine own thou lost didst go,  
And wouldst for men thy blood yet  
spill!  
How should I know thy final will,  
Godwise too good for me to know!  
—George Macdonald.

One prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly thine:  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine;  
All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In thee I firmly trust,  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

The best will is our Father's will,  
And we may rest there calm and still;  
O make it hour by hour thine own,  
And wish for naught but that alone  
Which pleases God.  
—Paul Gerhardt.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery;  
And since God suffers him to be  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood!  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill  
To know that heaven is in God's will.  
—James Russell Lowell.

# GOD'S PRESENCE

## POSSESSION, SATISFACTION, REFLECTION

### THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

In the secret of his presence  
I am kept from strife of tongues;  
His pavilion is around me,  
And within are ceaseless songs!  
Stormy winds, his word fulfilling,  
Beat without, but cannot harm,  
For the Master's voice is stilling  
Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of his presence  
All the darkness disappears;  
For a sun that knows no setting,  
Throws a rainbow on my tears.  
So the day grows ever lighter,  
Broadening to the perfect noon;  
So the day grows ever brighter,  
Heaven is coming, near and soon.

In the secret of his presence  
Never more can foes alarm;  
In the shadow of the Highest,  
I can meet them with a psalm;  
For the strong pavilion hides me,  
Turns their fiery darts aside,  
And I know, whate'er betides me,  
I shall live because he died!

In the secret of his presence  
Is a sweet, unbroken rest;  
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fullness,  
Making earth like Eden blest:  
So my peace grows deep and deeper,  
Widening as it nears the sea,  
For my Saviour is my keeper,  
Keeping mine and keeping me!  
—Henry Burton.

### EYESERVICE

Eyeservice let me give  
The while I live;  
In shadow or in light,  
By day or night,  
With all my heart and skill—  
Eyeservice still!

Yes, for the eyes I'll serve—  
Nor faint nor swerve—  
Are not the eyes of man,  
That lightly scan,  
But God's, that pierce and see  
The whole of me!

Beneath the farthest skies,  
Where morning flies,  
In heaven or in hell,  
If I should dwell,  
In dark or daylight fair,  
The Eyes are there!

No trembling fugitive,  
Boldly I live  
If, as in that pure sight,  
I live aright,  
Yielding with hand and will  
Eyeservice still!  
—Amos R. Wells.

### OMNIPRESENCE

Lord of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM

God's spirit falls on me as dew drops on  
a rose,  
If I but like a rose my heart to him un-  
close.

The soul wherein God dwells—what  
Church can holier be?  
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly  
majesty.

Lo! in the silent night a child to God is  
born,  
And all is brought again that ere was  
lost or lorn.

Could but thy soul, O man, become a  
silent night  
God would be born in thee and set all  
things aright.

Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord  
his name with ye,  
I feel him but as love, and Love his name  
with me.

Though Christ a thousand times in Beth-  
lehem be born,  
If he's not born in thee thy soul is all  
forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha will never save  
thy soul,  
The cross in thine own heart alone can  
make thee whole.

Christ rose not from the dead, Christ  
still is in the grave  
If thou for whom he died art still of sin  
the slave.

In all eternity no tone can be so sweet  
As where man's heart with God in unison  
doth beat.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too,  
become thou must;  
God, if thou lovest God, dust, if thou  
lovest dust.

Ah, would thy heart but be a manger for  
the birth,  
God would once more become a child on  
earth.

Immeasurable is the highest; who but  
knows it?  
And yet a human heart can perfectly  
enclose it.

—Johannes Scheffler.

## THE LARGER VIEW

In buds upon some Aaron's rod  
The childlike ancient saw his God;  
Less credulous, more believing, we  
Read in the grass—Divinity.

From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke  
To earlier faiths and simpler folk;  
But now each bush that sweeps our  
fence  
Flames with the Awful Immanence!

To old Zacchæus in his tree  
What mattered leaves and botany?  
His sycamore was but a seat  
Whence he could watch that hallowed  
street.

But now to us each elm and pine  
Is vibrant with the Voice divine,  
Not only from but in the bough  
Our larger creed beholds him now.

To the true faith, bark, sap, and stem  
Are wonderful as Bethlehem;  
No hill nor brook nor field nor herd  
But mangers the Incarnate Word!

Far be it from our lips to cast  
Contempt upon the holy past—  
Whate'er the Finger writes we scan  
In manger, prophecy, or man.

Again we touch the healing hem  
In Nazareth or Jerusalem;  
We trace again those faultless years;  
The cross commands our wondering  
tears.

Yet if to us the Spirit writes  
On Morning's manuscript and Night's,  
In gospels of the growing grain,  
Epistles of the pond and plain,

In stars, in atoms, as they roll,  
Each tireless round its occult pole,  
In wing and worm and fin and fleece,  
In the wise soil's surpassing peace—

Thrice ingrate he whose only look  
Is backward focussed on the Book,  
Neglectful what the Presence saith,  
Though he be near as blood and breath!

The only atheist is one  
Who hears no Voice in wind or sun,  
Believer in some primal curse,  
Deaf in God's loving universe!  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with thee, when purple morn-  
ing breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the  
shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than day-  
light,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am  
with thee.

Alone with thee amid the mystic  
shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly  
born;  
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the  
morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless  
ocean  
The image of the morning-star doth  
rest,  
So in this stillness thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my  
breast.

Still, still with thee! as to each new born  
morning  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is  
given,  
So does this blessed consciousness awak-  
ing  
Breathe each day nearness unto thee  
and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil,  
to slumber,  
Its closing eyes look up to thee in  
prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings  
o'ershading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find  
thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright  
morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's  
shadows flee;  
O in that hour, fairer than daylight  
dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am  
with thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There lives and works a soul in all things,  
And that soul is God.

—William Cowper.

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see,  
And what I do, in anything,  
To do it as for thee.

A man that looks on glass  
On it may stay his eye,  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass  
And then to heaven espy.

All may of thee partake.  
Nothing can be so mean  
Which with this tincture (*for thy sake*)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine.  
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

—George Herbert.

GOD'S PRESENCE

But God is never so far off  
As even to be near.  
He is within; our spirit is  
The home he holds most dear.

To think of him as by our side  
Is almost as untrue  
As to remove his throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,  
Myself God's sanctuary.

I come to thee once more, my God!  
No longer will I roam;  
For I have sought the wide world  
through  
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots  
Where I have built a nest—  
Yet in the brightest still I pined  
For more abiding rest.

For thou hast made this wondrous soul  
All for thyself alone;  
Ah! send thy sweet transforming grace  
To make it more thine own.

—Frederick William Faber.

## GOD IS MINE

If God is mine then present things  
And things to come are mine;  
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit, too,  
And glory all divine.

If he is mine then from his love  
He every trouble sends;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.

If he is mine I need not fear  
The rage of earth and hell;  
He will support my feeble power,  
Their utmost force repel.

If he is mine let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honor flee;  
Sure he who giveth me himself  
Is more than these to me.

If he is mine I'll boldly pass  
Through death's tremendous vale;  
He is a solid comfort when  
All other comforts fail.

Oh! tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;  
What can I wish beside?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

## A PRESENT SAVIOUR

I have thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord,  
That tender voice of thine  
Doth peace afford.

I have thee every hour,  
Thou stay'st near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
Since thou art nigh.

I have thee every hour,  
In joy and pain;  
With me thou dost abide,  
And life is gain.

I have thee every hour,  
Teach me thy will;  
All thy rich promises  
Thou dost fulfill.

I have thee every hour,  
Most Holy One,  
And I am thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.  
—Annie S. Hawks, altered by J. M.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD

The thought of God, the thought of thee,  
Who liest near my heart,  
And yet beyond imagined space  
Outstretched and present art—

The thought of thee, above, below,  
Around me and within,  
Is more to me than health and wealth,  
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree  
Beneath whose shade I lie  
And watch the fleet of snowy clouds  
Sail o'er the silent sky.

'Tis like that soft invading light  
Which in all darkness shines,  
The thread that through life's somber  
web  
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes  
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
It is a daybreak to our hopes,  
A sunset to our fears.

Within a thought so great, our souls  
Little and modest grow,  
And, by its vastness awed, we learn  
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the grassy mound  
Scarce bends its pliant form  
When overhead the autumnal wood  
Is thundering like a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls,  
Down in the thought of God,  
Scarce conscious in their sober peace  
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of thee is almost prayer,  
And is outspoken praise;  
And pain can even passive thoughts  
To actual worship raise.

All murmurs lie inside thy will  
Which are to thee addressed;  
To suffer for thee is our work,  
To think of thee, our rest.  
—Frederick William Faber.

Let thy sweet presence light my way,  
And hallow every cross I bear;  
Transmuting duty, conflict, care,  
Into love's service day by day.

## OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

My God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy mercy seat  
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits, day and night,  
Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

O how I fear thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!  
Almighty as thou art,  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of this poor heart.

Oh, then, this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love thee for thyself,  
And for thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
With me, thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,  
O what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the  
name—  
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, love's Reward!  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before thy throne to lie  
And gaze, and gaze on thee!  
—Frederick William Faber.

## RULES FOR DAILY LIFE

Begin the day with God:  
Kneel down to him in prayer;  
Lift up thy heart to his abode  
And seek his love to share.

Open the Book of God,  
And read a portion there;  
That it may hallow all thy thoughts  
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,  
Whate'er thy work may be;  
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,  
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;  
Thy spirit heavenward raise;  
Acknowledge every good bestowed,  
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God:  
Thy sins to him confess;  
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,  
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,  
Who gives his servants sleep;  
And when thou tread'st the vale of  
death  
He will thee guard and keep.

## HE FILLS ALL

All are but parts of one stupendous  
whole;  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;  
That, changed through all, and yet in  
all the same;  
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal  
frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the  
breeze,  
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the  
trees;  
Lives through all life, extends through  
all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our souls, informs our  
mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that  
mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and  
burns.  
To him no high, no low, no great, no  
small,  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals  
all.

\* \* \* \* \*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction which thou canst  
not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good;  
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's  
spite,  
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.  
—Alexander Pope.

## THE PRESENCE

I sit within my room and joy to find  
 That thou who always lov'st art with  
 me here;  
 That I am never left by thee behind,  
 But by thyself thou keep'st me ever  
 near.  
 The fire burns brighter when with thee  
 I look,  
 And seems a kindlier servant sent to  
 me;  
 With gladder heart I read thy holy  
 book,  
 Because thou art the eyes with which  
 I see;  
 This aged chair, that table, watch, and  
 door  
 Around in ready service ever wait;  
 Nor can I ask of thee a menial more  
 To fill the measure of my large estate;  
 For thou thyself, with all a Father's care,  
 Where'er I turn art ever with me there.  
 —Jones Very.

## BLESSED THOUGHT OF GOD

One thought I have—my ample creed,  
 So deep it is and broad,  
 And equal to my every need—  
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,  
 I feast at life's full board;  
 And rising in my inner skies,  
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;  
 I drop my daily load,  
 And every care is pillowed there  
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,  
 But take in trust my road;  
 Life, death, and immortality,  
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed  
 The martyr's path who trod;  
 The fountains of their patience flowed  
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,  
 My pilgrim staff and rod,  
 My rest by night, my strength by day,  
 O blessed thought of God.  
 —Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

## EVENTIDE

At cool of day with God I walk  
 My garden's grateful shade;  
 I hear his voice among the trees,  
 And I am not afraid.

I see his presence in the night—  
 And though my heart is awed  
 I do not quail before the sight  
 Or nearness of my God.

He speaks to me in every wind,  
 He smiles from every star;  
 He is not deaf to me, nor blind,  
 Nor absent, nor afar.

His hand, that shuts the flowers to sleep,  
 Each in its dewy fold,  
 Is strong my feeble life to keep,  
 And competent to hold.

I cannot walk in darkness long,  
 My light is by my side;  
 I cannot stumble or go wrong  
 While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defense;  
 How shall I fail or fall?  
 My helper is Omnipotence!  
 My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above  
 Are subject to his care;  
 I cannot wander from his love  
 Who loves me everywhere.

Thus dowered, and guarded thus, with  
 him  
 I walk this peaceful shade,  
 I hear his voice among the trees,  
 And I am not afraid.  
 —Caroline Atherton Mason.

From cellar unto attic all is clean:  
 Nothing there is that need evade the  
 eye;  
 All the dark places, by the world unseen,  
 Are as well ordered as what open lie.

Ah! souls are houses; and to keep them  
 well,  
 Nor, spring and autumn, mourn their  
 wretched plight,  
 To daily toil must vigilance compel,  
 Right underneath God's scrutinizing  
 light.

SAINTSHIP

To heaven approached a Sufi saint,  
From groping in the darkness late,  
And, tapping timidly and faint,  
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"  
"Tis I, dear Friend," the saint replied,  
And trembling much with hope and fear.  
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,  
To bear the scourging of life's rods;  
But aye his heart within him yearned  
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,  
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
Until from faith's pure fires and tears  
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God: "Who now is at the door?"  
"It is thyself, beloved Lord,"  
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,  
But clasped and rapt in his reward.  
—From the Persian, tr. by William  
Rounseville Alger.

OPEN THOU OUR EYES

(Luke 24. 15)

And he drew near and talked with them,  
But they perceived him not,  
And mourned, unconscious of that light,  
The gloom, the darkness, and the night  
That wrapt his burial spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed and sad,  
They knew nor help nor guide;  
While he who bore the secret key  
To open every mystery,  
Unknown was by their side.

Thus often when we feel alone,  
Nor help nor comfort near,  
'Tis only that our eyes are dim,  
Doubting and sad we see not him  
Who waiteth still to hear.

"The darkness gathers overhead,  
The morn will never come."  
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,  
In the white-flushing eastern skies  
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs  
In daily work and rest,  
To those who seek him Christ is near,  
Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,  
In leaning on his breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,  
To see our way, our Guide;  
That by the path that here we tread,  
We, following on, may still be led  
In thy light to abide.

MAN

My God, I heard this day  
That none doth build a stately habitation  
But he that means to dwell therein.  
What house more stately hath there  
been,  
Or can be, than is man? to whose crea-  
tion  
All things are in decay.

More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of: in every path  
He treads down that which doth be-  
friend him,  
When sickness makes him pale and  
wan.  
O mighty love! man is one world, and  
hath  
Another to attend him.

For us the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and  
fountains flow;  
Nothing we see but means our good,  
As our delight or as our treasure;  
The whole is either cupboard of our food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;  
Night draws the curtain, which the sun  
withdraws;  
Music and light attend our head;  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being; to our mind,  
In their ascent and cause.

Since then, my God, thou hast  
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it  
That it may dwell with thee at last.  
Till then, afford us so much wit  
That, as the world serves us, we may  
serve thee,  
And both thy servants be.  
—George Herbert.



## EVER WITH THEE

I am with thee, my God—  
Where I desire to be:  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I always am with thee.

With thee when dawn comes on  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With thee, my God, in prayer.

With thee amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart;  
I hear thy voice, when time's is loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.

With thee when day is done  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting as the rising sun  
With thee my heart shall find.

With thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose;  
Calm in the shadow of thy wings  
Mine eyelids gently close.

With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I shall be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I always am with thee.  
—James D. Burns, altered by J. M.

## SELF-EXAMINATION

By all means use sometime to be alone.  
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;

And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
He breaks up homes, turns out of doors his mind.

Sum up by night what thou hast done by day;

And in the morning, what thou hast to do.

Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay

And growth of it; if, with thy watch, that too

Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be

Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.  
—George Herbert.

## "SHOW ME THY FACE"

Show me thy face—  
One transient gleam  
Of loveliness divine  
And I shall never think or dream  
Of other love save thine.  
All lesser light will darken quite,  
All lower glories wane;  
The beautiful of earth will scarce  
Seem beautiful again!

Show me thy face—  
My faith and love  
Shall henceforth fixed be,  
And nothing here have power to move  
My soul's serenity.  
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,  
And all I feel and see  
Illusive, visionary—thou  
The one reality.

Show me thy face—  
I shall forget  
The weary days of yore;  
The fretting ghosts of vain regret  
Shall haunt my soul no more;  
All doubts and fears for future years  
In quiet rest subside,  
And naught but best content and calm  
Within my breast reside.

Show me thy face—  
The heaviest cross  
Will then seem light to bear;  
There will be gain in every loss,  
And peace with every care.  
With such light feet  
The years will fleet,  
Life seem as brief as blest,  
Till I have laid my burden down  
And entered into rest.

Show me thy face—  
And I shall be  
In heart and mind renewed;  
With wisdom, grace, and energy  
To work thy work endured.  
Shine clear, though pale,  
Behind the veil  
Until, the veil removed,  
In perfect glory I behold  
The Face that I have loved!

I stand in the great Forever,  
All things to me are divine;  
I eat of the heavenly manna,  
I drink of the heavenly wine.

LISTENING FOR GOD

I hear it often in the dark,  
I hear it in the light:  
Where *is* the voice that calls to me  
With such a quiet might?  
It seems but echo to my thought,  
And yet beyond the stars;  
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,  
And yet the planet jars.

O may it be that, far within  
My inmost soul, there lies  
A spirit-sky that opens with  
Those voices of surprise?  
And can it be, by night and day,  
That firmament serene  
Is just the heaven where God himself,  
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me  
That every thought is plain,  
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,  
And in thy heaven reign!  
Thy heaven is mine, my very soul!  
Thy words are sweet and strong;  
They fill my inward silences  
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,  
And loud rebuke my ill;  
They ring my bells of victory,  
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"  
They even seem to say: "My child,  
Why seek me so all day?  
Now journey inward to thyself,  
And listen by the way."  
—William C. Gannett.

ALLAH'S HOUSE

Nanac the faithful, pausing once to pray,  
From holy Mecca turned his face away;  
A Moslem priest who chanced to see him  
there,  
Forgetful of the attitude in prayer,  
Cried "Infidel, how durst thou turn thy  
feet  
Toward Allah's house—the sacred tem-  
ple seat?"  
To whom the pious Nanac thus replied:  
"Knowest thou God's house is, as the  
world is, wide?  
Then, turn thee, if thou canst, toward  
any spot  
Where mighty Allah's awful house is  
not."  
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

IF THE LORD SHOULD COME

If the Lord should come in the morning,  
As I went about my work—  
The little things and the quiet things  
That a servant cannot shirk,  
Though nobody ever sees them,  
And only the dear Lord cares  
That they always are done in the light of  
the sun—  
Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday—  
The time of the dust and heat,  
When the glare is white and the air is  
still  
And the hoof-beats sound in the  
street;  
If my dear Lord came at noonday,  
And smiled in my tired eyes,  
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?  
Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,  
In the fragrant dew and dusk,  
When the world drops off its mantle  
Of daylight, like a husk,  
And flowers, in wonderful beauty,  
And we fold our hands in rest,  
Would his touch of my hand, his low  
command,  
Bring me unhopd-for zest?

Why do I ask and question?  
He is ever coming to me,  
Morning and noon and evening,  
If I have but eyes to see.  
And the daily load grows lighter,  
The daily cares grow sweet,  
For the Master is near, the Master is  
here,  
I have only to sit at his feet.  
—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

The day is long and the day is hard;  
We are tired of the march and of keeping  
guard;  
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,  
Of days to live through, and of work to  
be done;  
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.  
And all the while, did we only see,  
We walk in the Lord's own company;  
We fight, but 'tis he who nerves our arm;  
He turns the arrows which else might  
harm,  
And out of the storm he brings a calm.  
—Susan Coolidge.

## COME TO ME

Come to me, come to me, O my God;  
Come to me everywhere.  
Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy  
sod,  
And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt,  
As on every side I stare,  
Searching within and looking without,  
If thou canst be anywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?  
How did they grow so sure?  
They fought in thy name, they were glad  
and bold,  
They suffered and kept themselves  
pure.

But now they say—neither above the  
sphere  
Nor down in the heart of man,  
But only in fancy, ambition, and fear,  
The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true  
Which ages have not made old,  
Of the endless many makes one anew,  
And simplicity manifold!

But he taught that they who did his  
word,  
The truth of it sure would know;  
I will try to do it—if he be Lord  
Again the old faith will glow.

Again the old spirit-wind will blow  
That he promised to their prayer;  
And obeying the Son, I too shall know  
His Father everywhere.

—George Macdonald.

Out of the hardness of heart and of will  
Out of the longings which nothing could  
fill;  
Out of the bitterness, madness, and  
strife,  
Out of myself and all I called life,  
Into the having of all things with Him!  
Into an ecstasy full to the brim!  
Wonderful loveliness, draining my cup!  
Wonderful purpose that ne'er gave me  
up!  
Wonderful patience, enduring and  
strong!  
Wonderful glory to which I belong!

## IF I HIM BUT HAVE

If I Him but have,  
If he be but mine—  
If my heart, hence to the grave,  
Ne'er forgets his love divine—  
Know I naught of sadness,  
Feel I naught but worship, love, and  
gladness.

If I Him but have,  
Glad with all I part;  
Follow on my pilgrim staff,  
My Lord only, with true heart;  
Leave them, nothing saying,  
On broad, bright, and crowded high-  
ways straying.

If I Him but have,  
Glad I fall asleep;  
Aye the flood that his heart gave  
Strength within my heart shall keep;  
And with soft compelling  
Make it tender, through and through it  
swelling.

If I Him but have,  
Mine the world I hail!  
Glad as cherub smiling, grave,  
Holding back the Virgin's veil.  
Sunk and lost in seeing,  
Earthly cares have died from all my  
being.

Where I have but Him  
Is my Fatherland,  
And all gifts and graces come  
Heritage into my hand;  
Brothers long deplored  
I in his disciples find restored.  
—George Macdonald.

Quiet from God! How beautiful to keep  
This treasure the All-merciful hath  
given;  
To feel, when we awake or when we sleep,  
Its incense round us like a breath from  
heaven.

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;  
To dwell with God, and still with man  
to feel;  
To bear about forever in the heart  
The gladness which his spirit doth  
reveal.

—Sarah J. Williams.

## HIS CHOSEN ONES

Some souls there are, beloved of God,  
Who, following where the saints have  
trod,  
Learn such surrender of the will  
They seem insensible of ill.

Yet, finely strung and sensitive,  
They live far more than others live,  
And grief's and pain's experience  
Must be to them far more intense.

O mystery—that such can know  
A life impregnable to woe!  
O paradox that God alone  
In secret proveth to his own!

It must be that supremest grace  
So nerves them for the heavenly race  
Their litanies are turned to psalms,  
Their crosses, even here, to palms.  
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

When, courting slumber,  
The hours I number,  
And sad cares cumber  
My weary mind,  
This thought shall cheer me:  
That thou art near me,  
Whose ear to hear me  
Is still inclined.

My soul thou keepest,  
Who never sleepest;  
'Mid gloom the deepest  
There's light above;  
Thine eyes behold me,  
Thine arms enfold me;  
Thy word has told me  
That God is love.

We are not angels, but we may  
Down in earth's corners kneel,  
And multiply sweet acts of love,  
And murmur what we feel.  
—Frederick William Faber.

Through thee, meseems, the very rose is  
red,  
From thee the violet steals its breath  
in May,  
From thee draw life all things that  
grow not gray,  
And by thy force the happy stars are  
sped. —James Russell Lowell.

## COME TO US, LORD

Come to us, Lord, as the daylight comes  
When the darkling night has gone,  
And the quickened East is tremulous  
With the thrill of the wakened dawn.

Come to us, Lord, as the tide comes on  
With the waves from the distant sea;  
Come, till our desert places smile,  
And our souls are filled with thee.

There are in this loud, stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime!  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling  
mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet  
Because their secret souls a holy strain  
repeat. —John Keble.

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God;  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.  
The rest sit round it and pluck black-  
berries,  
And daub their natural faces unaware  
More and more from the first similitude.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

O Name all other names above,  
What art thou not to me,  
Now I have learned to trust thy love  
And cast my care on thee!  
The thought of thee all sorrow calms;  
Our anxious burdens fall;  
His crosses turn to triumph palms  
Who finds in God his all.  
—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh,  
I have thee still, and I rejoice,  
I prosper circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee though I die.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

Let the Loved One but smile on this  
poor heart of mine,  
I will sell the two worlds for one drop  
of his wine. —From the Persian.

## CONFIDENCE

Thy presence, Lord, the place doth fill,  
My heart is now thy throne,  
Thy holy, just and perfect will  
Now in my flesh is done.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Doth now no longer rove,  
For Christ is all the world to me  
And all my heart is love.  
—Charles Wesley, altered by J. M.

Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.  
—John Keble.

Speak to him, thou, for he hears,  
And spirit with spirit can meet;  
Closer is he than breathing,  
And nearer than hands and feet.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

Heaven above is softer blue,  
Earth around is sweeter green,  
Something lives in every hue  
Christless eyes have never seen.

Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,  
Flowers with deeper beauties shine;  
Since I knew, as now I know,  
I am his and he is mine.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks the earth, the Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to him.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Where'er I look one Face alone I see,  
With every attribute of beauty in it  
blent;  
Still, still the Godhead's face entrances  
me,  
Yielding transcendency of all that can  
be spent. —From the Persian.

## IMMANENCE

Not only in the cataract and the thunder  
Or in the deeps of man's uncharted  
soul,  
But in the dew-star dwells alike the  
wonder  
And in the whirling dust-mite the  
control.  
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past  
hours  
And ask them what report they bore to  
heaven. —Edward Young.

A governed heart, thinking no thought  
but good,  
Makes crowded houses holy solitude.  
—Edwin Arnold.

But where will God be absent; in his  
face  
Is light, and in his shadow healing, too.  
—Robert Browning.

And good may ever conquer ill,  
Health walk where pain has trod;  
"As a man thinketh, so is he";  
Rise, then, and think with God.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let  
us rejoice,  
For, if He thunder by law, the thunder  
is yet his voice.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

Whatever road I take, it joins the street  
Which leadeth all who walk it thee to  
meet.

O work thy works in God.  
He can rejoice in naught  
Save only in himself  
And what himself hath wrought.

To live, to live, is life's great joy; to feel  
The living God within—to look  
abroad,  
And, in the beauty that all things reveal,  
Still meet the living God.  
—Robert Leighton.

# JESUS

## HIS PRECIOUSNESS, AND BEAUTY, AND LOVE

### OUR MASTER

Immortal Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are  
said

Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine;  
Our human strength is weakness, death,  
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done;  
The solemn shadow of thy cross  
Is better than the sun,

Alone, O Love, ineffable!  
Thy saving name is given:  
To turn aside from thee is hell,  
To walk with thee is heaven.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### MY HEART IS FIXED

I'll not leave Jesus,—never, never!  
Ah, what can more precious be?  
Rest and joy and light are ever  
In his hand to give to me.  
All things that can satisfy,  
Having Jesus, those have I.

Love has bound me fast unto him,  
I am his and he is mine;  
Daily I for pardon sue him,  
Answers he with peace divine.  
On that Rock my trust is laid,  
And I rest beneath its shade.

Without Jesus earth would weary,  
Seem almost like hell to be;  
But if Jesus I see near me  
Earth is almost heaven to me.  
Am I hungry, he doth give  
Bread on which my soul can live.

Spent with him, one little hour  
Giveth a year's worth of gain;  
Grace and peace put forth their power,  
Joy doth wholly banish pain;  
One faith-glance that findeth him  
Maketh earthly crowns look dim.

O how light upon my shoulder  
Lies my cross, now grown so small!  
For the Lord is my upholder,  
Fits it to me, softens all;  
Neither shall it always stay,  
Patience, it will pass away.

Those who faithfully go forward  
In his changeless care shall go,  
Nothing's doubtful or untoward,  
To the flock who Jesus know.  
Jesus always is the same;  
True and faithful is his name.

## CHRIST'S SYMPATHY

If Jesus came to earth again,  
And walked and talked in field and street,  
Who would not lay his human pain  
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,  
And leave the volume on the shelf,  
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,  
If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,  
How many a heart with grief o'er-  
laden,  
How many a man with woe forlorn,  
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize,  
Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,  
To gaze into those holy eyes  
And drink content forever!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,  
By the still watercourse he leads;  
His lambs upon his breast are laid;  
His hungry ones he feeds.

And I where'er he went would go,  
Nor question where the paths might  
lead;  
Enough to know that here below  
I walked with God indeed!

If it be thus, O Lord of mine,  
In absence is thy love forgot?  
And must I, when I walk, repine  
Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,  
Since our poor prayers yet reach thee,  
Lord,  
Since we are weak, once more to us  
Reveal the living Word!

O nearer to me, in the dark,  
Of life's low house, one moment stand;  
And give me keener eyes to mark  
The moving of thy hand.  
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

There's not a craving in the mind  
Thou dost not meet and still;  
There's not a wish the heart can have  
Which thou dost not fulfill.  
—Frederick William Faber.

## FINDING ALL IN JESUS

O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul on thee;  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
That in thine ocean depth its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain,  
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.  
—George Matheson.

## EAST LONDON

'Twas August, and the fierce sun over-  
head  
Smote on the squalid streets of Beth-  
nal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his  
windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:  
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in  
this scene?"  
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late  
have been  
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ,  
*the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow  
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou  
roam—  
Not with lost toil thou laborest thro'  
the night!  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st in-  
deed thy home.  
—Matthew Arnold.

## PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST

Jesus, the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!  
 O joy of all the meek!  
 To those who ask how kind thou art,  
 How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
 As thou our prize wilt be;  
 In thee be all our glory now,  
 And through eternity.  
 —Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Edward  
 Caswall.

## A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS

A little talk with Jesus,  
 How it smooths the rugged road!  
 How it seems to help me onward,  
 When I faint beneath my load;  
 When my heart is crushed with sorrow,  
 And my eyes with tears are dim,  
 There is naught can yield me comfort  
 Like a little talk with him.

Ah, this is what I'm wanting—  
 His lovely face to see;  
 And, I'm not afraid to say it,  
 I know he's wanting me.  
 He gave his life my ransom,  
 To make me all his own,  
 And he'll ne'er forget his promise  
 To me his purchased one.

I cannot live without him,  
 Nor would I if I could;  
 He is my daily portion,  
 My medicine and food.  
 He's altogether lovely,  
 None can with him compare;  
 Chiefest among ten thousand,  
 And fairest of the fair.

So I'll wait a little longer,  
 Till his appointed time,  
 And along the upward pathway  
 My pilgrim feet shall climb.  
 There in my Father's dwelling,  
 Where many mansions be,  
 I shall sweetly talk with Jesus,  
 And he will talk with me.

## NOTHING TO WISH OR TO FEAR

His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice;  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resigned,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind;  
 While blest with a sense of his love  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.  
 —John Newton.

## THE HEART OF GOD

There is no love like the love of Jesus,  
 Never to fade or fall  
 Till into the fold of the peace of God  
 He has gathered us all.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,  
 Filled with a tender lore;  
 Not a throb or throe our hearts can know  
 But he suffered before.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus;  
 Ah! how sweet its chime,  
 Like the musical ring of some rushing  
 spring  
 In the summer-time!

O might we listen that voice of Jesus!  
 O might we never roam  
 Till our souls should rest, in peace, on  
 his breast,  
 In the heavenly home!  
 —W. E. Littlewood.



## THE TOUCH

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

He touched her hand as he only can,  
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,

With the tender touch of the Son of man,  
And the fever-pain in the throbbing temples

Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,

And the lips that had been so parched and burning

Trembled with thanks that she could not speak,

And the eyes where the fever light had faded

Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,

And she rose and ministered in her household;

She rose and ministered unto him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

O blessed touch of the Man divine!  
So beautiful to arise and serve him

When the fever is gone from your life and mine.

It may be the fever of restless serving  
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,

And eyes all aching and strained with yearning

Toward self-set goals in the future days.

Or it may be fever of spirit anguish,  
Some tempest of sorrow that does not down,

Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted  
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,  
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,

And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows

Left carelessly, cruelly ranking there.

Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;

Whatever the tempest, his voice can still.

There is only a rest as we seek his pleasure,

There is only a rest as we choose his will,

And some day, after life's fitful fever,  
I think we shall say, in the home on high,

"If the hands that he touched but did his bidding,

How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah, Lord, Thou knowest us altogether,  
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;

Touch thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,

And so shall we minister unto thee!

## JESUS OUR JOY

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts!

Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts

We turn, unfilled, to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call;

To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still;

We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

Our restless spirits yearn for thee

Where'er our changeful lot is cast;

Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay;

Make all our moments calm and bright;

Chase the dark night of sin away;

Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

—Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Ray Palmer.

## FRIEND OF SOULS

O Friend of souls! how blest the time  
When in thy love I rest!

When from my weariness I climb  
E'en to thy tender breast!

The night of sorrow endeth there,  
Thy rays outshine the sun;

And in thy pardon and thy care  
The heaven of heavens is won.

The world may call itself my foe,  
Or flatter and allure,  
I care not for the world—I go  
To this tried friend and sure.  
And when life's fiercest storms are sent  
Upon life's wildest sea,  
My little bark is confident  
Because it holdeth thee.

When the law threatens endless death  
Upon the awful hill,  
Straightway from her consuming breath  
My soul goes higher still—  
Goeth to Jesus, wounded, slain,  
And maketh him her home,  
Whence she will not go out again,  
And where death cannot come.

I do not fear the wilderness—  
Where thou hast been before;  
Nay, rather will I daily press  
After thee, near thee, more.  
Thou art my food, on thee I lean;  
Thou makest my heart sing;  
And to thy heavenly pastures green  
All thy dear flock dost bring.

And if the gate that opens there  
Be dark to other men,  
It is not dark to those who share  
The heart of Jesus then.  
That is not losing much of life  
Which is not losing thee,  
Who art as present in the strife  
As in the victory.

To others death seems dark and grim,  
But not, O Lord, to me;  
I know thou ne'er forsakest him  
Who puts his trust in thee.  
Nay, rather with a joyful heart  
I welcome the release  
From this dark desert, and depart  
To thy eternal peace.  
—Wolfgang C. Dessler.

### MY LORD AND I

I have a Friend so precious,  
So very dear to me,  
He loves me with such tender love,  
He loves so faithfully,  
I could not live apart from him,  
I love to feel him nigh;  
And so we dwell together,  
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary;  
He knows that I am weak,  
And as he bids me lean on him  
His help I gladly seek;  
He leads me in the paths of light  
Beneath a sunny sky,  
And so we walk together,  
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,  
He knows I love him well,  
But with what love he loveth me  
My tongue can never tell.  
It is an everlasting love  
In ever rich supply,  
And so we love each other,  
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,  
I tell him all my joys,  
I tell him all that pleases me,  
I tell him what annoys.  
He tells me what I ought to do,  
He tells me how to try,  
And so we talk together,  
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing  
Some weary soul to win,  
And so he bids me go and speak  
The loving word for him.  
He bids me tell his wondrous love,  
And why he came to die,  
And so we work together,  
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,  
And easy 'tis to bear;  
In the burden which he carries  
I gladly take a share;  
For then it is my happiness  
To have him always nigh;  
We bear the yoke together,  
My Lord and I.

—L. Shorey.

Ever, when tempted, make me see,  
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced  
shade,  
My God alone, outstretched and bruised,  
And bleeding on the earth he made;  
And make me feel it was my sin,  
As though no other sin there were,  
That was to him who bears the world  
A load that he could scarcely bear.  
—Frederick William Faber.

## JESUS ALL-SUFFICIENT

If only he is mine—  
 If but this poor heart  
 Never more, in grief or joy,  
 May from him depart,  
 Then farewell to sadness;  
 All I feel is love, and hope, and gladness.

If only he is mine,  
 Then from all below,  
 Leaning on my pilgrim staff,  
 Gladly forth I go  
 From the crowd who follow,  
 In the broad, bright road, their pleasures  
 false and hollow.

If only he is mine,  
 Then all else is given;  
 Every blessing lifts my eyes  
 And my heart to heaven.  
 Filled with heavenly love,  
 Earthly hopes and fears no longer tempt  
 to move.

There, when he is mine,  
 Is my Fatherland,  
 And my heritage of bliss  
 Cometh from his hand.  
 Now I find again,  
 In his people, love long lost, and  
 mourned in vain.

—Novalis.

## JESUS SUPREME

Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 Live o'er again in me,  
 That, filled with love, I may become  
 A Christ in my degree.

Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 My inmost being fill;  
 So shall I think as thou dost think,  
 And will as thou dost will.

Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 Thy life transfigure mine;  
 And through this veil of mortal flesh  
 Here may thy glory shine.

Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 Thy love's constraint I feel,  
 Thy cross I see, and mind and heart  
 Obey its mute appeal.

Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 And when this life is o'er  
 May I be with thee where thou art,  
 Like thee, forever more.

## ALL FOR JESUS

What shall I sing for thee,  
 My Lord and Light?  
 What shall I bring to thee,  
 Master, to-night?  
 O for the strong desire!  
 O for the touch of fire!  
 Then shall my tuneful lyre  
 Praise thee aright.

Thou hast given all for me,  
 Saviour divine!  
 I would give all to thee,  
 Evermore thine!  
 Let my heart cling to thee,  
 Let my lips sing for thee,  
 Let me just bring to thee  
 All that is mine!

Didst thou not die for me,  
 Ransom for sin?  
 Ascending on high for me,  
 Pleading within?  
 All shall be dross for thee,  
 All shall be loss for thee,  
 Welcome the cross for thee  
 I, too, shall win!

What can I do for thee,  
 Glorious Friend?  
 Let me be true to thee  
 Right to the end!  
 Close to thy bleeding side,  
 Washed in the crimson tide,  
 On till the waves divide,  
 Till I ascend!

Then a still sweeter song,  
 Jesus, I'll bring;  
 Up 'mid the ransomed throng  
 Thee will I sing!  
 Never to leave thee now,  
 Never to grieve thee now,  
 Low at thy feet to bow,  
 Wonderful King!  
 —Henry Burton.

## CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE

O who like thee, so calm, so bright,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, thou Light of light;  
 O who like thee did ever go  
 So patient through a world of woe?  
 O who like thee so humbly bore  
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before;  
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
 So glorious in humility?

Through all thy life-long weary years,  
A Man of sorrows and of tears,  
The cross, where all our sins were laid,  
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed;  
And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

O wondrous Lord, our souls would be  
Still more and more conformed to thee!  
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
That burns these fevered veins within?  
And learn of thee, the lowly One,  
And, like thee, all our journey run,  
Above the world, and all its mirth,  
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Be with us as we onward go;  
Illumine all our way of woe;  
And grant us ever on the road  
To trace the footsteps of our God;  
That when thou shalt appear, arrayed  
In light, to judge the quick and dead,  
We may to life immortal soar  
Through thee, who livest evermore.  
—Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

### IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this soul of mine  
Would of that love in all its depth and length,  
Its height and breadth and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, that dear love of thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this heart of mine  
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,  
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,  
Right home to God.

But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,  
The fulness of that love whilst here below,  
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;  
O thou who art of love the living spring,  
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought  
Or look of love to thee I've ever brought;  
Yet, I may come and come again to thee  
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—

“*Thou lovest me!*”

Oh! fill me, Jesus! Saviour! with thy love!  
My woes but drive me to the fount above:  
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly  
But unto thee!

And when, my Jesus, thy dear face I see,  
When at that lofty throne I bend the knee,  
Then of thy love—in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, and everlasting strength—  
My soul shall sing.  
—Mary Shekelnot.

### SEEING JESUS

I would see Jesus. As I muse, and, thinking,  
Grow amazed—bewildered with a strange delight,  
My faith is roused, my spirit seemeth drinking  
A foretaste of that ever-longed-for sight.

I know that I *shall* see him; in that hour  
When he from fleshly bonds release doth give,  
Earth's mists dispersing at his word of power,  
Then shall I look upon my God and live!

O blessed hope! O glorious aspiration!  
A little while and I the Christ shall see!  
A patient waiting for the full salvation—  
Then shall I know my Lord as he knows me.

I have seen the face of Jesus:  
Tell me not of aught beside.  
I have heard the voice of Jesus:  
All my soul is satisfied.

# SHE BROUGHT HER BOX OF ALABASTER

She brought her box of alabaster;  
The precious spikenard filled the room  
With honor worthy of the Master,  
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly  
On his dear feet, outstretched and bare;  
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly  
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses  
Adown her cheek, like willow leaves,  
As stooping still, with fond caresses,  
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,  
Ever our choicest offerings bring,  
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary  
Of costly service to our King.

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly  
Some hallowed voice at evening rise,  
Or quiet morn, or in the holy  
Uncclouded calm of Sabbath skies;

I bring my box of alabaster,  
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,  
And pour affections, purer, vaster,  
On that dear head, those feet of thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,  
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,  
Behold my fondest idols perished,  
Receive the incense of my love!

What though the scornful world, de-  
riding,  
Such waste of love, of service, fears?  
Still let me pour, through taunt and  
chiding,  
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster;  
Accepted let the offering rise!  
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,  
In founts of gladness from mine eyes!  
—C. L. Ford.

Not I but Christ be honored, loved, ex-  
alted,  
Not I but Christ be seen, be known,  
be heard,  
Not I but Christ in every look and action,  
Not I but Christ in every thought and  
word.

# JESUS, I LOVE THEE

Jesus, I love thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because, if I love not,  
I must forever die.

I love thee, Saviour dear, and still  
I ever will love thee,  
Solely because my God, thou art,  
Who first hast loved me.

For me to lowest depth of woe  
Thou didst thyself abase;  
For me didst bear the cross and shame,  
And manifold disgrace;

For me didst suffer pain unknown,  
Blood-sweat and agony—  
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,  
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine,  
Should I not love thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven  
Nor of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Nor seeking a reward;  
But freely, fully, as thyself  
Hast loved me, O Lord!

Even so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing,  
Solely because thou art my God  
And my eternal king.  
—Francis Xavier.

# I'VE FOUND A JOY IN SORROW

I've found a joy in sorrow,  
A secret balm for pain,  
A beautiful to-morrow  
Of sunshine after rain;  
I've found a branch of healing  
Near every bitter spring,  
A whispered promise stealing  
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna  
For every woe and wail,  
A handful of sweet manna  
When grapes of Eschol fail;  
I've found a Rock of Ages  
When desert wells were dry;  
And, after weary stages,  
I've found an Elim nigh—

An Elim with its coolness,  
 Its fountains, and its shade;  
 A blessing in its fullness  
 When buds of promise fade;  
 O'er tears of soft contrition  
 I've seen a rainbow light;  
 A glory and fruition  
 So near!—yet out of sight.

My Saviour, thee possessing,  
 I have the joy, the balm.  
 The healing and the blessing.  
 The sunshine and the psalm;  
 The promise for the fearful,  
 The Elim for the faint,  
 The rainbow for the tearful,  
 The glory for the saint!

### PATIENCE OF JESUS

What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
 Around thy steps below!  
 What patient love was seen in all  
 Thy life and death of woe!

For ever on thy burdened heart  
 A weight of sorrow hung;  
 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
 Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
 Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
 Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee,  
 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
 Far more for others' sins than all  
 The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye  
 In us, thy brethren, see  
 That gentleness and grace that spring  
 From union, Lord, with thee.  
 —Edward Denny.

True wisdom is in leaning  
 On Jesus Christ, our Lord;  
 True wisdom is in trusting  
 His own life-giving word;  
 True wisdom is in living  
 Near Jesus every day;  
 True wisdom is in walking  
 Where he shall lead the way.

### TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER

Tell me about the Master!  
 I am weary and worn to-night,  
 The day lies behind me in shadow,  
 And only the evening is light;  
 Light with a radiant glory  
 That lingers about the west;  
 My poor heart is aweary, aweary,  
 And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!  
 Of the hills he in loneliness trod,  
 When the tears and the blood of his  
 anguish  
 Dropped down on Judea's sod.  
 For to me life's numerous mile-stones  
 But a sorrowful journey mark;  
 Rough lies the hill country before me,  
 The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!  
 Of the wrong he freely forgave:  
 Of his love and tender compassion,  
 Of his love that is mighty to save;  
 For my heart is aweary, aweary  
 Of the woes and temptations of life,  
 Of the error that stalks in the noonday,  
 Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that, whatever of sorrow  
 Or pain or temptation befall,  
 The infinite Master has suffered,  
 And knoweth and pitieth all.  
 So tell me the sweet old story,  
 That falls on each wound like a balm,  
 And my heart that was bruised and  
 broken  
 Shall grow patient and strong and  
 calm.

### JESU

Jesu is in my heart, his sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there; but the other  
 week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame,  
 E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek;  
 And first I found the corner where was J,  
 After where ES, and next where U was  
 graved.  
 When I had got these parcels, instantly  
 I sat me down to spell them, and per-  
 ceived  
 That to my broken heart he was I  
 EASE YOU,  
 And to my whole is JESU.  
 —George Herbert.

## SEALED

I am thine own, O Christ—  
Henceforth entirely thine;  
And life from this glad hour,  
New life, is mine!

No earthly joy shall lure  
My quiet soul from thee;  
This deep delight, so pure,  
Is heaven to me.

My little song of praise  
In sweet content I sing;  
To thee the note I raise,  
My King, my King!

I cannot tell the art  
By which such bliss is given;  
I know thou hast my heart,  
And I—have heaven!

O peace! O holy rest!  
O balmy breath of love!  
O heart divinest, best,  
Thy depth I prove.

I ask this gift of thee—  
A life all lily fair,  
And fragrant as the gardens be  
Where seraphs are.  
—Helen Bradley.

## JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL

O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord!  
Forgive me if I say  
For very love thy sacred name  
A thousand times a day.

I love thee so, I know not how  
My transports to control;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.

O wonderful! that thou shouldst let  
So vile a heart as mine  
Love thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours  
Poor wisdom seems to me;  
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown  
Childish with love of thee!

For thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
'Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned, and burned away.

O light in darkness, joy in grief,  
O heaven begun on earth!  
Jesus! my love! my treasure! who  
Can tell what thou art worth?

O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!  
What art thou not to me?  
Each hour brings joys before unknown,  
Each day new liberty!

What limit is there to thee, love?  
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?  
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus! blessed love!  
So will it ever be;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity.  
—Frederick William Faber.

## LOVE—JOY

As on a window late I cast mine eye,  
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C  
Anneal'd on every bunch. One stand-  
ing by  
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never  
loth  
To spend my judgment) said it seem'd  
to me  
To be the body and the letters both  
Of Joy and Charity. Sir, you have not  
miss'd,  
The man replied; it figures JESUS  
CHRIST.

—George Herbert.

## WHY NOT?

Why not leave them all with Jesus—  
All thy cares,  
All the things that fret thee daily,  
Earth's affairs?  
Pour out all thy sin and longing;  
He has felt  
Need of human love as thou hast,  
And has knelt  
At his Father's feet, imploring,  
For the day,  
Strength to guard against temptation  
By the way.

Why not leave them all with Jesus—  
 On his breast  
 Find a balm for all earth-suffering,  
 Peace and rest?  
 Ah! he knows that thou hast striven  
 To walk right;  
 Longs to make the thorny pathway  
 Clear and bright.  
 See, he bathes thy feet, all bleeding,  
 With his tears!  
 Give to him thyself, thy burden,  
 And thy fears.

### JESUS ON THE SEA

When the storm of the mountains on  
 Galilee fell  
 And lifted its waters on high—  
 And the faithless disciples were bound  
 in the spell  
 Of mysterious alarm—their terrors to  
 quell  
 Jesus whispered, "Fear not: it is I."

The storm could not bury that word in  
 the wave,  
 For 'twas taught through the tempest  
 to fly;  
 It shall reach his disciples in every clime,  
 And his voice shall be near, in each  
 troublous time,  
 Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I."

When the spirit is broken with sickness  
 or sorrow,  
 And comfort is ready to die;  
 The darkness shall pass and, in gladness  
 to-morrow,  
 The wounded complete consolation shall  
 borrow  
 From his life-giving word, "It is I."

When death is at hand, and the cottage  
 of clay  
 Is left with a tremulous sigh,  
 The gracious forerunner is smoothing  
 the way  
 For its tenant to pass to unchangeable  
 day,  
 Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I."

When the waters are passed, and the  
 glories unknown  
 Burst forth on the wondering eye,  
 The compassionate "Lamb in the midst  
 of the throne"  
 Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort  
 his own,  
 And say, "Be not afraid: it is I."

### LET US SEE JESUS'

We would see Jesus—for the shadows  
 lengthen  
 Across the little landscape of our life;  
 We would see Jesus—our weak faith to  
 strengthen  
 For the last weariness, the mortal  
 strife.

We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath  
 rested  
 With its dark touch on weary heart  
 and brow;  
 And though our souls have many billows  
 breasted  
 Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus—other lights are  
 paling  
 Which for long years we have rejoiced  
 to see;  
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are  
 failing—  
 We would not mourn them, for we  
 come to thee.

We would see Jesus—yet the spirit  
 lingers  
 Round the dear object it has loved so  
 long,  
 And earth from earth will scarce unclothe  
 its fingers,  
 Our love for thee makes not this love  
 less strong.

We would see Jesus—the strong Rock-  
 foundation  
 Whereon our feet are set by sovereign  
 grace;  
 Not life or death, with all their agitation,  
 Can thence remove us if we seek his  
 face.

We would see Jesus—sense is all too  
 blinding,  
 And heaven appears too dim and far  
 away;  
 We would see Jesus—to gain the sweet  
 reminding  
 That thou hast promised our great  
 debt to pay.

We would see Jesus—that is all we're  
 needing,  
 Strength, joy, and willingness come  
 with the sight;  
 We would see Jesus—dying, risen, plead-  
 ing—  
 Then welcome day, and farewell  
 mortal night! —Anna B. Warner.



## A SONG OF LOVE

To thee, O dear, dear Saviour!  
 My spirit turns for rest;  
 My peace is in thy favor,  
 My pillow on thy breast;  
 Though all the world deceive me,  
 I know that I am thine,  
 And thou wilt never leave me,  
 O blessed Saviour mine!

In thee my trust abideth,  
 On thee my hope relies,  
 O thou whose love provideth  
 For all beneath the skies!  
 O thou whose mercy found me,  
 From bondage set me free,  
 And then forever bound me  
 With threefold cords to thee!

My grief is in the dullness  
 With which this sluggish heart  
 Doth open to the fullness  
 Of all thou wouldst impart;  
 My joy is in thy beauty  
 Of holiness divine,  
 My comfort in the duty  
 That binds my life to thine.

Alas! that I should ever  
 Have fail'd in love to thee,  
 The only One who never  
 Forgot or slighted me.  
 O for a heart to love thee  
 More truly as I ought,  
 And nothing place above thee  
 In deed, or word, or thought.

O for that choicest blessing  
 Of living in thy love,  
 And thus on earth possessing  
 The peace of heaven above!  
 O for the bliss that by it  
 The soul securely knows,  
 The holy calm and quiet  
 Of faith's serene repose!  
 —John Samuel Bewley Monsell.

## THE UNFAILING FRIEND

O Jesus! Friend unfailing,  
 How dear art thou to me!  
 Are cares and fears assailing?  
 I find my strength in thee!  
 Why should my feet grow weary  
 Of this my pilgrim way?  
 Rough though the path, and dreary,  
 It ends in perfect day.

Naught, naught I count as treasure;  
 Compared, O Christ, with thee!  
 Thy sorrow without measure  
 Earned peace and joy for me.  
 I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
 Thy claims o'er me and mine;  
 Bought with thy blood most precious,  
 Whose can I be but thine?

What fills my soul with gladness?  
 'Tis thine abounding grace!  
 Where can I look in sadness,  
 But, Jesus, in thy face?  
 My all is thy providing;  
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
 In thee, my refuge, hiding,  
 No good wilt thou withhold.

Why should I droop in sorrow?  
 Thou'rt ever by my side:  
 Why, trembling, dread the morrow?  
 What ill can e'er betide?  
 If I my cross have taken,  
 'Tis but to follow thee;  
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
 Naught severs me from thee!

Oh, worldly pomp and glory!  
 Your charms are spread in vain!  
 I've heard a sweeter story,  
 I've found a truer gain!  
 Where Christ a place prepareth,  
 There is my loved abode;  
 There shall I gaze on Jesus,  
 There shall I dwell with God!

For every tribulation,  
 For every sore distress,  
 In Christ I've full salvation,  
 Sure help, and quiet rest.  
 No fear of foes prevailing!  
 I triumph, Lord, in thee!  
 O Jesus! Friend unfailing!  
 How dear art thou to me!

## THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32)

If Jesus Christ is a man—  
 And only a man—I say  
 That of all mankind I cleave to him,  
 And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God—  
 And the only God—I swear  
 I will follow him through heaven and  
 hell,  
 The earth, the sea, the air.  
 —Richard Watson Gilder.

### "IT IS TOWARD EVENING"

Abide with me, O Christ; thou must not  
go,  
For life's brief day is now far down  
the west;  
In dark'ning clouds my sun is sinking  
low;  
Lord, stay and soothe thy fretted  
child to rest.

Abide with me; ere I can fall on sleep  
My throbbing head must on thy breast  
recline,  
That I may hear anew thy voice, and  
feel  
The thrill of thy pierced hands in  
touch with mine.

Abide with me; so then shall I have  
peace  
The world can never give nor take  
from me;  
Nor life nor death can that calm peace  
disturb,  
Since life and death alike are gain  
through thee.

If life, 'tis well; for though in paths of  
pain,  
In desert place afar, I'm led aside,  
Yet here 'tis joy my Master's cup to  
share;  
And so I pray, O Christ, with me  
abide.

'Tis gain if death; for in that far-off  
land—  
No longer far—no veil of flesh will dim  
For me the wondrous beauty of my  
King,  
As he abides with me and I with him.

Abide with me; I have toiled gladly on,  
A little while, in stir of care and strife;  
The task is laid aside at thy command,  
Make thou it perfect with thy perfect  
life.

### THE BLESSED FACE

Jesus, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine;  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet art thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot  
As where I meet with thee.

Like some bright dream that comes un-  
sought  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thine image ever fills my thought  
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,  
Unseen but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall thee reveal,  
All-glorious as thou art.

—Ray Palmer.

### TO THEE

I bring my sins to thee  
The sins I cannot count,  
That all may cleansed be  
In thy once-opened fount.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read;  
A faithless, wandering thing,  
An evil heart indeed.  
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,  
That fixed and faithful it may be

To thee I bring my care,  
The care I cannot flee;  
Thou wilt not only share,  
But take it all for me.  
O loving Saviour, now to thee,  
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to thee,  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well.  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour! all to thee.

My joys to thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to thee,  
I would not be my own;  
O Saviour! let me be  
Thine ever, thine alone!  
My heart, my life, my all, I bring  
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

## WE LONG TO SEE JESUS

We would see Jesus! we have longed to see him

Since first the story of his love was told;

We would that he might sojourn now among us,

As once he sojourned with the Jews of old.

We would see Jesus! see the infant sleeping,

As on our mother's knees we, too, have slept;

We would see Jesus! see him gently weeping,

As we, in infancy, ourselves have wept.

We would behold him, as he wandered lowly—

No room for him, too often, in the inn—

Behold that life, the beautiful, the holy,  
The only sinless in this world of sin.

We would see Jesus! we would have him with us,

A guest beloved and honored at our board;

How blessed were our bread if it were broken

Before the sacred presence of the Lord!

We would see Jesus! we would have him with us,

Friend of our households and our children dear,

Who still, should death and sorrow come among us,

Would hasten to us, and would touch the bier.

We would see Jesus! not alone in sorrow,  
But we would have him with us in our mirth;

He, at whose right hand are joys forever,

Doth not disdain to bless the joys of earth.

We would see Jesus! but the wish is faithless;

Thou still art with us, who hast loved us well;

Thy blessed promise, "I am with you always,"

Is ever faithful, O Immanuel!  
—Anna E. Hamilton.

## "TELL JESUS"

When thou wakest in the morning,  
Ere thou tread the untried way

Of the lot that lies before thee,  
Through the coming busy day,

Whether sunbeams promise brightness,  
Whether dim forebodings fall,

Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,  
Go to Jesus—tell him all!

In the calm of sweet communion  
Let thy daily work be done;

In the peace of soul outpouring,  
Care be banished, patience won;

And if earth, with its enchantments,  
Seek the spirit to enthrall,

Ere thou listen, ere thou answer,  
Turn to Jesus—tell him all.

Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,  
Thou wilt blessed guidance know;

Thine own burdens being lightened,  
Thou canst bear another's woe;

Thou canst help the weak ones onward,  
Thou canst raise up those that fall;

But remember, while thou servest,  
Still tell Jesus—tell him all!

And if weariness creep o'er thee  
As the day wears to its close,

Or if sudden fierce temptation  
Brings thee face to face with foes,

In thy weakness, in thy peril,  
Raise to heaven a trustful call;

Strength and calm for every crisis  
Come—in telling Jesus all.

## ANYWHERE WITH JESUS

Anywhere with Jesus,  
Says the Christian heart;

Let him take me where he will,  
So we do not part.

Always sitting at his feet  
There's no cause for fears;

Anywhere with Jesus,  
In this vale of tears.

Anywhere with Jesus,  
Though he leadeth me

Where the path is rough and long,  
Where the dangers be;

Though he taketh from my heart  
All I love below,

Anywhere with Jesus  
Will I gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus—  
 Though he please to bring  
 Into floods or fiercest flames,  
 Into suffering;  
 Though he bid me work or wait,  
 Only bear for him—  
 Anywhere with Jesus,  
 This shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus;  
 For it cannot be  
 Dreary, dark, or desolate  
 When he is with me;  
 He will love me to the end,  
 Every need supply;  
 Anywhere with Jesus,  
 Should I live or die.

#### OUR ROCK

If life's pleasures cheer thee,  
 Give them not thy heart,  
 Lest the gifts ensnare thee  
 From thy God to part;  
 His praises speak, his favor seek,  
 Fix there thy hope's foundation,  
 Love him, and he shall ever be  
 The Rock of thy salvation.

If sorrow e'er befall thee,  
 Painful though it be,  
 Let not fear appall thee:  
 To thy Saviour flee;  
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,  
 And calm thy perturbation;  
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow  
 The Rock of thy salvation.

Death shall never harm thee,  
 Shrink not from his blow,  
 For thy God shall arm thee  
 And victory bestow;  
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
 The grave no desolation;  
 'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh—  
 The Rock of thy salvation.  
 —Francis Scott Key.

The dearest thing on earth to me  
 Is Jesus' will;  
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 To do his will.  
 Worldly pleasures cannot charm me,  
 Powers of evil cannot harm me,  
 Death itself cannot alarm me,  
 For 'tis his will.

#### SWEET PROMISES

O Jesus, I have promised,  
 To serve thee to the end;  
 Be thou forever near me,  
 My Master and my Friend.  
 I shall not fear the battle  
 If thou art by my side,  
 Nor wander from the pathway  
 If thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me;  
 The world is ever near;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear;  
 My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within;  
 But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, thou hast promised  
 To all who follow thee,  
 That where thou art in glory  
 There shall thy servant be;  
 And, Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve thee to the end;  
 O give me grace to follow  
 My Master and my Friend.  
 —John E. Bode.

#### THE KING OF LOVE

The King of love my Shepherd is,  
 Whose goodness faileth never;  
 I nothing lack if I am his,  
 And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow  
 My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
 And where the verdant pastures grow  
 With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
 But yet in love he sought me,  
 And on his shoulder gently laid,  
 And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
 With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 Thy cross before to guide me.

And so, through all the length of day,  
 Thy goodness faileth never;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
 Within thy house forever.  
 —Henry W. Baker.

## WE WOULD SEE JESUS

We would see Jesus when our hopes are  
brightest

And all that earth can grant is at its  
best;

When not a drift of shadow, even the  
lightest,

Blurs our clear atmosphere of perfect  
rest.

We would see Jesus when the joy of  
living

Holds all our senses in a realm of bliss,  
That we may know he hath the power  
of giving

Enduring rapture more supreme than  
this.

We would see Jesus when our pathway  
darkens,

Beneath the dread of some impending  
ill;

When the discouraged soul no longer  
harkens

To hope, who beckons in the distance  
still.

We would see Jesus when the stress of  
sorrow

Strains to their utmost tension heart  
and brain;

That he may teach us how despair may  
borrow

From faith the one sure antidote of  
pain.

We would see Jesus when our best are  
taken,

And we must meet, unshared, all  
shocks of woe;

Because he bore for us, alone, forsaken,  
Burdens whose weight no human  
heart could know.

We would see Jesus when our fading  
vision,

Lost to the consciousness of earth  
and sky,

Has only insight for the far elysian;  
We would see Jesus when we come to  
die! —Margaret J. Preston.

## ALL THINGS IN JESUS

Jesus, the calm that fills my breast,  
No other heart than thine can give;  
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,  
None but thy loved ones can receive.

My weary soul has found a charm  
That turns to blessedness my woe;  
Within the shelter of thine arm  
I rest secure from storm and foe.

In desert wastes I feel no dread,  
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;  
I care not where my way is led,  
Since all my life is life with thee.

O Christ, through changeful years my  
Guide,

My Comforter in sorrow's night,  
My Friend, when friendless—still abide,  
My Lord, my Counsellor, my Light.

My time, my powers, I give to thee;  
My inmost soul 'tis thine to move;  
I wait for thy eternity,  
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.  
—Frank Mason North.

## EVERYWHERE WITH JESUS

Everywhere with Jesus;  
O how sweet the thought!  
Filling all my soul with joy,  
Deep with comfort fraught.  
Never absent far from him,  
Always at his side;  
Everywhere with Jesus,  
Trusting him to guide.

Everywhere with Jesus;  
For no place can be  
Where I may not find him near,  
Very near to me;  
Closer than the flesh I wear—  
In my inmost heart—  
Everywhere with Jesus;  
We shall never part.

Everywhere with Jesus;  
Do whate'er I may,  
Work, or talk, or walk abroad,  
Study, preach, or pray,  
Still I find him, full of love,  
Ready ere I call.  
Everywhere with Jesus;  
He's my all in all.

Everywhere with Jesus;  
Let the world assail,  
Naught can shake my sure repose,  
He will never fail.  
I am weak, but he is strong,  
Mighty to defend;  
Everywhere with Jesus,  
Safe with such a friend.

Everywhere with Jesus;  
 Careful should I be  
 Lest some secret thought of guile  
 His pure eye may see.  
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
 He no sin can know;  
 Everywhere with Jesus  
 Spotless I may go.

Everywhere with Jesus  
 Would that all might say;  
 Happy then beyond compare,  
 Glad by night and day,  
 All would taste of joy sublime,  
 Perfect peace and rest:  
 Everywhere with Jesus,  
 Nothing could molest.  
 —James Mudge.

### THE DEAREST FRIEND

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
 Then let me nothing love;  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
 I would disdain to feed?  
 Hast thou a foe before whose face  
 I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not mine ardent spirit vie  
 With angels round the throne  
 To execute thy sacred will,  
 And make thy glory known?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
 But O I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love thee more.  
 —Philip Doddridge.

As by the light of opening day  
 The stars are all concealed,  
 So earthly pleasures fade away  
 When Jesus is revealed.

Creatures no more divide my choice;  
 I bid them all depart:  
 His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
 Have fixed my roving heart.  
 —John Newton.

### FAIREST LORD JESUS

Fairest Lord Jesus!  
 Ruler of all nature!  
 O thou of God and man the Son!  
 Thee will I cherish,  
 Thee will I honor,  
 Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,  
 Fairer still the woodlands,  
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
 Jesus is fairer,  
 Jesus is purer,  
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,  
 Fairer still the moonlight,  
 And all the twinkling starry host;  
 Jesus shines brighter,  
 Jesus shines purer  
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.  
 —From the German.

### THE CALL OF JESUS

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
 Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, Christian, follow me!

Jesus calls us from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store;  
 From each idol that would keep us;  
 Saying, Christian, love me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
 Christian, love me more than these!

Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
 Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
 Serve and love thee best of all.  
 —Cecil Frances Alexander.

If washed in Jesus' blood,  
 Then bear his likeness too,  
 And as you onward press  
 Ask, What would Jesus do?  
 Be brave to do the right,  
 And scorn to be untrue;  
 When fear would whisper, Yield,  
 Ask, What would Jesus do?

# LIFE

## TIME, OPPORTUNITY, EXPERIENCE, CHARACTER

### WITHOUT HASTE AND WITHOUT REST

Without haste and without rest;  
Bind the motto to thy breast.  
Bear it with thee as a spell,  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;  
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed  
Mar the spirit's steady speed;  
Ponder well, and know the right,  
Onward, then, with all thy might;  
Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done!

Rest not—life is sweeping by.  
Do and dare before you die;  
Something worthy and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time;  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not. Calm in strife  
Meekly bear the storms of life;  
Duty be thy polar guide;  
Do the right, whate'er betide;  
Haste not—rest not. Conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last!

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

### WHY DO I LIVE?

I live for those who love me;  
For those I know are true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hope left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,  
The nobles of all ages.  
Whose deeds crown History's pages  
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season—  
By gifted minds foretold—  
When man shall live by reason,  
And not alone for gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel that there is union  
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the future in the distance.  
And the good that I can do.

—George Linnaeus Banks.

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show  
Like crystal panes where hearth fires  
glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, and brave, and  
true,  
Moment by moment the long day  
through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness  
Whose hidden fountain but few may  
guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun;  
Beautiful goal, with race well won;  
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,  
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie  
deep  
Over worn-out hands—O, beautiful  
sleep.

#### AT SUNSET

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say,  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,  
So easily out of mind;  
Those chances to be angels,  
Which every mortal finds—  
They come in night and silence—  
Each chill, reproachful wraith—  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you the bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

#### THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise  
Time is with material filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house where gods may dwell  
Beautiful, entire, and clean;

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain  
And one boundless reach of sky.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The stars shall fade away, the sun him-  
self  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in  
years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal  
youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of  
worlds.  
—Joseph Addison.



## RETROSPECTION

He was better to me than all my hopes,  
 He was better than all my fears;  
 He made a road of my broken works  
 And a rainbow of my tears.  
 The billows that guarded my sea girt  
 path  
 But carried my Lord on their crest;  
 When I dwell on the days of my wil-  
 derness march  
 I can lean on his love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured  
 store  
 And his covenant love revealed;  
 There was not a wound in my aching  
 heart  
 But the balm of his breath hath  
 healed.  
 Oh! tender and true was the chastening  
 sore,  
 In wisdom, that taught and tried,  
 Till the soul that he sought was trusting  
 in him  
 And in nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,  
 By ways that I have not known,  
 The crooked was straight and the rough  
 made plain,  
 As I followed the Lord alone.  
 I praise him still for the pleasant palms  
 And the water springs by the way;  
 For the glowing pillars of flame by night  
 And the sheltering clouds by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild  
 As the wonders of old I trace,  
 When the God of the whole earth went  
 before  
 To search me a resting place.  
 Has he changed for me? Nay! He  
 changes not.  
 He will bring me by some new way,  
 Through fire and flood and each crafty  
 foe,  
 As safely as yesterday.

And if to warfare he calls me forth,  
 He buckles my armor on;  
 He greets me with smiles and a word of  
 cheer  
 For battles his sword hath won;  
 He wipes my brows as I droop and faint,  
 He blesses my hand to toil;  
 Faithful is he as he washes my feet,  
 From the trace of each earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt  
 But some promise of love endears;  
 I read from the past that my future shall  
 be  
 Far better than all my fears.  
 Like the golden pot of the wilderness  
 bread,  
 Laid up with the blossoming rod,  
 All safe in the ark, with the law of the  
 Lord,  
 Is the covenant care of my God.  
 —Anna Shipton.

## ONE DAY'S SERVICE

O to serve God for a day!  
 From jubilant morn to the peace and  
 the calm of the night  
 To tread no path but his happy and  
 blossoming way,  
 To seek no delight  
 But the joy that is one with the joy at  
 heaven's heart;  
 Only to go where thou art,  
 O God of all blessing and beauty! to  
 love, to obey  
 With obedience sweetened by love and  
 love made strong by the right;  
 Not once, not once to be drunken with  
 self,  
 Or to play the hypocrite's poisoned  
 part,  
 Or to bend the knee of my soul to the  
 passion for self,  
 Or the glittering gods of the mart;  
 Through each glad hour to lay on the  
 wings of its flight  
 Some flower for the angels' sight;  
 Some fragrant fashion of service, scarlet  
 and white—  
 White for the pure intent, and red where  
 the pulses start.  
 O, if thus I could serve him, could per-  
 fectly serve him one day,  
 I think I could perfectly serve him for-  
 ever—forever and aye!  
 —Amos R. Wells.

Life is a burden; bear it.  
 Life is a duty; dare it.  
 Life is a thorn crown; wear it.  
 Though it break your heart in twain,  
 Though the burden crush you down,  
 Close your lips and hide the pain;  
 First the cross and then the crown.

## BETTER THINGS

Better to smell the violet cool than sip  
the glowing wine;  
Better to hark a hidden brook than  
watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart than  
beauty's favors proud,  
Better the rose's living seed than roses in  
a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than bask in  
love all day;  
Better the fountain in the heart than  
the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand than  
eat alone at will;  
Better to trust in God than say, My  
goods my storehouse fill.

Better to be a little wise than in knowl-  
edge to abound;  
Better to teach a child than toil to fill  
perfection's round.

Better sit at a master's feet than thrill  
a listening state;  
Better suspect that thou art proud than  
be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk in the realm unseen than  
watch the hour's event;  
Better the *well done* at the last than the  
air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a  
hurrying delight;  
Better the twilight of the dawn than  
the noonday burning bright.

Better to sit at the water's birth than a  
sea of waves to win;  
To live in the love that floweth forth  
than the love that cometh in.

Better a death when work is done than  
earth's most favored birth;  
Better a child in God's great house than  
the king of all the earth.

—George Macdonald.

Time is indeed a precious boon,  
But with the boon a task is given:  
The heart must learn its duty well  
To man on earth and God in heaven.  
—Eliza Cook.

## THE LENGTH OF LIFE

Are your sorrows hard to bear?

Life is short!

Do you drag the chain of care?

Life is short!

Soon will come the glad release

Into rest and joy and peace;

Soon the weary thread be spun,

And the final labor done.

Keep your courage! Hold the fort!

Life is short!

Are you faint with hope delayed?

Life is long!

Tarries that for which you prayed?

Life is long!

What delights may not abide—

What ambitions satisfied—

What possessions may not be

In God's great eternity?

Lift the heart! Be glad and strong!

Life is long!

—Amos R. Wells.

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long

As there is wrong to right,

Wail of the weak against the strong,

Or tyranny to fight;

Long as there lingers gloom to chase,

Or streaming tear to dry,

One kindred woe, one sorrowing face,

That smiles as we draw nigh;

Long as at tale of anguish swells

The heart and lids grow wet,

And at the sound of Christmas bells

We pardon and forget;

So long as Faith with Freedom reigns

And loyal Hope survives,

And gracious Charity remains

To leaven lowly lives;

While there is one untrodden tract

For Intellect or Will,

And men are free to think and act,

Life is worth living still.

—Alfred Austin.

The Moving Finger writes, and having  
writ

Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,

Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

—Omar Khayyam.

## LENGTH OF DAYS

He liveth long who liveth well;  
 All other life is short and vain;  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well;  
 All else is being flung away;  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to him  
 Who freely gave it, freely give;  
 Else is that being but a dream;  
 'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;  
 Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;  
 He is the wisest who can tell  
 How first he lived, then spoke the true.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!  
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;  
 Be what thou prayest to be made;  
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;  
 Buy up the moments as they go;  
 The life above, when this is past,  
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;  
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;  
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
 Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.  
 —Horatius Bonar.

## REDEEMING THE TIME

We would fill the hours with the sweetest things  
 If we had but a day;  
 We should drink alone at the purest springs  
 In our upward way;  
 We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour  
 If the hours were few;  
 We should rest not for dreams, but for fresher power  
 To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills  
 By the clearest light;  
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills  
 If they lay in sight;  
 We should trample the pride and the discontent  
 Beneath our feet;  
 We should take whatever a good God sent,  
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret  
 If the day were but one;  
 If what we remember and what we forget  
 Went out with the sun;  
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free  
 To work and to pray,  
 And to be what the Father would have us to be,  
 If we had but a day.  
 —Mary Lowe Dickinson.

## MORAL COSMETICS

Ye who would have your features florid,  
 Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
 From age's devastation horrid,  
 Adopt this plan—  
 'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,  
 A hale old man:

Avoid in youth luxurious diet;  
 Restrain the passion's lawless riot;  
 Devoted to domestic quiet,  
 Be wisely gay;  
 So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
 Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
 But find your richest, dearest treasure  
 In God, his word, his work; not leisure.  
 The mind, not sense,  
 Is the sole scale by which to measure  
 Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
 Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
 That disappoints not man's reliance,  
 Whate'er his state;  
 But challenges, with calm defiance,  
 Time, fortune, fate.  
 —Horace Smith.

## STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY

Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another  
to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
With such sad and grave persistence,  
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills  
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day—what a precious  
boon

For the earnest souls who labor,  
For the willing hands that minister  
To the needy friend and neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the weary  
hearts

In the battle for right may quail not,  
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears  
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill  
track,

For the travelers near the valley,  
That up, far up, the other side  
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious  
youth

May happily shun temptation,  
And build, from the rise to the set of the  
sun,  
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,  
To practice forbearance sweetly;  
To scatter kind deeds and loving words  
Still trusting in God completely.

## FAITHFUL

Like the star  
That shines afar  
Without haste  
And without rest,

Let each man wheel with steady sway  
Round the task that rules the day,  
And do his best!

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

Who learns and learns, and acts not  
what he knows,  
Is one who plows and plows, but never  
sows.

## MORNING

Lo here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think; wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?  
Out of eternity  
This new day is born;  
Into eternity  
At night will return.  
Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.  
Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think; wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

## JUST FOR TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin  
Just for to-day.  
Help me to labor earnestly,  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed,  
Father, to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set thou a seal upon my lips  
Through all to-day.  
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,  
In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to thy grace,  
Dear Lord, to-day.

And if, to-day, this life of mine  
Should ebb away,  
Give me thy sacrament divine,  
Father, to-day.  
So for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,  
Through each to-day.  
—Ernest R. Wilberforce.

That life is long which answers life's  
great end;  
The time that bears no fruit deserves  
no name;  
The man of wisdom is the man of years.  
—Edward Young.

## JUST ONE DAY

If I could live to God for just one day,  
 One blessed day, from rosy dawn of  
 light  
 Till purple twilight deepened into  
 night,  
 A day of faith unfaltering, trust com-  
 plete,  
 Of love unfeigned and perfect charity,  
 Of hope undimmed, of courage past dis-  
 may,  
 Of heavenly peace, patient humility—  
 No hint of duty to constrain my feet,  
 No dream of ease to lull to listlessness,  
 Within my heart no root of bitterness,  
 No yielding to temptation's subtle sway,  
 Methinks, in that one day would so  
 expand  
 My soul to meet such holy, high de-  
 mand  
 That never, never more could hold me  
 bound  
 This shriveling husk of self that wraps  
 me round.  
 So might I henceforth live to God alway.  
 —Susan E. Gammons.

## NOW

Forget the past and live the present  
 hour;  
 Now is the time to work, the time to  
 fill  
 The soul with noblest thoughts, the  
 time to will  
 Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower  
 Heaven has bestowed, to test our ut-  
 most power.  
 Now is the time to live, and, better  
 still,  
 To serve our loved ones; over passing  
 ill  
 To rise triumphant; thus the perfect  
 flower  
 Of life shall come to fruitage; wealth  
 amass  
 For grandest giving ere the time be  
 gone.  
 Be glad to-day—to-morrow may bring  
 tears;  
 Be brave to-day; the darkest night will  
 pass  
 And golden days will usher in the  
 dawn;  
 Who conquers now shall rule the  
 coming years.  
 —Sarah Knowles Bolton.

## THE HOURS

The hours are viewless angels,  
 That still go gliding by,  
 And bear each minute's record up  
 To him who sits on high;  
 And we who walk among them,  
 As one by one departs,  
 See not that they are hovering  
 Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover  
 Around the idle flowers,  
 They gather every act and thought,  
 Those viewless angel-hours;  
 The poison or the nectar  
 The heart's deep flower cups yield,  
 A sample still they gather swift,  
 And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions  
 Of joyous gold and blue,  
 And some fling on with drooping wing  
 Of sorrow's darker hue;  
 But still they steal the record  
 And bear it far away;  
 Their mission-flight, by day and night,  
 No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute  
 That God to us has given,  
 The deeds are known before his throne,  
 The tale is told in heaven.  
 Those bee-like hours we see not,  
 Nor hear their noiseless wings;  
 We often feel—too oft—when flown  
 That they have left their stings.

So teach me, heavenly Father,  
 To meet each flying hour,  
 That as they go they may not show  
 My heart a poison flower!  
 So, when death brings its shadows,  
 The hours that linger last  
 Shall bear my hopes on angels' wings,  
 Unfettered by the past.  
 —Christopher Pearse Cranch.

## TO-DAY

The hours of rest are over,  
 The hours of toil begin;  
 The stars above have faded,  
 The moon has ceased to shine.  
 The earth puts on her beauty  
 Beneath the sun's red ray;  
 And I must rise to labor.  
 What is my work to-day?

To search for truth and wisdom,  
 To live for Christ alone,  
 To run my race unburdened,  
 The goal my Father's throne;  
 To view by faith the promise,  
 While earthly hopes decay;  
 To serve the Lord with gladness—  
 This is my work to-day.

To shun the world's allurements,  
 To bear my cross therein,  
 To turn from all temptation,  
 To conquer every sin;  
 To linger, calm and patient,  
 Where duty bids me stay,  
 To go where God may lead me—  
 This is my work to-day.

To keep my troth unshaken,  
 Though others may deceive;  
 To give with willing pleasure,  
 Or still with joy receive;  
 To bring the mourner comfort,  
 To wipe sad tears away;  
 To help the timid doubter—  
 This is my work to-day.

To bear another's weakness,  
 To soothe another's pain;  
 To cheer the heart repentant,  
 And to forgive again;  
 To commune with the thoughtful,  
 To guide the young and gay;  
 To profit all in season—  
 This is my work to-day.

I think not of to-morrow,  
 Its trial or its task;  
 But still, with childlike spirit,  
 For present mercies ask.  
 With each returning morning  
 I cast old things away;  
 Life's journey lies before me;  
 My prayer is for TO-DAY.

#### LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits  
 brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;  
 Then give to the world the best you have.  
 And the best will come back to you,

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
 And strength in your inmost needs;  
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will  
 show  
 Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid  
 in kind,  
 And song a song will meet;  
 And the smile which is sweet will surely  
 find  
 A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who  
 mourn;  
 You will gather in flowers again  
 The scattered seeds from your thought  
 outborne,  
 Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
 'Tis just what we are and do;  
 Then give to the world the best you have  
 And the best will come back to you.  
 —Madeline S. Bridges.

#### WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time so many things I'll do  
 To make life happier and more fair  
 For those whose lives are crowded now  
 with care;  
 I'll help to lift them from their low  
 despair  
 When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so  
 well  
 Shall know no more these weary, toiling  
 days;  
 I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always  
 And cheer her heart with words of  
 sweetest praise,  
 When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you  
 hold so dear  
 May be beyond the reach of all your  
 sweet intent;  
 May never know that you so kindly  
 meant  
 To fill her life with sweet content  
 When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer  
 wait  
 To scatter loving smiles and words of  
 cheer  
 To those around whose lives are now so  
 drear;  
 They may not need you in the coming  
 year—  
 Now is the time!

## SOME RULES OF LIFE

*Have Faith in God*

What though the dark close round, the  
 storm increase,  
 Though friends depart, all earthly com-  
 forts cease;  
 Hath He not said, I give my children  
 peace?  
 Believe his word.

*Complain of Naught*

To murmur, fret, repine, lament, be-  
 moan—  
 How sinful, stupid, wrong! God's on the  
 throne,  
 Does all in wisdom, ne'er forgets his own.  
 Be filled with praise.

*Watch Unto Prayer*

Think much of God, 'twill save thy soul  
 from sin;  
 Without his presence let no act begin;  
 Look up, keep vigil, fear not; thou shalt  
 win.  
 See him in all.

*Go Armed with Christ*

He said, "I come, O God, to do thy will."  
 Shall we not, likewise, all his word fulfill,  
 And find a weapon firm 'gainst every ill?  
 Put on the Lord.

*Be True, Be Sweet*

Let not the conflict make thee sour or  
 sad;  
 Swerve not from battle: faithful, loyal,  
 glad—  
 The likeness of our Saviour may be had.  
 Aim high, press on!  
 —James Mudge.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—  
 Forenoon,  
 And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,  
 and—what?  
 The empty song repeats itself. No  
 more?  
 Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon  
 sublime,  
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a  
 prayer,  
 And Time is conquered, and thy crown  
 is won.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

## I PACK MY TRUNK

What shall I pack up to carry  
 From the old year to the new?  
 I'll leave out the frets that harry,  
 Thoughts unjust and doubts untrue.

Angry words—ah, how I rue them!  
 Selfish deeds and choices blind;  
 Any one is welcome to them!  
 I shall leave them all behind.

Plans? the trunk would need be double.  
 Hopes? they'd burst the stoutest lid.  
 Sharp ambitions? last year's stubble!  
 Take them, old year! Keep them hid!

All my fears shall be forsaken,  
 All my failures manifold;  
 Nothing gloomy shall be taken  
 To the new year from the old.

But I'll pack the sweet remembrance  
 Of dear Friendship's least delight;  
 All my jokes—I'll carry *them* hence;  
 All my store of fancies bright;

My contentment—would 'twere greater!  
 All the courage I possess;  
 All my trust—there's not much weight  
 there!  
 All my faith, or more, or less;

All my tasks; I'll not abandon  
 One of these—my pride, my health;  
 Every trivial or grand one  
 Is a noble mine of wealth.

And I'll pack my choicest treasures:  
 Smiles I've seen and praises heard,  
 Memories of unselfish pleasures,  
 Cheery looks, the kindly word.

Ah, my riches silence cavil!  
 To my rags I bid adieu!  
 Like a Croesus I shall travel  
 From the old year to the new!  
 —Amos R. Wells.

The stars shine over the earth,  
 The stars shine over the sea;  
 The stars look up to the mighty God,  
 The stars look down on me.  
 The stars have lived for a million years  
 A million years and a day;  
 But God and I shall love and live  
 When the stars have passed away.

## OPPORTUNITY RENEWED

They do me wrong who say I come no more

When once I knock and fail to find you in;

For every day I stand outside your door  
And bid you wake and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,

Weep not for golden ages on the wane!

Each night I burn the records of the day;

At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,

To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead

But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;

I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"

No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?

Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?

Then turn from blotted archives of the past

And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!

Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven!

Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,

Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone.

Though life is made up of mere bubbles  
'Tis better than many aver,

For while we've a whole lot of troubles  
The most of them never occur.

—Nixon Waterman.

A happy lot must sure be his—

The lord, not slave, of things—

Who values life by what it is

And not by what it brings.

—John Sterling.

## A BUILDER'S LESSON

"How shall I a habit break?"

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist

Till they bind us neck and wrist;

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil—unhelped, alone—

Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember: as we try,

Lighter every test goes by;

Wading in, the stream grows deep

Toward the center's downward sweep;

Backward turn—each step ashore

Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste

Leveling what we raised in haste;

Doing what must be undone

Ere content or love be won!

First across the gulf we cast

Kite-borne threads, till lives are passed,

And habit builds the bridge at last!

## BUILDING

We are building every day

In a good or evil way,

And the structure, as it grows,

Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line

All our faults and failings shine;

It may grow a castle grand,

Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this

That can show both pain and bliss,

That can be both dark and fair?

Lo, its name is character!

Build it well, whate'er you do;

Build it straight and strong and true;

Build it clear and high and broad;

Build it for the eye of God.

—I. E. Dickenga.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what  
thou livest

Live well, how long or short permit to  
heaven.

—John Milton.



### HOLY HABITS

Slowly fashioned, link by link,  
 Slowly waxing strong,  
 Till the spirit never shrink,  
 Save from touch of wrong,

Holy habits are thy wealth,  
 Golden, pleasant chains;  
 Passing earth's prime blessing—health,  
 Endless, priceless gains.

Holy habits give thee place  
 With the noblest, best,  
 All most godlike of thy race,  
 And with seraphs blest.

Holy habits are thy joy,  
 Wisdom's pleasant ways,  
 Yielding good without alloy,  
 Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn;  
 Seek them noon and even;  
 Seek them till thy soul be born  
 Without stains—in heaven.

—Thomas Davis.

### MAKE HASTE, O MAN! TO LIVE

Make haste, O man! to live,  
 For thou so soon must die;  
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze;  
 How swift its moments fly.  
 Make haste, O man! to live.

Make haste, O man! to do  
 Whatever must be done,  
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
 Thy day will soon be gone.  
 Make haste, O man! to live.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,  
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve,  
 To move in idleness through earth,  
 This, this is not to live.  
 Make haste, O man! to live.

The useful, not the great;  
 The thing that never dies,  
 The silent toil that is not lost,  
 Set these before thine eyes.  
 Make haste, O man! to live.

Make haste, O man! to live.  
 Thy time is almost o'er;  
 Oh! sleep not, dream not, but arise,  
 The Judge is at the door.  
 Make haste, O man! to live.  
 —Horatius Bonar.

### TEACH ME TO LIVE

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—  
 Gently and silently pass away—  
 On earth's long night to close the heavy  
 eye  
 And waken in the glorious realms of  
 day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to  
 live;  
 To serve thee in the darkest paths of  
 life;  
 Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor  
 give,  
 And make me more than conqueror  
 in the strife.

Teach me to live thy purpose to fulfill;  
 Bright for thy glory let my taper shine;  
 Each day renew, remold this stubborn  
 will;  
 Closer round thee my heart's affections  
 twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;  
 But use the time remaining to me yet;  
 Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,  
 Wasting no precious hours in vain  
 regret.

Teach me to live; no idler let me be,  
 But in thy service hand and heart  
 employ.  
 Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully—  
 Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,  
 Nor murmur though I bend beneath  
 its load.  
 Only be with me, let me feel thee near,  
 Thy smile sheds gladness on the  
 darkest road.

Teach me to live and find my life in thee,  
 Looking from earth and earthly things  
 away.  
 Let me not falter, but untiringly  
 Press on, and gain new strength and  
 power each day.

Teach me to live with kindly words for  
 all,  
 Wearing no cold repulsive brow of  
 gloom,  
 Waiting with cheerful patience till thy  
 call  
 Summons my spirit to her heavenly  
 home.

### OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I,  
 Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps  
   wait,  
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
 Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by  
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
 I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!  
 If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise—be-  
   fore  
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
 And they who follow me reach every  
   state  
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
 Save death; but those who doubt, or  
   hesitate,  
 Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;  
 I answer not, and I return no more.  
       —John James Ingalls.

### THREE DAYS

So much to do; so little done!  
 Ah! yesternight I saw the sun  
 Sink beamless down the vaulted gray—  
 The ghastly ghost of yesterday.

So little done; so much to do!  
 Each morning breaks on conflicts new;  
 But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,  
 And fight the battle of to-day.

So much to do; so little done!  
 But when it's o'er—the victory won—  
 O then, my soul, this strife and sorrow  
 Will end in that great, glad to-morrow!  
       —James Roberts Gilmore.

### JUSTICE

Three men went out one summer night;  
 No care had they or aim.  
 They dined and drank. Ere we go home  
 We'll have, they said, a game.

Three girls began that summer night  
 A life of endless shame,  
 And went through drink, disease, and  
   death  
 As swift as racing flame.

Lawless, homeless, foul, they died;  
 Rich, loved, and praised, the men.  
 But when they all shall meet with God,  
 And Justice speaks, what then?  
       —Stopford Augustus Brooke.

### OPPORTUNITY IMPROVED

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a  
   plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it,  
   raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and  
   swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A  
   prince's banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward,  
   hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener  
   steel—  
 That blue blade that the king's son  
   bears—but this  
 Blunt thing——!" he snapt and flung it  
   from his hand,  
 And lowering crept away and left the  
   field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded,  
   sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken  
   sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it and, with  
   battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.  
       —Edward Rowland Sill.

### DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS

Live while you live, the epicure would  
   say,  
 And seize the pleasures of the passing  
   day!  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher  
   cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies!  
 Lord, in my views let both united be;  
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.  
       —Philip Doddridge.

It is bad to have an empty purse,  
 But an empty head is a whole lot worse.  
       —Nixon Waterman.

Shut your mouth, and open your eyes,  
 And you're sure to learn something to  
   make you wise.  
       —Nixon Waterman.

## THE COMMON LOT

Once, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man, and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth;  
The land in which he died unknown;  
His name has perished from the earth;  
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends are now no  
more;  
And foes—his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and  
man,  
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory  
threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—there lived a man.  
—James Montgomery.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
"To-morrow, do thy worst; for I have  
lived to-day.  
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possessed, in spite of  
fate, are mine.  
Not heaven itself upon the past has  
power,  
But what has been has been, and I have  
had my hour."  
—Horace, tr. by John Dryden.

## PROEM

If this little world to-night  
Suddenly should fall through space  
In a hissing, headlong flight,  
Shriveling from off its face,  
As it falls into the sun,  
In an instant every trace  
Of the little crawling things—  
Ants, philosophers, and lice,  
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,  
Beggars, millionaires, and mice,  
Men and maggots—all as one  
As it falls into the sun—  
Who can say but at the same  
Instant, from some planet far,  
A child may watch us and exclaim,  
"See the pretty shooting star!"  
—Oliver Herford.

## DOING AND BEING

Think not alone to *do* right, and fulfill  
Life's due perfection by the simple  
worth  
Of lawful actions called by justice  
forth,  
And thus condone a world confused with  
ill!  
But fix the high condition of thy will  
To *be* right, that its good's spon-  
taneous birth  
May spread like flowers springing from  
the earth  
On which the natural dews of heaven  
distill;  
For these require no honors, take no care  
For gratitude from men—but more  
are blessed  
In the sweet ignorance that they are  
fair;  
And through their proper functions  
live and rest,  
Breathing their fragrance out with  
joyous air,  
Content with praise of bettering what  
is best. —William Davies.

And, since we needs must hunger, better  
for man's love  
Than God's truth! better for com-  
panions sweet  
Than great convictions! let us bear our  
weights  
Preferring dreary hearths to desert  
souls.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## RICHES

Since all the riches of this world  
 May be gifts from the devil and earthly  
 kings,  
 I should suspect that I worshiped the  
 devil  
 If I thanked my God for worldly  
 things.

—William Blake.

Trust to the Lord to hide thee,  
 Wait on the Lord to guide thee,  
 So shall no ill betide thee  
 Day by day.  
 Rise with his fear before thee,  
 Tell of the love he bore thee,  
 Sleep with his shadow o'er thee,  
 Day by day.

Four things a man must learn to do  
 If he would make his record true:  
 To think without confusion clearly;  
 To love his fellow-men sincerely;  
 To act from honest motives purely;  
 To trust in God and heaven securely.  
 —Henry van Dyke.

Each moment holy is, for out from God  
 Each moment flashes forth a human  
 soul.  
 Holy each moment is, for back to him  
 Some wandering soul each moment  
 home returns.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the  
 same.

—Edward Young.

Abundance is the blessing of the wise;  
 The use of riches in discretion lies;  
 Learn this, ye men of wealth: a heavy  
 purse  
 In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.  
 —From the Greek.

## FRIEND AND FOE

Dear is my friend, but my foe too  
 Is friendly to my good;  
 My friend the thing shows I *can* do,  
 My foe the thing I should.  
 —Johann C. F. von Schiller.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a  
 minute;  
 Now it may lose ground, and now it  
 may win it;  
 Now it resolves, and again the will  
 faileth;  
 Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;  
 Now its hopes fructify, then they are  
 blighted;  
 Now it walks sunnily, now gropes be-  
 nighted;  
 Fed by discouragements, taught by dis-  
 aster,  
 So it goes forward, now slower, now  
 faster;  
 Till, all the pain past and failure made  
 whole,  
 It is full grown, and the Lord rules the  
 soul.

—Susan Coolidge.

Life is too short to waste  
 In critic peep or cynic bark,  
 Quarrel, or reprimand.  
 'Twill soon be dark;  
 Up! mind thine own aim, and  
 God speed the mark!  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts forever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
 Evanishing amid the storm.  
 —Robert Burns.

I saw a farmer plow his land who never  
 came to sow;  
 I saw a student filled with truth to  
 practice never go;  
 In land or mind I never saw the ripened  
 harvest grow.  
 —Saadi, tr. by James Freeman Clarke.

## CARES AND DAYS

To those who prattle of despair  
Some friend, methinks, might wisely  
say:

Each day, no question, has its care,  
But also every care its day.

—John Sterling.

What imports  
Fasting or feasting? Do thy day's work;  
dare  
Refuse no help thereto; since help re-  
fused  
Is hindrance sought and found.

—Robert Browning.

I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless  
way.  
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit  
first,  
I ask not; but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling  
snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall  
arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In his  
good time.

—Robert Browning.

Art thou in misery, brother? Then, I  
pray,  
Be comforted; thy grief shall pass away.

Art thou elated? Ah! be not too gay;  
Temper thy joy; this, too, shall pass  
away.

Whate'er thou art, where'er thy foot-  
steps stray,  
Heed the wise words: "This, too, shall  
pass away."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,  
not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs.  
He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts  
the best.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—  
God.

—Philip James Bailey.

## WE DEFER THINGS

We say, and we say, and we say,  
We promise, engage, and declare,  
Till a year from to-morrow is yesterday  
And yesterday is—where?

—James Whitcomb Riley.

To be sincere. To look life in the eyes  
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always  
to mean  
The high and truthful thing. Never  
to screen  
Behind the unmeant word the sharp  
surprise  
Of cunning; never tell the little lies  
Of look or thought. Always to choose  
between

The true and small, the true and large,  
serene  
And high above Life's cheap dishon-  
esties.

The soul that steers by this unfading  
star  
Needs never other compass. All the far,  
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding  
light, though rocks  
And sirens meet and mock its straining  
gaze.

Secure from storms and all Life's battle-  
shocks

It shall not veer from any righteous  
ways.

—Maurice Smiley.

The lily's lips are pure and white without  
a touch of fire;  
The rose's heart is warm and red and  
sweetened with desire.  
In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom  
the gladdest lives are those  
Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose  
love is like the rose.

—Nixon Waterman.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## THE ROUND OF THE WHEEL

The miller feeds the mill, and the mill  
the miller;  
So death feeds life, and life, too, feeds its  
killer.  
—John Sterling.

If I were dead I think that you would  
come  
And look upon me, cold and white,  
and say,  
“Poor child! I’m sorry you have gone  
away.”

But just because my body has to live  
Through hopeless years, you do not  
come and say,  
“Dear child, I’m glad that you are  
here to-day.”

Who heeds not experience, trust him  
not; tell him  
The scope of our mind can but trifles  
achieve;  
The weakest who draws from the mine  
will excel him—  
The wealth of mankind is the wisdom  
they leave.  
—John Boyle O’Reilly.

A pious friend one day of Rabia asked  
How she had learned the truth of  
Allah wholly;  
By what instructions was her memory  
tasked?  
How was her heart estranged from the  
world’s folly?

She answered, “Thou who knowest God  
in parts  
Thy spirit’s moods and processes  
canst tell:  
I only know that in my heart of hearts  
I have despised myself and loved him  
well.”

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to  
fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
—William Shakespeare.

## THE DESERT’S USE

Why wakes not life the desert bare and  
lone?  
To show what all would be if she were  
gone.  
—John Sterling.

So live that, when thy summons comes  
to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each  
shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at  
night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained  
and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.  
—William Cullen Bryant.

The time is short.  
If thou wouldst work for God it must  
be now.  
If thou wouldst win the garlands for thy  
brow,  
Redeem the time.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is  
slender;  
And soon with me the labor will be  
wrought;  
Then grows my heart to other hearts  
more tender;  
The time is short.

The man who idly sits and thinks  
May sow a nobler crop than corn;  
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,  
And when God thought, the world was  
born. —George John Romanes,

Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.  
—Christopher Pearse Cranch.

That thou mayst injure no man dove-  
like be,  
And serpentlike that none may injure  
thee.

---

The poem hangs on the berry bush  
When comes the poet's eye.  
The street begins to masquerade  
When Shakespeare passes by.  
—William C. Gannett.

---

Be thou a poor man and a just  
And thou mayest live without alarm;  
For leave the good man Satan must,  
The poor the Sultan will not harm.  
—From the Persian.

---

Diving, and finding no pearls in the sea,  
Blame not the ocean; the fault is in thee!  
—From the Persian.

---

All habits gather by unseen degrees;  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to  
seas.  
—John Dryden.

---

Habits are soon assumed, but when we  
strive  
To strip them off 'tis being flayed alive.  
—William Cowper.

---

So live that when the mighty caravan,  
Which halts one night-time in the Vale  
of Death,  
Shall strike its white tents for the morn-  
ing march,  
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal  
Hills,  
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength  
renewed  
Like the strong eagle's for the upward  
flight.

---

And see all sights from pole to pole,  
And glance and nod and bustle by,  
And never once possess our soul  
Before we die.  
—Matthew Arnold.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;  
Improve each moment as it flies;  
Life's a short summer—man a flower.  
—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

---

This world's no blot for us  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and  
means good:  
To find its meaning is my meat and  
drink.  
—Robert Browning.

---

What is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh  
air,  
Or gaze upon the sun. 'Tis to be free.  
—Joseph Addison.

---

I see the right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong  
pursue.  
—Ovid.

---

God asks not "To what sect did he be-  
long?"  
But, "Did he do the right, or love the  
wrong?" —From the Persian.

---

Ships that pass in the night, and speak  
each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice  
in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak  
one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness  
again and a silence.  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

---

One wept all night beside a sick man's  
bed:  
At dawn the sick was well, the mourner  
dead.  
—From the Persian.

---

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,  
O life, not death, for which we pant;  
More life and fuller that I want.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

## AGE AND DEATH

### MATURITY, VICTORY, HEAVEN

#### A DEFIANCE TO OLD AGE

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,  
Of all my blessings or my joy;  
I have some jewels in my heart  
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayest denude mine arm of  
strength,  
And leave my temples seamed and  
bare;

Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,  
And scatter silver o'er my hair.

But never, while a book remains,  
And breathes a woman or a child,  
Shalt thou deprive me whilst I live  
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never while the earth is fair,  
And Reason keeps its dial bright,  
Whate'er thy robberies, O Time,  
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories o'er my frame,  
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth:  
That, though the limbs may faint and  
fail,  
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not;  
Thou'rt powerless on this heart of  
mine;

My precious jewels are my own,  
'Tis but the settings that are thine.  
—Charles Mackay.

---

#### SIMPLE FAITH

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot  
tell  
And still go on. If but the way be  
straight  
I cannot go amiss! Before me lies  
Dawn and the Day! the Night behind  
me; that  
Suffices me: I break the bounds: I see,  
And nothing more; believe, and nothing  
less.  
My future is not one of my concerns.

#### A MORNING THOUGHT

What if some morning, when the stars  
were paling,  
And the dawn whitened, and the  
East was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from  
the presence  
Of a benignant Spirit standing near,

And I should tell him, as he stood be-  
side me,

"This is our Earth—most friendly  
Earth, and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and  
shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure  
air;

"There is blest living here, loving and  
serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friend-  
ships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one  
destroyer—  
His name is Death; flee, lest he find  
thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morn-  
ing brightened,  
And freshened in the elm the sum-  
mer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle  
angel,  
And take my hand and say, "My  
name is Death."  
—Edward Rowland Sill.

---

On parent knees, a naked, new-born  
child,  
Weeping thou sat'st while all around  
thee smiled:  
So live that, sinking in thy last long  
sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile while all around  
thee weep.  
—From the Persian.



## EMMAUS

Abide with us, O wondrous guest!  
A stranger still, though long possessed;  
Our hearts thy love unknown desire,  
And marvel how the sacred fire  
Should burn within us while we stray  
From that sad spot where Jesus lay.

So when our youth, through bitter loss  
Or hopes deferred, draws near the cross,  
We lose the Lord our childhood knew  
And God's own word may seem untrue;  
Yet Christ himself shall soothe the way  
Towards the evening of our day.

And though we travel towards the west  
'Tis still for toil, and not for rest;  
No fate except that life is done;  
At Emmaus is our work begun;  
Then let us watch lest tears should hide  
The Lord who journeys by our side.

## NOT NOW BUT THEN

Take the joys and bear the sorrows—  
neither with extreme concern!  
Living here means nescience simply;  
'tis next life that helps to learn.  
Shut those eyes next life will open—stop  
those ears next life will teach  
Hearing's office; close those lips next  
life will give the power of speech!  
Or, if action more amuse thee than the  
passive attitude,  
Bravely bustle through thy being, busy  
thee for ill or good,  
Reap this life's success or failure! Soon  
shall things be unperplexed,  
And the right or wrong, now tangled, lie  
unraveled in the next.

—Robert Browning.

## CHEERFUL OLD AGE

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,  
And don't be sorrowful, pray;  
For taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;  
Time's waves they heavily run;  
But taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,  
Our heads are growing gray;  
And taking the year together, my dear,  
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,  
And our roses long ago;  
And the time of year is coming, my dear,  
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,  
Of night as well as day,  
And we feel and know that we can go  
Wherever he leads the way.

Ay, God of night, my darling;  
Of the night of death so grim;  
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,  
Is the gate that leads to him.

For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another  
dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars invisible by  
day.

At sixty-two life has begun;  
At seventy-three begin once more;  
Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,  
And brighter shine at eighty-four.  
At ninety-five  
Shouldst thou arrive,  
Still wait on God, and work and thrive.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For what is age but youth's full  
bloom,  
A riper, more transcendent youth?  
A weight of gold is never old.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,  
A melancholy slave;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.  
—William Wordsworth.

Fill, brief or long, my granted years  
Of life with love to thee and man;  
Strike when thou wilt, the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

An age so blest that, by its side,  
Youth seems the waste instead.  
—Robert Browning.

## ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE

At the midnight, in the silence of the  
sleep-time,  
When you set your fancies free,  
Will they pass to where—by death,  
fools think, imprisoned—  
Low he lies who once so loved you,  
whom you love so,  
—Pity me?

O to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-  
taken!  
What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish,  
the unmanly?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did  
I drivel  
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back, but  
marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were  
worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's  
work-time,  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as  
either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed,—  
fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"  
—Robert Browning.

Let no one till his death  
Be called unhappy. Measure not the  
work  
Until the day's out and the labor done;  
Then bring your gauges.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## I WOULD LIVE LONGER

Phil. i. 23.

O I would live longer, I gladly would  
stay,  
Though <sup>h</sup>storm after storm rises dark  
o'er the way";  
Temptations and trials beset me, 'tis  
true,  
Yet gladly I'd stay where there's so  
much to do.

O I would live longer—not "away from  
my Lord"—  
For ever he's with me, fulfilling his  
word;  
In sorrow I lean on his arm, for he's  
near,  
In darkness he speaks, and my spirit  
doth cheer.

Yes, I would live longer some trophy to  
win,  
Some soul to lead back from the dark  
paths of sin;  
Some weak one to strengthen, some  
faint one to cheer,  
And heaven will be sweeter for laboring  
here.

But—would I live longer? How can I  
decide,  
With Jesus in glory, still here to abide?  
O Lord, leave not the decision to me,  
Where best I can serve thee, Lord, there  
let me be. —L. Kinney.

## THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forever more.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change, beneath the summer  
showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That Heaven hath kindly lent to  
earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth;

And all things that, for grief or joy,  
Are worthy of thy love and care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

\* \* \* \* \*

They are not dead! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here,  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay

To put their shining raiment on;  
They have not wandered far away—  
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

—J. C. McCreery.

### PROSPICE (LOOK FORWARD)

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,

The mist in my face;  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote

I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,

The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form?

Yet the strong man must go;  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,

And the barriers fall—  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,

The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,

And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change: shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

—Robert Browning.

### OUR HOME ABOVE

We thank thee, gracious Father,  
For many a pleasant day,  
For bird and flower, and joyous hour,  
For friends, and work, and play.

Of blessing and of mercy  
Our life has had its share;  
This world is not a wilderness,  
Thou hast made all things fair.

But fairer still, and sweeter,  
The things that are above;  
We look and long to join the song  
In the land of light and love.

We trust the Word which tells us  
Of that divine abode;  
By faith we bring its glories nigh,  
While hope illumines the road.

So death has lost its terrors;  
How can we fear it now?  
Its face, once grim, now leads to him  
At whose command we bow.  
His presence makes us happy,  
His service is delight,  
The many mansions gleam and glow,  
The saints our souls invite.

We welcome that departure  
Which brings us to our Lord;  
We hail with joy the blest employ  
Those wondrous realms afford.  
We call it home up yonder;  
Down here we toil and strain  
As in some mine's dark, danksome depths;  
There sunshine bright we gain.

To God, then, sound the timbrel!  
There's naught can do us harm;  
Our greatest foe has been laid low;  
What else can cause alarm?  
For freedom and for victory  
Our hearts give loud acclaim;  
Whate'er befall, on him we call;  
North, South, East, West, in him we rest;

All glory to his name!

—James Mudge.

### AT LAST

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life  
so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls  
decay;

O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me  
drifting:

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of  
shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let thy  
spirit

Be with me then to comfort and up-  
hold;

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I  
merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill un-  
reckoned,

And both forgiven through thy  
abounding grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beck-  
oned

Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many  
mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and  
striving cease,

And flows forever through heaven's  
green expansions

The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me  
stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy  
song,

And find at last, beneath thy trees of  
healing,

The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

### READY

I would be ready, Lord,

My house in order set,

None of the work thou gavest me

To do unfinished yet.

I would be watching, Lord,

With lamp well trimmed and clear,

Quick to throw open wide the door,

What time thou drawest near.

I would be waiting, Lord,  
Because I cannot know  
If in the night or morning watch  
I may be called to go.

I would be waking, Lord,  
Each day, each hour for thee;  
Assured that thus I wait thee well,  
Whene'er thy coming be.

I would be living, Lord,  
As ever in thine eye;  
For whoso lives the nearest thee  
The fittest is to die.

—Margaret J. Preston.

### THALASSA! THALASSA!

I stand upon the summit of my life,  
Behind, the camp, the court, the field,  
the grove,

The battle and the burden; vast, afar  
Beyond these weary ways, behold the  
Sea!

The sea, o'erswept by clouds and winds  
and waves;

By thoughts and wishes manifold;  
whose breath

Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is  
peace.

Palter no question of the horizon dim—  
Cut loose the bark! Such voyage, it is  
rest;

Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
A widening heaven, a current without  
care,

Eternity! Deliverance, promise, course,  
Time-tired souls salute thee from the  
shore.

—Brownlee Brown.

### AT END

At end of love, at end of life,  
At end of hope, at end of strife,  
At end of all we cling to so,  
The sun is setting—must we go?

At dawn of love, at dawn of life,  
At dawn of peace that follows strife.  
At dawn of all we long for so,  
The sun is rising—let us go!

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

## WHAT IS DEATH

It is not death to die—  
To leave this weary road,  
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong exulting wing  
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life,  
Thy chosen cannot die!  
Like thee they conquer in the strife  
To reign with thee on high.  
—Abraham H. C. Malan, tr. by George  
Washington Bethune.

## UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
*Yes, to the very end.*  
Will the day's journey take the whole  
long day?  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
*A roof for when the slow dark hours  
begin.*  
May not the darkness hide it from my  
face?  
*You cannot miss the inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
*Those who have gone before.*  
Then must I knock or call when just in  
sight?  
*They will not keep you standing at the  
door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and  
weak?  
*Of labor you shall find the sum.*  
Will there be beds for me and all who  
seek?  
*Yes, beds for all who come.*  
—Christina G. Rossetti.

## ON SECOND THOUGHT

The end's so near,  
It is all one  
What track I steer,  
What work's begun,  
It is all one  
If *nothing's* done,  
The end's so near!

The end's so near,  
It is all one  
What track thou steer,  
What work's begun—  
Some deed, some plan,  
As thou'rt a man!  
The end's so near!  
—Edward Rowland Sill.

## THE VOICE CALLING

In the hush of April weather,  
With the bees in budding heather,  
And the white clouds floating, floating,  
and the sunshine falling broad;  
While my children down the hill  
Run and leap, and I sit still,  
Through the silence, through the silence  
art thou calling, O my God?

Through my husband's voice that  
prayeth,  
Though he knows not what he sayeth,  
Is it thou who, in thy holy word, hast  
solemn words for me?  
And when he clasps me fast,  
And smiles fondly o'er the past,  
And talks hopeful of the future, Lord,  
do I hear only thee?

Not in terror nor in thunder  
Comes thy voice, although it sunder  
Flesh from spirit, soul from body,  
human bliss from human pain;  
All the work that was to do,  
All the joys so sweet and new,  
Which thou shew'dst me in a vision,  
Moses-like, and hid'st again.

From this Pisgah, lying humbled,  
The long desert where I stumbled  
And the fair plains I shall never reach  
seem equal, clear, and far:  
On this mountain-top of ease  
Thou wilt bury me in peace;  
While my tribes march onward, onward  
unto Canaan and to war.

In my boy's loud laughter ringing,  
In the sigh, more soft than singing,  
Of my baby girl that nestles up unto  
this mortal breast,  
After every voice most dear,  
Comes a whisper, "Rest not here."  
And the rest thou art preparing, is it  
best, Lord, is it best?

Lord, a little, little longer!  
Sobs the earth love, growing stronger;  
He will miss me, and go mourning  
through his solitary days,  
And heaven were scarcely heaven  
If these lambs that thou hast given  
Were to slip out of our keeping and be  
lost in the world's ways.

Lord, it is not fear of dying,  
Nor an impious denying  
Of thy will—which evermore on earth,  
in heaven, be done;  
But a love that, desperate, clings  
Unto these, my precious things,  
In the beauty of the daylight, and glory  
of the sun.

Ah! thou still art calling, calling,  
With a soft voice unappalling;  
And it vibrates in far circles through the  
everlasting years;  
When thou knockest, even so!  
I will arise and go:  
What, my little ones, more violets? nay,  
be patient; mother hears!  
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

#### THE "SILVER CORD IS LOOSED"

In the June twilight, in the soft, gray  
twilight,  
The yellow sun-glow trembling through  
the rainy eve,  
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn  
fiat,  
"All these things for ever, for ever thou  
must leave."

My love she sank down quivering like a  
pine in tempest shivering,  
"I have had so little happiness as yet  
beneath the sun;  
I have called the shadow sunshine, and  
the merest frosty moonshine  
I have, weeping, blessed the Lord for  
as if daylight had begun.

"Till he sent a sudden angel, with a  
glorious sweet evangel,  
Who turned all my tears to pearl-gems,  
and crowned *me*—so little worth;  
*Me!* and through the rainy even changed  
my poor earth into heaven  
Or, by wondrous revelation, brought the  
heavens down to earth.

"O the strangeness of the feeling!—O  
the infinite revealing,—  
To think how God must love me to have  
made me so content!  
Though I would have served him hum-  
bly, and patiently, and dumbly,  
Without any angel standing in the path-  
way that I went."

In the June twilight, in the lessening  
twilight,  
My love cried from my bosom an exceed-  
ing bitter cry:  
"Lord, wait a little longer, until my  
soul is stronger!  
O wait till thou hast taught me to be  
content to die!"

Then the tender face, all woman, took a  
glory superhuman,  
And she seemed to watch for something,  
or see some I could not see:  
From my arms she rose full-statured, all  
transfigured, queenly-featured,—  
"As thy will is done in heaven, so on  
earth still let it be!"

I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that  
earth is only  
The vestibule of places whose courts we  
never win;  
Yet I see my palace shining, where my  
love sits amaranths twining,  
And I know the gates stand open, and I  
shall enter in!  
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

#### CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the  
bar  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
 And after that the dark!  
 And may there be no sadness of farewell  
 When I embark;  
 For though from out our bourne of Time  
 and Place  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
 When I have crossed the bar.  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

### LAUS MORTIS

Nay, why should I fear Death,  
 Who gives us life, and in exchange takes  
 breath?

He is like cordial spring,  
 That lifts above the soil each buried  
 thing;

Like autumn, kind and brief,  
 The frost that chills the branches frees  
 the leaf;

Like winter's stormy hours,  
 That spread their fleece of snow to save  
 the flowers;

The lordliest of all things!—  
 Life lends us only feet, Death gives us  
 wings.

Fearing no covert thrust,  
 Let me walk onward, armed in valiant  
 trust;

Dreading no unseen knife,  
 Across Death's threshold step from life  
 to life!

O all ye frightened folk,  
 Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,  
 When once your coverlet of grass is  
 spread,

What daybreak need you fear?  
 The Love will rule you there that guides  
 you here.

Where Life, the sower, stands,  
 Scattering the ages from his swinging  
 hands,

Thou waitest, reaper lone,  
 Until the multitudinous grain hath  
 grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade  
 Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid.

God's husbandman thou art,  
 In his unwithering sheaves, O, bind my  
 heart!

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

### IMMANUEL'S LAND

The sands of time are sinking,  
 The dawn of heaven breaks,  
 The summer morn I've sighed for—  
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
 But dayspring is at hand,  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven  
 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,  
 Now, like a weary traveler  
 That leaneth on his guide,  
 Amid the shades of evening,  
 While sinks life's lingering sand,  
 I hail the glory dawning  
 From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway;  
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
 Now these lie all behind me.  
 O for a well-tuned harp!  
 O to join the Hallelujah  
 With yon triumphant band  
 Who sing where glory dwelleth—  
 In Immanuel's land!

With mercy and with judgment  
 My web of time he wove,  
 And aye the dews of sorrow  
 Were lustered with his love;  
 I'll bless the hand that guided,  
 I'll bless the heart that planned,  
 When throned where glory dwelleth—  
 In Immanuel's land.

—Annie R. Cousin.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge  
 Leading from light to light through a  
 brief darkness.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I hold that, since by death alone  
 God bids my soul go free,  
 In death a richer blessing is  
 Than all the world to me.  
 —Scheffler, tr. by Frederic Rowland  
 Marvin.

### DEATH

Fearest the shadow? Keep thy trust;  
 Still the star-worlds roll.  
 Fearest death? sayest, "Dust to dust"?  
 No; say "Soul to Soul!"

—John Vance Cheney.

## THE TENANT

This body is my house—it is not I;  
 Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,  
 I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last  
 Till all the carpentry of time is past.  
 When from my high place viewing this  
     lone star,  
 What shall I care where these poor tim-  
     bers are?  
 What though the crumbling walls turn  
     dust and loam—  
 I shall have left them for a larger home.  
 What though the rafters break, the  
     stanchions rot,  
 When earth has dwindled to a glimmer-  
     ing spot!  
 When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll  
     immerse  
 My long-cramp'd spirit in the universe.  
 Through uncomputed silences of space  
 I shall yearn upward to the leaning  
     Face.  
 The ancient heavens will roll aside for  
     me,  
 As Moses monarch'd the dividing sea.  
 This body is my house—it is not I.  
 Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.  
     —Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

## TO OUR BELOVED

It singeth low in every heart,  
     We hear it, each and all—  
 A song of those who answer not,  
     However we may call;  
 They throng the silence of the breast,  
     We see them as of yore—  
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,  
     Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up  
 When these have laid it down;  
 They brightened all the joy of life,  
 They softened every frown;  
 But, O, 'tis good to think of them  
     When we are troubled sore!  
 Thanks be to God that such have been,  
     Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown  
 Since they have entered there;  
 To follow them were not so hard,  
 Wherever they may fare;  
 They cannot be where God is not,  
     On any sea or shore;  
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,  
     Our God, for evermore.  
     —John White Chadwick.

## A DEATH BED

As I lay sick upon my bed  
 I heard them say "in danger";  
 The word seemed very strange to me  
 Could any word seem stranger?

"In danger"—of escape from sin  
 For ever and for ever!  
 Of entering that most holy place  
 Where evil entereth never!

"In danger"—of beholding him  
 Who is my soul's salvation!  
 Whose promises sustain my soul  
 In blest anticipation!

"In danger"—of soon shaking off  
 Earth's last remaining fetter!  
 And of departing hence to be  
 "With Christ," which is far better!

It is a solemn thing to die,  
 To face the king Immortal,  
 And each forgiven sinner should  
 Tread softly o'er the portal.

But when we have confessed our sins  
 To him who can discern them,  
 And God has given pardon, peace,  
 Tho' we could ne'er deserve them,

Then, dying is no dangerous thing;  
 Safe in the Saviour's keeping,  
 The ransomed soul is gently led  
 Beyond the reach of weeping.

So tell me with unfaltering voice  
 When Hope is really dawning;  
 I should not like to sleep away  
 My few hours till the morning.

Yet Love will dream and Faith will  
     trust,  
 (Since he who knows our need is just.)  
 That somehow, somewhere meet we  
     must.

Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress  
     trees!

Who hopeless lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play;  
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
 This truth to flesh and sense unknown;  
 That Life is ever lord of death,  
 And Love can never lose its own!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



## AFTERWARD

There *is* no vacant chair. The loving  
meet—

A group unbroken—smitten, who  
knows how?

One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;  
We gave him once that freedom.  
Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;  
He needed it too often, nor could we  
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to  
do it best.

Which of us would disturb him? Let  
him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will  
take

The mood to listen mutely, be it done.  
By his least mood we crossed, for which  
the heart must ache,

Plead not nor question! Let him  
have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim  
By which life's Giver wrecks a broken  
heart.

Death is life's reticence. Still audible  
to him,  
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh  
on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is  
still

To have. Nearer to memory than to  
eye,

And dearer yet to anguish than to com-  
fort, will

We hold him by our love, that shall  
not die,

For while it doth not, thus he cannot.  
Try!

Who can put out the motion or the  
smile?

The old ways of being noble all with him  
laid by?

Because we love he is. Then trust  
awhile.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

## OUR TWO GIFTS

Two gifts God giveth, and he saith

One shall be forfeit in the strife—

The one no longer needed: life,  
No hand shall take the other, death.

—John Vance Cheney.

## ATHANASIA

The ship may sink,  
And I may drink

A hasty death in the bitter sea;

But all that I leave

In the ocean grave

Can be slipped and spared, and no loss  
to me.

What care I

Though falls the sky

And the shriveling earth to a cinder  
turn;

No fires of doom

Can ever consume

What never was made nor meant to  
burn!

Let go the breath!

There is no death

To a living soul, nor loss, nor harm.

Not of the clod

Is the life of God—

Let it mount, as it will, from form to  
form.

—Charles Gordon Ames.

## LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

But this I know—when thou art fled,  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
No clod so valueless shall be  
As all that there remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly?

Where bend unseen thy trackless  
course?

And in this strange divorce,

Ah, tell where I must seek this com-  
pound, I?

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear.

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not "Good Night," but in some  
brighter clime

Bid me "Good Morning."

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

## THE STRUGGLE

"Body, I pray you, let me go!"  
 (It is a soul that struggles so.)  
 "Body, I see on yonder height  
 Dim reflex of a solemn light;  
 A flame that shineth from the place  
 Where Beauty walks with naked face;  
 It is a flame you cannot see—  
 Lie down, you clod, and set me free.

"Body, I pray you, let me go!"  
 (It is a soul that striveth so.)  
 "Body, I hear dim sounds afar  
 Dripping from some diviner star;  
 Dim sounds of joyous harmony,  
 It is my mates that sing, and I  
 Must drink that song or break my  
 heart—  
 Body, I pray you, let us part.

"Comrade, your frame is worn and frail,  
 Your vital powers begin to fail;  
 I long for life, but you for rest;  
 Then, Body, let us both be blest.  
 When you are lying 'neath the dew  
 I'll come sometimes, and sing to you;  
 But you will feel no pain nor woe—  
 Body, I pray you, let me go."

Thus strove a Being. Beauty fain,  
 He broke his bonds and fled again.  
 He fled: the Body lay bereft,  
 But on its lips a smile was left,  
 As if that spirit, looking back,  
 Shouted upon his upward track,  
 With joyous tone and hurried breath,  
 Some message that could comfort  
 Death. —Danske Dandridge.

## THE THREE FRIENDS

Man in his life hath three good friends—  
 Wealth, family, and noble deeds;  
 These serve him in his days of joy  
 And minister unto his needs.

But when the lonely hour of death  
 With sad and silent foot draws nigh,  
 Wealth, then, and family take their  
 wings,  
 And from the dying pillow fly.

But noble deeds in love respond,  
 "Ere came to thee the fatal day,  
 We went before, O gentle friend,  
 And smoothed the steep and thorny  
 way."  
 —From the Hebrew, tr. by  
 Frederic Rowland Marvin.

## AN OLD LATIN HYMN

How far from here to heaven?  
 Not very far, my friend;  
 A single hearty step  
 Will all thy journey end.

Hold, there! where runnest thou?  
 Know heaven is *in* thee!  
 Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?  
 His face thou'lt never see.

Go out, God will go in;  
 Die thou, and let him live;  
 Be not, and he will be;  
 Wait, and he'll all things give.

I don't believe in death.  
 If hour by hour I die,  
 'Tis hour by hour to gain  
 A better life thereby.  
 —Angelus Silesius, A.D. 1620.

The chamber where the good man meets  
 his fate  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of  
 heaven. —Edward Young.

Life-embarked, out at sea, 'mid the  
 wave-tumbling roar,  
 The poor ship of my body went down  
 to the floor;  
 But I broke, at the bottom of death,  
 through a door,  
 And, from sinking, began for ever to  
 soar. —From the Persian.

Truths that wake to perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-  
 deavor,

Nor man, nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal  
 sea

Which brought us hither;  
 Can in a moment travel thither  
 And see the children sport upon the  
 shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling  
 evermore.

—William Wordsworth.

# APPENDIX

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

### BE STRONG!<sup>1</sup>

Be strong!  
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

### NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO

O Lord, I pray  
That for this day  
I may not swerve  
By foot or hand  
From thy command,  
Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray,  
That for this day  
No love of ease  
Nor pride prevent  
My good intent,  
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may  
I'd have this day  
Strength from above  
To set my heart  
In heavenly art,  
Not to be loved, but to love.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

### COMPANIONSHIP

No distant Lord have I,  
Loving afar to be;  
Made flesh for me, he cannot rest  
Unless he rests in me.

Brother in joy and pain,  
Bone of my bone was he,  
Now—intimacy closer still,  
He dwells himself in me.

I need not journey far  
This dearest Friend to see;  
Companionship is always mine,  
He makes his home with me.

I envy not the twelve,  
Nearer to me is he;  
The life he once lived here on earth  
He lives again in me.

Ascended now to God,  
My witness there to be,  
His witness here am I, because  
His Spirit dwells in me.

O glorious Son of God,  
Incarnate Deity,  
I shall forever be with thee  
Because thou art with me.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

### "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt  
The blessed fields of heaven where once  
my faith  
Possessed itself serenely safe from  
death;  
If I deny the things past finding out;  
Or if I orphan my own soul of One  
That seemed a Father, and make void  
the place  
Within me where He dwelt in power  
and grace,  
What do I gain that am myself undone?  
—William Dean Howells.

<sup>1</sup>The poems by the Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock on this and the following page are reprinted, by special permission, from "Thoughts for Every Day Living," copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

EMANCIPATION

Why be afraid of Death as though your  
life were breath!  
Death but anoints your eyes with clay.  
O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death  
only husks the corn.  
Why should you fear to meet the  
thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping,  
you are dead  
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond  
the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave  
your wooden bench,  
Why not with happy shout run home  
when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish  
one and blind.  
A day—and you will meet,—a night—  
and you will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe  
away a breath  
And know the end of strife, and taste  
the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile  
without a tear,  
And work, nor care nor rest, and find  
the last the best.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

SCHOOL DAYS

Lord, let me make this rule:  
To think of life as school,  
And try my best  
To stand each test,  
And do my work  
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine  
This dullard head of mine,  
Should I be sad?  
I will be glad.  
To do my best  
Is thy behest.

If weary with my book  
I cast a wistful look  
Where posies grow,  
Oh, let me know  
That flowers within  
Are best to win.

Dost take my book away  
Anon to let me play,  
And let me out  
To run about?  
I grateful bless  
Thee for recess.

Then recess past, alack,  
I turn me slowly back,  
On my hard bench,  
My hands to clench,  
And set my heart  
To learn my part.

These lessons thou dost give  
To teach me how to live,  
To do, to bear,  
To get and share,  
To work and pray  
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask  
To choose my daily task,  
Thou hast decreed  
To meet my need.  
What pleases thee  
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,  
Some day my heart will bound,  
As with a shout,  
That school is out,  
And, lessons done,  
I homeward run.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

CATHOLIC LOVE

Weary of all this wordy strife,  
These notions, forms, and modes, and  
names,  
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Whose love my simple heart inflames,  
Divinely taught, at last I fly,  
With Thee, and Thine, to live and die.

Redeemed by Thine almighty grace,  
I taste my glorious liberty,  
With open arms the world embrace,  
But cleave to those who cleave to  
Thee;  
But only in thy saints delight,  
Who walk with God in purest white.

My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,  
Who do my heavenly Father's will;  
Who aim at perfect holiness,  
And all Thy counsels to fulfill,  
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art  
And love their God with all their heart.  
—Charles Wesley.

## WHAT MATTER

What matter, friend, though you and I  
 May sow and others gather?  
 We build and others occupy,  
 Each laboring for the other?  
 What though we toil from sun to sun,  
 And men forget to flatter  
 The noblest work our hands have done—  
 If God approves, what matter?

What matter, though we sow in tears,  
 And crops fail at the reaping?  
 What though the fruit of patient years  
 Fast perish in our keeping?  
 Upon our hoarded treasures, floods  
 Arise, and tempests scatter—  
 If faith beholds, beyond the clouds,  
 A clearer sky, what matter?

What matter, though our castles fall,  
 And disappear while building;  
 Though "strange handwritings on the  
 wall"

Flame out amid the gilding?  
 Though every idol of the heart  
 The hand of death may shatter,  
 Though hopes decay and friends depart,  
 If heaven be ours, what matter?

—H. W. Teller.

## JOHN WESLEY

In those clear, piercing, piteous eyes  
 behold  
 The very soul that over England  
 flamed!  
 Deep, pure, intense; consuming shame  
 and ill;  
 Convicting men of sin; making faith live;  
 And,—this the mightiest miracle of all,—  
 Creating God again in human hearts.

What courage of the flesh and of the  
 spirit!  
 How grim of wit, when wit alone might  
 serve!

What wisdom his to know the boundless  
 might

Of banded effort in a world like ours!  
 How meek, how self-forgetful, cour-  
 teous, calm!

A silent figure when men idly raged  
 In murderous anger; calm, too, in the  
 storm,—

Storm of the spirit, strangely imminent,  
 When spiritual lightnings struck men  
 down

And brought, by violence, the sense of  
 sin,

And violently oped the gates of peace.

O hear that voice, which rang from  
 dawn to night,  
 In church and abbey whose most an-  
 cient walls  
 Not for a thousand years such accents  
 knew!  
 On windy hilltops; by the roaring sea;  
 'Mid tombs, in market-places, prisons,  
 fields;  
 'Mid clamor, vile attack,—or deep-awed  
 hush,  
 Wherein celestial visitants drew near  
 And secret ministered to troubled souls!

Hear ye, O hear! that ceaseless-pleading  
 voice,  
 Which storm, nor suffering, nor age  
 could still—  
 Chief prophet voice through nigh a  
 century's span!  
 Now silvery as Zion's dove that mourns,  
 Now quelling as the Archangel's judg-  
 ment trump,  
 And ever with a sound like that of old  
 Which, in the desert, shook the wander-  
 ing tribes,  
 Or, round about storied Jerusalem,  
 Or by Gennesaret, or Jordan, spake  
 The words of life.

Let not that image fade  
 Ever, O God! from out the minds of  
 men,  
 Of him thy messenger and stainless  
 priest,  
 In a brute, sodden, and unfaithful time,  
 Early and late, o'er land and sea,  
 on-driven;  
 In youth, in eager manhood, age  
 extreme,—  
 Driven on forever, back and forth the  
 world,  
 By that divine, omnipotent desire—  
 The hunger and the passion for men's  
 souls!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

"WITH WHOM IS NO  
 VARIABleness"

It fortifies my soul to know  
 That, though I perish, Truth is so:  
 That, howsoever I stray and range,  
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
 I steadier step when I recall  
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.  
 —Arthur Hugh Clough.

HER GLADNESS

My darling went  
 Unto the seaside long ago. Content  
 I stayed at home, for O, I was so glad  
 Of all the little outings that she had!  
 I knew she needed rest. I loved to stay  
 At home a while that she might go away.  
 "How beautiful the sea! How she  
 enjoys  
 The music of the waves! No care  
 annoys  
 Her pleasures," thought I; "O, it is so  
 good  
 That she can rest a while. I wish she  
 could  
 Stay till the autumn leaves are turning  
 red."  
 "Stay longer, sister," all my letters  
 said.  
 "If you are growing stronger every day,  
 I am so very glad to have you stay."

My darling went  
 To heaven long ago. Am I content  
 To stay at home? Why can I not be  
 glad  
 Of all the glories that she there has had?  
 She needed change. Why am I loath  
 to stay  
 And do her work and let her go away?  
 The land is lovely where her feet have  
 been;  
 Why do I not rejoice that she has seen  
 Its beauties first? That she will show  
 to me  
 The City Beautiful? Is it so hard to be  
 Happy that she is happy? Hard to  
 know  
 She learns so much each day that helps  
 her so?  
 Why can I not each night and morning  
 say,  
 "I am so glad that she is glad to-day?"

"OUT OF REACH"

You think them "out of reach," your  
 dead?  
 Nay, by my own dead, I deny  
 Your "out of reach."—Be comforted;  
 'Tis not so far to die.  
 O by their dear remembered smiles,  
 And outheld hands and welcoming  
 speech,  
 They wait for us, thousands of miles  
 This side of "out of reach."  
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING

I lift my head and walk my ways  
 Before the world without a tear,  
 And bravely unto those I meet  
 I smile a message of good cheer;  
 I give my lips to laugh and song,  
 And somehow get me through each  
 day;  
 But, oh, the tremble in my heart  
 Since she has gone away!  
 Her feet had known the stinging thorns,  
 Her eyes the blistering tears;  
 Bent were her shoulders with the weight  
 And sorrow of the years;  
 The lines were deep upon her brow,  
 Her hair was thin and gray;  
 And, oh, the tremble in my heart  
 Since she has gone away!  
 I am not sorry; I am glad;  
 I would not have her here again;  
 God gave her strength life's bitter cup  
 Unto the bitterest dreg to drain;  
 I will not have less strength than she,  
 I proudly tread my stony way;  
 But, oh, the tremble in my heart  
 Since she has gone away!

IN THE HOSPITAL

I lay me down to sleep  
 With little thought or care  
 Whether my waking find  
 Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,  
 That only asks to rest,  
 Unquestioning, upon  
 A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
 Its cunning now;  
 To march the weary march  
 I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
 Nor strong—all that is past;  
 I'm ready not to do  
 At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,  
 And this is all my part;  
 I give a patient God  
 My patient heart,

And grasp his banner still,  
 Though all its blue be dim;  
 These stripes, no less than stars,  
 Lead after Him.

—M. W. Howland.

## FATHER OF MERCIES

Father of mercies, thy children have  
wandered

Far from thy bosom, their home;  
Most of their portion of goods they have  
squandered;

Farther and farther they roam.

We are thy children, and we have  
departed

To the lone country afar,  
We would arise, we come back broken-  
hearted;

Take us back just as we are.

Not for the ring or the robe we entreat  
thee,

Nor for high place at the feast;  
Only to see thee, to touch thee, to greet  
thee,

Ranked with the last and the least.

But for thy mercy we dare not accost  
thee,

But for thy Son who has come  
Seeking his brothers who left thee and  
lost thee,

Seeking to gather them home.

Father of mercies, thy holiness awes us;  
Yet thou dost wait to receive!

Jesus, the light of thy countenance  
charms us,

Father of him, we believe.

Back in the home of thy heart, may we  
labor

Others to bring from the wild,  
Counting each creature that needs us  
our neighbor,

Claiming each soul as thy child.

—Robert F. Horton.

## ANGELS

How shall we tell an angel

From another guest?

How, from common worldly herd,  
One of the blest?

Hint of suppressed halo,

Rustle of hidden wings,

Wafture of heavenly frankincense—

Which of these things?

The old Sphinx smiles so subtly:

"I give no golden rule—

Yet would I warn thee, World: treat well

Whom thou call'st fool."

—Gertrude Hall.

## HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,

My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrip of joy, immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory, hope's true gage;

And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;

No other balm will there be given;

Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,

Traveleth toward the land of heaven;

Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the nectar fountains,

There will I kiss

The bowl of bliss,

And drink mine everlasting fill

Upon every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before;

But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,

More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

That have cast off their rags of clay,

And walk appareled fresh like me.

I'll take them first

To quench their thirst

And taste of nectar suckets,

At those clear wells

Where sweetness dwells,

Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

## OUR WORDS

O Sentinel at the loose-swung door of  
my impetuous lips,

Guard close to-day! Make sure no  
word unjust or cruel slips

In anger forth, by folly spurred or  
armed with envy's whips;

Keep clear the way to-day.

And Watchman on the cliff-scarred  
heights that lead from heart to  
mind,

When wolf-thoughts clothed in guile's  
soft fleece creep up, O be not blind!

But may they pass whose foreheads  
bear the glowing seal-word, "kind";

Bid them Godspeed, I pray.

And Warden of my soul's stained house,  
where love and hate are born,

O make it clean, if swept must be with  
pain's rough broom of thorn!

And quiet impose, so straining ears with  
world-din racked and torn,

May catch what God doth say.

A GOOD MAN

A good man never dies—  
 In worthy deed and prayer,  
 And helpful hands, and honest eyes,  
 If smiles or tears be there;  
 Who lives for you and me—  
 Lives for the world he tries  
 To help—he lives eternally.  
 A good man never dies.

Who lives to bravely take  
 His share of toil and stress,  
 And, for his weaker fellows' sake  
 Makes every burden less—  
 He may, at last, seem worn—  
 Lie fallen—hands and eyes  
 Folded—yet, though we mourn and  
 mourn,  
 A good man never dies.  
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

THE IMMANENT GOD

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,  
 A crystal and a cell,  
 A jellyfish and a saurian,  
 And caves where the cavemen dwell;  
 Then a sense of law and beauty,  
 And a face turned from the clod—  
 Some call it Evolution  
 And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
 The infinite, tender sky,  
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
 And the wild geese sailing high—  
 And all over upland and lowland  
 The charm of the golden rod—  
 Some of us call it Autumn,  
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,  
 When the moon is new and thin,  
 Into our hearts high yearnings  
 Come welling and surging in—  
 Come from the mystic ocean,  
 Whose rim no foot has trod—  
 Some of us call it Longing,  
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—  
 A mother starved for her brood—  
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
 And Jesus on the rood;  
 And millions who, humble and nameless,  
 The straight, hard pathway trod—  
 Some call it Consecration,  
 And others call it God.  
 —William Herbert Carruth.

THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP

Do you go to my school?  
 Yes, you go to my school,  
 And we've learned the big lesson—Be  
 strong!  
 And to front the loud noise  
 With a spirit of poise,  
 And drown down the noise with a song.  
 We have spelled the first line in the  
 Primer of Fate;  
 We have spelled it, and dare not to  
 shirk—  
 For its first and its greatest command-  
 ment to men  
 Is "Work, and rejoice in your work."  
 Who is learned in this Primer will not  
 be a fool—  
 You are one of my classmates. You go  
 to my school.

You belong to my club?  
 Yes, you're one of my club,  
 And this is our program and plan:  
 To each do his part  
 To look into the heart  
 And get at the good that's in man.  
 Detectives of virtue and spies of the  
 good  
 And sleuth-hounds of righteousness  
 we.  
 Look out there, my brother! we're hot  
 on your trail,  
 We'll find out how good you can be.  
 We would drive from our hearts the  
 snake, tiger, and cub;  
 We're the Lodge of the Lovers. You're  
 one of my club.

You belong to my church?  
 Yes, you go to my church—  
 Our names on the same old church roll—  
 The tide-waves of God  
 We believe are abroad  
 And flow into the creeks of each soul.  
 And the vessel we sail on is strong as  
 the sea  
 That buffets and blows it about;  
 For the sea is God's sea as the ship is  
 God's ship,  
 So we know not the meaning of doubt;  
 And we know howsoever the vessel may  
 lurch  
 We've a Pilot to trust in. You go to  
 my church.  
 —Sam Walter Foss.

Never elated while one man's oppressed;  
 Never dejected while another's blessed.  
 —Alexander Pope.



## THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

There's a craze among us mortals that  
 is cruel hard to name;  
 Wheresoe'er you find a human you will  
 find the case the same;  
 You may seek among the worst of men  
 or seek among the best,  
 And you'll find that every person is  
 precisely like the rest:  
 Each believes his real calling is along  
 some other line  
 Than the one at which he's working—  
 take, for instance, yours and mine.  
 From the meanest "me-too" creature to  
 the leader of the mob,  
 There's a universal craving for "the  
 other fellow's job."

There are millions of positions in the  
 busy world to-day,  
 Each a drudge to him who holds it, but  
 to him who doesn't, play;  
 Every farmer's broken-hearted that in  
 youth he missed his call,  
 While that same unhappy farmer is the  
 envy of us all.  
 Any task you care to mention seems a  
 vastly better lot  
 Than the one especial something which  
 you happen to have got.  
 There's but one sure way to smother  
 Envy's heartache and her sob:  
 Keep too busy at your own to want  
 "the other fellow's job."

—Strickland W. Gilliland.

## THE SCORN OF JOB

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"

The patriarch spoke in scorn.  
 What would he think of the Church were  
 he shown

Heathendom—huge, forlorn,  
 Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,  
 While the Church's ailment is fullness  
 of bread,  
 Eating her morsel alone?

"Freely as ye have received, so give,"

He bade who hath given us all.  
 How shall the soul in us longer live  
 Deaf to their starving call,  
 For whom the blood of the Lord was  
 shed,  
 And his body broken to give them  
 bread,

If we eat our morsel alone?

—Archbishop Alexander.

## GREATNESS

What makes a man great? Is it houses  
 and lands?

Is it argosies dropping their wealth at  
 his feet?

Is it multitudes shouting his name in  
 the street?

Is it power of brain? Is it skill of hand?  
 Is it writing a book? Is it guiding the  
 State?

Nay, nay, none of these can make a  
 man great.

The crystal burns cold with its beautiful  
 fire,

And is what it is; it can never be  
 more;

The acorn, with something wrapped  
 warm at the core,

In quietness says, "To the oak I aspire."  
 That something in seed and in tree is  
 the same—

What makes a man great is his great-  
 ness of aim.

What is greatness of aim? Your pur-  
 pose to trim

For bringing the world to obey your  
 behest?

O no, it is seeking God's perfect and  
 best,

Making something the same both in  
 you and in him.

Love what he loves, and, child of the  
 sod,

Already you share in the greatness of  
 God.

—Samuel V. Cole.

## A SAFE FIRM

When the other firms show dizziness

Here's a house that does not share it.  
 Wouldn't you like to join the business?

Join the firm of Grin and Barrett?

Give your strength that does not  
 murmur,

And your nerve that does not falter,  
 And you've joined a house that's firmer

Than the old rock of Gibraltar.

They have won a good prosperity;

Why not join the firm and share it?

Step, young fellow, with celerity;

Join the firm of Grin and Barrett.

Grin and Barrett,

Who can scare it?

Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

—Sam Walter Foss.

## JOHN MILTON

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this  
hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a  
fen

Of stagnant waters: altars, sword, and  
pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English  
dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men.

O! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt  
apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
like the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
free,

So didst thou travel on life's common  
way,

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy  
heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.  
—William Wordsworth.

## SUMMUM BONUM

For radiant health I praise not when I  
pray,

Nor for routine of toil well-pleasing  
every way,

Though these gifts, Lord, more priceless  
grow each day.

Not for congenial comrades, garnered  
store

Of worldly wealth, nor vision that sees  
o'er

Such sordid mass, mind's plumèd eagles  
soar.

Not even, Lord, for love that eases  
stress

Of storm, contention, hope's uncon-  
querableness,

Nor faith's abiding peace, nor works  
that bless.

But this, dear Lord, stir inner depths  
divine,

That day by day, though slowly! line  
on line

My will begins—begins—to merge in  
thine.  
—Charles L. Story.

## THE AIM

O Thou who lovest not alone  
The swift success, the instant goal,  
But hast a lenient eye to mark  
The failures of the inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth—  
The mean achievement, scamped in  
act—

The high resolve and low result,  
The dream that durst not face the  
fact.

But count the reach of my desire—  
Let this be something in thy sight;  
I have not, in the slothful dark,  
Forgot the vision and the height.

Neither my body nor my soul  
To earth's low ease will yield consent.  
I praise thee for the will to strive;  
I bless thy goad and discontent.  
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

## SAY SOMETHING GOOD

When over the fair fame of friend or  
foe

The shadow of disgrace shall fall,  
instead

Of words of blame or proof of thus and  
so,

Let something good be said!

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his  
head;

Even the cheek of shame with tears is  
wet,

If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn  
aside

In ways of sympathy; no soul so  
dead

But may awaken, strong and glori-  
fied,

If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny  
crown,

And by the cross on which the  
Saviour bled,

And by your own soul's hope of fair  
renown,

Let something good be said!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## WHEN TO BE HAPPY

Why do we cling to the skirts of sorrow?  
 Why do we cloud with care the brow?  
 Why do we wait for a glad to-morrow—  
 Why not gladden the precious Now?  
 Eden is yours! Would you dwell within  
 it?

Change men's grief to a gracious  
 smile,  
 And thus have heaven here this minute  
 And not far-off in the afterwhile.

Life, at most, is a fleeting bubble,  
 Gone with the puff of an angel's  
 breath.

Why should the dim hereafter trouble  
 Souls this side of the gates of death?  
 The crown is yours! Would you care  
 to win it?

Plant a song in the hearts that sigh,  
 And thus have heaven here this minute  
 And not far-off in the by-and-by.

Find the soul's high place of beauty,  
 Not in a man-made book of creeds,  
 But where desire ennoble duty  
 And life is full of your kindly deeds.  
 The bliss is yours! Would you fain  
 begin it?

Pave with love each golden mile,  
 And thus have heaven here this minute  
 And not far-off in the afterwhile.

—Nixon Waterman.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts  
 that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle  
 peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just,  
 and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy  
 country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's.

—William Shakespeare.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and ven-  
 omous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
 And this our life, exempt from public  
 haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the  
 running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every-  
 thing.

—William Shakespeare.

## WORSHIP

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced choir below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine  
 ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.  
 —John Milton.

## Give us men!

Strong and stalwart ones:

Men whom highest hope inspires,  
 Men whom purest honor fires,  
 Men who trample Self beneath them,  
 Men who make their country wreath  
 them

As her noble sons,

Worthy of their sires,

Men who never shame their mothers,  
 Men who never fail their brothers;  
 True, however false are others:

Give us Men—I say again,

Give us Men!

—Bishop of Exeter.

I will not doubt though all my ships at  
 sea

Come drifting home with broken  
 masts and sails,

I will believe the Hand which never  
 fails,

From seeming evil worketh good for  
 me;

And though I weep because those sails  
 are tattered,

Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie  
 shattered,

"I trust in Thee."

The wounds I might have healed,  
 The human sorrow and smart!

And yet it never was in my soul

To play so ill a part.

But evil is wrought by want of thought  
 As well as want of heart.

—Thomas Hood.

## DON'T FEAR—GOD'S NEAR!

Feel glum? Keep mum.  
 Don't grumble. Be humble.  
 Trials cling? Just sing.  
 Can't sing? Just cling.  
 Don't fear—God's near!  
 Money goes—He knows.  
 Honor left—Not bereft.  
 Don't rust—Work! Trust!  
 —Ernest Bournier Allen.

A rose to the living is more  
 Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;  
 In filling love's infinite store,  
 A rose to the living is more,  
 If graciously given before  
 The hungering spirit is fled—  
 A rose to the living is more  
 Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

Canst thou see no beauty nigh?  
 Cure thy dull, distempered eye.  
 Canst thou no sweet music hear?  
 Tune thy sad, discordant ear.  
 Earth has beauty everywhere  
 If the eye that sees is fair.  
 Earth has music to delight  
 If the ear is tuned aright.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

Anew we pledge ourselves to Thee,  
 To follow where thy Truth shall lead;  
 Afloat upon its boundless sea,  
 Who sails with God is safe indeed.

O, though oft depressed and lonely  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died.

It was only a glad "Good morning,"  
 As she passed along the way;  
 But it spread the morning's glory  
 Over the livelong day.

For the right against the wrong,  
 For the weak against the strong,  
 For the poor who've waited long,  
 For the brighter age to be.

## RECOMPENSE

The gifts that to our breasts we fold  
 Are brightened by our losses.  
 The sweetest joys a heart can hold  
 Grow up between its crosses.  
 And on life's pathway many a mile  
 Is made more glad and cheery,  
 Because, for just a little while,  
 The way seemed dark and dreary.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

Wherever now a sorrow stands,  
 'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands.  
 In every lonely lane and street,  
 'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—  
 'Tis mine to roll away the stone  
 And warm His heart against my own.  
 Here, here on earth I find it all—  
 The young archangels, white and tall,  
 The Golden City and the doors,  
 And all the shining of the floors!

I sent my soul through the Invisible,  
 Some letter of that After-life to spell;  
 And by and by my soul returned to me,  
 And answered, "I myself am Heaven  
 and Hell."  
 —Omar Khayyam.

Count that day really worse than lost  
 You might have made divine,  
 Through which you scattered lots of  
 frost  
 And ne'er a speck of shine.  
 —Nixon Waterman.

O, the little birds sang east, and the  
 little birds sang west,  
 And I smiled to think God's greatness  
 flowed around our incompleteness,  
 Round our restlessness, His rest.  
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

If by one word I help another,  
 A struggling and despairing brother,  
 Or ease one bed of pain;  
 If I but aid some sad one weeping,  
 Or comfort one, lone vigil keeping,  
 I have not lived in vain.

## INDEX TO AUTHORS

- Adams, Sarah F., 214.  
 Addison, Joseph, 251, 266.  
 Æschylus, 94.  
 Akers, Elizabeth, 101.  
 Albert of Brandenburg, 216.  
 Alcott, L. M., 25.  
 Aldrich, Anne R., 155.  
 Aldrich, Thomas B., 146.  
 Alexander, Archbishop, 284.  
 Alexander, Cecil Frances, 36, 249.  
 Alford, Henry, 17, 187.  
 Alger, William R., 114, 130, 207, 227.  
 Allen, Ernest B., 287.  
 Allen, Freda H., 92.  
 Ames, Charles G., 121, 276.  
 Anstice, Joseph, 195.  
 Arabic, from the, 112, 130, 157, 218, 218.  
 Archilochos, 92.  
 Arnold, Edwin, 30, 34, 47, 112, 177, 183, 232, 266.  
 Arnold, Matthew, 1, 7, 12, 93, 234, 266  
 Atkinson, Mary E., 125.  
 Austin, Alfred, 112, 253.  
 Babcock, Maltbie D., 278, 278, 278, 279, 279.  
 Bailey, Philip J., 186, 264.  
 Baillie, Joanna, 17.  
 Baker, Henry W., 247.  
 Banks, George L., 250.  
 Barbauld, Anna L., 276.  
 Barker, Noah, 33.  
 Barr, Lillian E., 210.  
 Barry, Michael J., 12.  
 Bathurst, William H., 180.  
 Baxter, Richard, 79, 87, 106.  
 Beattie, James, 99.  
 Beatty, Pakenham, 22.  
 Bernard of Clairvaux, 235, 236.  
 Bethune, George W., 272.  
 Bickersteth, Edward H., 90.  
 Blake, William, 263.  
 Bliss, Philip Paul, 120.  
 Bode, John E., 247.  
 Bolton, Sarah K., 1, 35, 37, 48, 63, 73, 77, 105, 111, 178, 199, 256.  
 Bonar, Horatius, 26, 43, 83, 90, 91, 93, 101, 151, 153, 254, 260.  
 Borthwick, J., 212.  
 Bradley, Helen, 242.  
 Brainard, Mary G., 192.  
 Bridges, Madeline S., 257.  
 Bridges, Robert, 100.  
 Brontë, Emily, 21, 23.  
 Brooke, Stopford A., 261.  
 Brooks, Charles T., 60, 142.  
 Brooks, Phillips, 137.  
 Brown, Brownlee, 271.  
 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 64, 65, 93, 114, 127, 158, 161, 231, 262, 269, 287.  
 Browning, Ophelia G., 124, 213.  
 Browning, Robert, 3, 16, 21, 21, 25, 31, 33, 34, 39, 40, 40, 40, 40, 64, 120, 148, 162, 176, 182, 183, 208, 208, 214, 232, 264, 264, 266, 268, 268, 269, 270.  
 Bryant, William C., 14, 76, 265.  
 Buckham, James, 54, 87.  
 Bunyan, John, 96.  
 Burgess, Frank G., 181.  
 Burleigh, George S., 127.  
 Burleigh, William H., 196.  
 Burns, James D., 228.  
 Burns, Robert, 24, 68, 102, 263.  
 Burr, William N., 60.  
 Burroughs, John, 171.  
 Burton, Henry, 84, 171, 221, 238.  
 Burton, John, 126.  
 Butler, Mary, 117.  
 Butts, Mary F., 198.  
 Byrd, William, 104.  
 Byrom, John, 106.  
 Byron, George Gordon, 1, 38, 122.  
 Carlyle, Thomas, 255.  
 Carruth, William H., 283.  
 Cary, Alice, 38, 146.  
 Caswall, Edward, 87, 235.  
 Chadwick, John W., 210, 275.  
 Charles, Elizabeth R., 72, 172.  
 Cheney, John Vance, 27, 111, 113, 113, 274, 276.  
 Clark, Luella, 125.  
 Clarke, James Freeman, 38, 69, 73, 130, 203, 218, 220, 263.  
 Clough, Arthur Hugh, 172, 280.  
 Cole, Samuel V., 284.  
 Coleridge, Hartley, 124, 184.  
 Coleridge, Samuel T., 33, 130.  
 Colesworthy, D. C., 8, 19.  
 Conder, Josiah, 112.  
 Cook, Eliza, 102, 253.  
 Cook, Mary Ann W., 110, 183.  
 Cooke, Edmund Vance, 5.  
 Cooke, Rose Terry, 52.  
 Coolidge, Susan, 47, 131, 174, 214, 229, 263.  
 Coppee, Francois, 43.  
 Corneille, Pierre, 121.  
 Cotton, 198.  
 Cousin, Annie R., 274.  
 Cowper, William, 98, 108, 126, 159, 193, 203, 223, 266.  
 Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, 18, 239.  
 Coyle, Henry, 34, 144.  
 Craik, Dinah M. M., 13, 48, 142, 165, 273, 273.  
 Cranch, Christopher P., 25, 85, 256, 265.  
 Crashaw, Richard, 133.  
 Crewdson, Jane, 140.  
 Crosby, Ernest, 2.  
 Custis, Gertrude B., 196.  
 Cutler, William, 45.

Dandridge, Danske, 277.  
 Daniel, Samuel, 13.  
 Davies, John, 139.  
 Davies, William, 262.  
 Davis, Thomas, 260.  
 Deems, Charles F., 188, 194.  
 Denny, Edward, 241.  
 Dessler, Wolfgang C., 237.  
 De Vere, Aubrey T., 159.  
 Dewart, Edward H., 12, 42.  
 Dickenga, I. E., 259.  
 Dickinson, Mary Lowe, 186, 254.  
 Doddridge, Philip, 205, 249, 261.  
 Dorr, Julia C. R., 54, 98.  
 Duffield, Samuel W., 128.  
 Dryden, John, 262, 266.  
 Dwight, John S., 92.  
 Dyer, Edward, 104.  
  
 Egerton, J. A., 77.  
 Eliot, George, 51.  
 Elliott, Charlotte, 124, 207, 213.  
 Elliott, Ebenezer, 75.  
 Elwood, Thomas, 118.  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 3, 6, 7, 11, 13, 20,  
 27, 32, 49, 106, 220, 203.  
 Exeter, Bishop of, 286.  
  
 Faber, F. W., 69, 101, 119, 119, 128, 141,  
 155, 165, 171, 181, 186, 207, 209, 223, 224,  
 225, 231, 234, 237, 242.  
 Farningham, Marianne, 6.  
 Farrar, F. W., 167.  
 Fawcett, Edgar, 8.  
 Felkin, Ellen T. F., 148.  
 Fleming, Paul, 88, 198.  
 Fletcher, Julia A., 69.  
 Ford, C. L., 240.  
 Foss, Sam. Walter, 66, 95, 283, 284.  
 Freckleton, Thomas W., 61.  
 Fuller, B. A. G., 171.  
  
 Gammons, Susan E., 256.  
 Gannett, William C., 229, 266.  
 Gaskell, Eliza C., 190, 195.  
 Gay, John, 40.  
 Gedicke, L., 201.  
 Gellert, Christian F., 194.  
 Gerhardt, Paul, 172, 193, 215, 220.  
 German, from the, 104, 160, 218, 249.  
 Gibbs, Sarah A., 45.  
 Gilder, R. W., 18, 26, 26, 33, 141, 156, 168,  
 244, 263, 280.  
 Gilliland, Strickland W., 284.  
 Gilmore, James Roberts, 261.  
 Gladden, Washington, 131.  
 Goethe, Johann W. von, 45, 76, 115, 208, 250,  
 255.  
 Goode, J. B., 161.  
 Goode, Kate T., 34.  
 Grannis, G. M., 60.  
 Gray, George Z., 110.  
 Greek, from the, 92, 94, 129, 263.  
 Green, Frances L., 9.  
 Greg, Samuel, 181.  
 Grosart, Alexander B., 118.  
 Guyon, Madame, 82, 82, 87, 104, 131, 186.

Hafiz, 65.  
 Hagenbach, Charles R., 187.  
 Hale, E. E., 176.  
 Hall, Gertrude, 282.  
 Hamilton, 102.  
 Hamilton, Anna E., 185, 246.  
 Harding, Edward, 196.  
 Harte, Francis Bret, 211.  
 Hatch, Edwin, 121.  
 Havergal, Frances R., 81, 82, 85, 90, 109,  
 138, 153, 204, 215.  
 Hawes, Annie M. L., 37.  
 Hawks, Annie S., 224.  
 Hay, John, 23, 25, 47, 217.  
 Hay, William, 92.  
 Heber, Reginald, 5.  
 Hebrew, from the, 277.  
 Hedge, Frederick H., 16.  
 Henley, William Ernest, 23.  
 Herbert, George, 21, 64, 94, 97, 111, 203,  
 219, 223, 227, 228, 241, 242.  
 Herder, Johann G. von, 203.  
 Herford, Oliver, 262.  
 Herrick, Robert, 98, 186.  
 Higginson, Thomas W., 107.  
 Hill, Aaron, 21.  
 Hodgkins, Louise M., 80, 179.  
 Holland, J. G., 22, 115, 162.  
 Holm, Saxe, 97.  
 Holmes, Oliver W., 20, 116, 168, 221, 268.  
 Homer, 129.  
 Hood, Thomas, 286.  
 Hooper, Ellen S., 49.  
 Horace, 262.  
 Horton, Robert F., 282.  
 Hosmer, Frederick L., 44, 157, 207, 226, 231.  
 Hovey, Richard, 148.  
 Howe, Martha P., 70.  
 Howells, W. D., 140, 278.  
 Howland, M. W., 281.  
 Huckel, Oliver, 144.  
 Hughes, Thomas, 81.  
 Hugo, Victor, 176, 198.  
  
 Ingalls, John J., 261.  
 Ingelow, Jean, 37, 39, 187.  
  
 Jackson, Helen Hunt, 95, 163.  
 Japanese, from the, 155.  
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 134, 266.  
 Johnson, Samuel, 97, 149.  
 Judson, Adoniram, 18.  
  
 Keble, John, 26, 67, 113, 180, 231, 232.  
 Kemble, Frances Anne, 198.  
 Ken, Thomas, 102.  
 Key, Francis Scott, 247.  
 Khayyam, Omar, 253, 287.  
 Kimball, Harriet McEwen, 163, 231.  
 Kingsley, Charles, 30.  
 Kinney, L., 269.  
 Kipling, Rudyard, 39, 96.  
 Kiser, Samuel E., 140.  
 Knowles, Frederic Lawrence, 18, 117, 166,  
 197, 222, 274, 275.  
  
 Langbridge, F., 86.  
 Lansdowne, Henry P. F., 103.  
 Larcom, Lucy, 74, 161.

- Latin, from the, 262, 266.  
 Legge, Arthur E. J., 30.  
 Leighton, Robert, 48, 232.  
 Littlewood, W. E., 235.  
 Lloyd, William F., 189.  
 Logau, Friedrich von, 81.  
 Longfellow, Henry W., 2, 12, 27, 27, 35, 39, 39, 42, 47, 76, 77, 93, 102, 114, 114, 132, 141, 149, 162, 164, 169, 213, 218, 220, 251, 266, 274.  
 Longfellow, Samuel, 167, 178.  
 Longstaff, W. D., 136.  
 Lovelace, Richard, 24.  
 Lowell, James R., 4, 13, 17, 18, 21, 21, 26, 27, 35, 35, 38, 39, 40, 40, 48, 49, 62, 65, 65, 93, 107, 119, 161, 161, 161, 165, 167, 171, 186, 208, 220, 231.  
 Loyola, Ignatius, 87.  
 Luff, William, 180.  
 Luther, Martin, 6, 16.  
 Lynch, Thomas T., 158.  
 Lyon, Ernest N., 31.  
 Lyra Catholica, 95.  
 Lyte, Henry F., 83, 190, 192.  
 Lytton, Edward Bulwer, 27, 28, 234.  
 Macdonald, George, 58, 63, 99, 107, 117, 125, 159, 199, 211, 219, 219, 220, 220, 230, 230, 253.  
 Mackay, Charles, 7, 24, 51, 74, 78, 109, 212, 267.  
 MacLaughlin, Bessie Pegg, 218.  
 Macleod, Norman, 18.  
 Malan, A. H. C., 272.  
 Malone, Walter, 259.  
 March, Daniel, 61.  
 Markham, Edwin, 39.  
 Martin, Edward S., 11, 70, 168.  
 Marvin, Frederic Rowland, 65, 68, 87, 94, 94, 129, 155, 169, 169, 186, 208, 220, 274, 277, 279.  
 Mason, Caroline Atherton, 50, 53, 80, 108, 159, 219, 226.  
 Mason, Mary J., 86.  
 Massey, Gerald, 48, 153, 166, 170.  
 Matheson, George, 234.  
 Maxfield, J. J., 179.  
 Mayer, R. F., 194.  
 McCreery, J. C., 270.  
 Meredith, George, 65.  
 Messenger, John A., 6.  
 Metastasio, Pietro, 114.  
 Miller, Joaquin, 5, 13.  
 Milman, Constance, 137.  
 Milnes, Moncton, 218.  
 Milton, John, 175, 259, 286.  
 Monod, Theodore, 85, 118.  
 Monsell, John S. B., 159, 244.  
 Montgomery, James, 127, 134, 262.  
 Moore, Thomas, 86, 100, 118, 155.  
 More, Hannah, 137.  
 Morris, Lewis, 21.  
 Morse, Sydney H., 12.  
 Moulton, Louise C., 134, 271.  
 Mudge, James, 144, 206, 208, 209, 224, 228, 232, 249, 258, 270.  
 Muleykeh, 72.  
 Mulholland, Rosa, 120.  
 Murray, Charlotte, 183.  
 Neumarch, George, 189.  
 Newell, William, 143.  
 Newman, John H., 15, 64, 86, 100, 181.  
 Newton, John, 91, 151, 184, 185, 235, 249.  
 Noble, L. Gray, 55.  
 Norris, Alfred, 98.  
 North, Frank Mason, 76, 248.  
 Novalis, 238.  
 Oberlin, Jean F., 82.  
 Offord, Robert M., 71, 121.  
 O'Reilly, John Boyle, 21, 37, 40, 44, 78, 78, 92, 122, 132, 163, 265.  
 Osgood, Frances S., 65.  
 Ovid, 266.  
 Palfrey, Sara H., 78.  
 Palmer, Ray, 236, 245.  
 Parker, John, 208.  
 Peabody, Josephine P., 176.  
 Pearce, 158.  
 Persian, from the, 27, 34, 38, 40, 40, 65, 72, 73, 94, 94, 99, 109, 114, 122, 130, 142, 147, 166, 207, 220, 227, 231, 232, 253, 263, 266, 266, 266, 267, 277.  
 Pigott, Jean Sophia, 210.  
 Pomfret, John, 162.  
 Pope, Alexander, 32, 36, 39, 40, 73, 123, 225, 283.  
 Pratt, Agnes L., 161.  
 Preston, Margaret J., 248, 271.  
 Procter, Adelaide Anne, 29, 32, 39, 68, 140, 156, 192.  
 Proctor, Edna Dean, 11.  
 Quarles, Francis, 17, 65, 85, 137, 159.  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 282.  
 Ray, Maude L., 51.  
 Reese, Lizette W., 13.  
 Richardson, Charles F., 125, 163.  
 Riley, James W., 38, 102, 105, 167, 216, 264, 281, 283, 285.  
 Roberts, Charles G. D., 232, 285.  
 Robertson, William, 174.  
 Robinson, Annie D., 103.  
 Rodigast, S., 188.  
 Rogers, Samuel, 162.  
 Romanes, George J., 265.  
 Rossetti, Christina G., 39, 272.  
 Rückert, Friedrich, 148.  
 Russell, W. D., 122.  
 Ryan, Abram J., 32, 35, 133.  
 Ryland, John, 195.  
 Saadi, 73, 94, 220.  
 Salmon, Arthur L., 61.  
 Sangster, Margaret E., 111, 143, 145, 229, 251.  
 Sanskrit, from the, 47, 94, 177, 183.  
 Savage, Minot J., 10.  
 Scandinavian, from the, 68, 208.  
 Schaufler, Robert H., 198.  
 Scheffler, Johann A., 87, 87, 169, 169, 186, 222, 274.  
 Schiller, Johann C. F., 27, 29, 175, 263.  
 Schmolke, Benjamin, 153, 212.  
 Schoener, S. C., 178.  
 Scudder, Eliza, 92, 164.  
 Seabury, J. D., 16.

Shairp, John C., 134.  
 Shakespeare, William, 27, 38, 39, 49, 94, 186,  
 206, 265, 286, 286.  
 Shekelnot, Mary, 239.  
 Sheridan, Richard B., 76.  
 Sherman, Frank D., 229.  
 Shipton, Anna, 252.  
 Shorey, L., 237.  
 Silesius, Angelus, 277.  
 Sill, Edward R., 2, 15, 127, 258, 261, 267, 272.  
 Simpson, Jane C., 135.  
 Smiley, Maurice, 264.  
 Smith, Alexander, 39.  
 Smith, Belle Eugenia, 67.  
 Smith, Elizabeth Oakes, 75.  
 Smith, Henry B., 117.  
 Smith, Mrs. Henry B., 62.  
 Smith, Horace, 254.  
 Smith, Lanta Wilson, 141.  
 Smith, May Louise Riley, 191.  
 Southwell, Robert, 105.  
 Spanish, from the, 114.  
 Spitta, Carl J. P., 190.  
 Stanton, Frank L., 171.  
 Stedman, Edmund C., 218.  
 Sterling, John, 65, 94, 151, 158, 259, 264,  
 265, 265.  
 Stetson, Charlotte Perkins, 9, 25.  
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 151.  
 Stoddard, Richard H., 150.  
 Story, Charles L., 285.  
 Story, William M., 31.  
 Stowe, Harriet B., 88, 223.  
 Sturm, Julius, 157.  
 Swain, Charles, 175.  
 Taylor, George L., 19.  
 Taylor, Henry, 7.  
 Teller, H. W., 280.  
 Tennyson, Alfred, 11, 27, 27, 31, 32, 39, 40,  
 40, 46, 102, 122, 130, 135, 141, 152, 162, 162,  
 168, 169, 172, 180, 186, 186, 231, 232, 232,  
 266, 274.  
 Teresa, St., 114.  
 Thackeray, William M., 39.  
 Thaxter, Celia, 15.  
 Tholuck, Friedrich A. G., 218.  
 Thoreau, Henry D., 120.  
 Torrey, Bradford, 185.  
 Townsend, Mary E., 86.  
 Trench, Richard C., 46, 65, 94, 95, 102, 108,  
 113, 128, 129, 137, 137, 162, 164, 166, 167,  
 169, 169.  
 Troup, Josephine, 53.

Tubbs, Arthur L., 133.  
 Tucker, Mary F., 78.  
 Tupper, Martin F., 181.  
 Urchard, T., 112.  
 Van Dyke, Henry, 53, 76, 263.  
 Van Vliet, Alice, 30.  
 Very, Jones, 99, 226.  
 Wallace, James C., 120.  
 Ward, Elizabeth S. P., 276.  
 Waring, Anna L., 89, 90, 103, 116, 150, 151,  
 169, 177, 217.  
 Warner, Anna B., 81, 243.  
 Wasson, David A., 72.  
 Waterman, Nixon, 46, 69, 78, 114, 140, 148,  
 259, 261, 261, 264, 286, 287, 287, 287, 287.  
 Watson, Jean H., 132.  
 Watson, William, 39, 129.  
 Weldon, Charles, 33.  
 Wells, Amos R., 79, 120, 121, 221, 252, 253,  
 258.  
 Welsh, from the, 137.  
 Wesley, Charles, 37, 80, 81, 118, 121, 147,  
 161, 189, 232, 279.  
 Wesley, John, 87, 164.  
 Wetherald, Agnes E., 53.  
 White, H. Kirke, 211.  
 White, James W., 129.  
 White, John, 145.  
 Whitney, A. D. T., 204.  
 Whittier, John G., 1, 20, 33, 58, 64, 67, 68,  
 70, 78, 78, 88, 93, 97, 102, 102, 122, 141,  
 157, 161, 173, 174, 174, 175, 176, 177, 183,  
 185, 189, 191, 192, 196, 197, 197, 208, 208,  
 216, 232, 233, 264, 268, 271, 275.  
 Whittle, D. W., 206.  
 Wilberforce, Ernest R., 255.  
 Williams, Alice, 217.  
 Williams, Isaac, 193.  
 Williams, Sarah J., 230.  
 Williams, Theodore C., 71.  
 Wilton, R., 135.  
 Wither, George, 99.  
 Wolcott, Julia A., 57.  
 Wordsworth, William, 3, 41, 65, 65, 102, 268,  
 277, 285.  
 Wotton, Henry, 22.  
 Xavier, Francis, 240.  
 Yates, John H., 184.  
 Young, Edward, 40, 44, 147, 232, 255, 263.  
 Zinzendorf, Nicolaus L., 122.



## INDEX TO TITLES

Abiding, 90.  
 Above All, The Shield, 178.  
 According to Thy Will, 214.  
 Acquiescence of Pure Love, The, 87.  
 Adoration, 131.  
 After All, 145.  
 Afterward, 276.  
 Allah's House, 229.  
 All for Jesus, 238.  
 All for the Best, 189.  
 All is Well, 196.  
 All is Yours, 194.  
 All Things in Jesus, 248.  
 All Things Work Good, 196.  
 All's for the Best, 181.  
 All's Well, 71.  
 Along the Way, 52.  
 Altered Motto, The, 118.  
 Although—Yet, 147.  
 Amen, 213.  
 Angels of Grief, 156.  
 Answer to Prayer, 137.  
 Anywhere with Jesus, 246.  
 Approaches, 219.  
 As a Bird in Meadows, 147.  
 As God Will, 217.  
 As He Wills, 214.  
 As it Was to Be, 211.  
 As Thou Wilt, 212.  
 At End, 271.  
 Athanasia, 276.  
 At Last, 270.  
 At Sunset, 251.  
 Battlefield, The, 14.  
 Battles, 13.  
 Be All at Rest, 91.  
 Be Always Giving, 56.  
 Be Careful for Nothing, 192.  
 Be Content, 111.  
 Be Just and Fear Not, 17.  
 Be Kind to Thyself, 168.  
 Be Never Discouraged, 19.  
 Be Not Weary, 180.  
 Be of Good Cheer, 146.  
 Be Still, 88.  
 Be True Thyself, 26.  
 Beautiful Things, 250.  
 Beauty of Holiness, The, 220.  
 Beggar's Revenge, The, 34.  
 Begone, Unbelief, 185.  
 Believe Good Things of God, 180.  
 Believer's Heritage, The, 206.  
 Best that I Can, The, 44.  
 Better than Gold, 32.  
 Better Things, 253.  
 Better Trust, 198.  
 Blessed Face, The, 245.  
 Blessed Lesson, A, 110.

Blessed Thought of God, 226.  
 Blessing, A, 78.  
 Blessing in Prayer, A, 125.  
 Blessing in Tears, A, 152.  
 Blessings Near at Hand, 111.  
 Blessings of Prayer, 126.  
 Blessings, The, 47.  
 Blest is the Faith Divine and Strong,  
 Bravery, 18.  
 Breathe on Me, 121.  
 Bring Every Burden, 143.  
 Bringing Our Sheaves with Us, 101.  
 Broader Field, A, 57.  
 Brotherhood, 70.  
 Builder's Lesson, A, 259.  
 Builders, The, 251.  
 Building, 259.  
 Burial of Moses, The, 36.  
 By Doing Good We Live, 53  
 Call of Jesus, The, 249.  
 Calm, 90.  
 Care Cast on God, 195.  
 Care Thou for Me, 200.  
 Cares and Days, 264.  
 Careless Content, 106.  
 Carpenter, The, 211.  
 Cast Thy Burden on the Lord, 207.  
 Celestial Surgeon, The, 151.  
 Chambered Nautilus, The, 116.  
 Charge, The, 1.  
 Charioteers, The, 79.  
 Charity Not Justice, 75.  
 Cheerful Old Age, 268.  
 Cheer Up, 174.  
 Cherubic Pilgrim, The, 222.  
 Choir Invisible, The, 51.  
 Choose for Us, God, 196.  
 Choose Thou, 83.  
 Chosen Few, The, 5.  
 Christ in the City, 76.  
 Christ Our Example, 238.  
 Christ's Sympathy, 234.  
 Clear Vision, The, 141.  
 Columbus, 5.  
 Come to Me, 230.  
 Come to Us, Lord, 231.  
 Commit Thy Way, 172.  
 Common Lot, The, 262.  
 Common Offering, The, 163.  
 Comparative Degree, The, 121.  
 Compensation, 159.  
 Confidence, 232.  
 Confido et Conquiesco, 192.  
 Consecrated Life, A, 82.  
 Consider the Ravens, 199.  
 Consolation, 155.  
 Constant Care, 205.  
 Content and Rich, 104.

Content I Live, 104.  
 Content with All, 110.  
 Contents of Piety, The, 130  
 Contentment, 103.  
 Contrast, A, 105.  
 Courage, 15.  
 Courage Defined, 17.  
 Crossing the Bar, 273.  
 Cry of the Soul, A, 121.  
 Daily Bread, 219.  
 Daily Course, The, 113.  
 Daily Strength, 112.  
 Dare to Do Right, 19.  
 Dare You? 14.  
 Dark Angel, The, 159.  
 Day by Day, 117.  
 Dearest Friend, The, 249.  
 Death, 274.  
 Death Bed, A, 275.  
 Dedicated, 82.  
 Defeated Yet Triumphant, 1.  
 Defiance to Old Age, A, 267.  
 Demand for Courage, 17.  
 Demand for Men, 8.  
 Denial, 125.  
 Desert's Use, The, 265.  
 Despondency Rebuked, 172.  
 Devil is a Fool, The, 203.  
 Difference, The, 108.  
 Different Prayers, 129.  
 Disappointment, 204.  
 Divine Majesty, The, 211.  
 Divine Peace, 90.  
 Do and be Blest, 15.  
 "Doe the Nexte Thyng," 42.  
 Doing and Being, 262.  
 Don't Take it to Heart, 147  
 Doubting Nothing, 179.  
 Dum Vivimus Vivamus, 261  
 Duties, 48.  
 Dwell Deep, 87.  
 Easily Given, 62.  
 East London, 234.  
 Eleventh-Hour Laborers, The, 55.  
 Elixir, The, 223.  
 Emir Hassan, 37.  
 Emmaus, 268.  
 Enoch, 135.  
 Enough, 109.  
 Equanimity, 25.  
 Esse Quam Videre, 25.  
 Eternal Goodness, The, 177.  
 Eternal Justice, 6.  
 Evangelist, The, 43.  
 Evening Hymn, 206.  
 Evening Praise, 144.  
 Eventide, 226.  
 Everlasting Memorial, The, 100.  
 Ever with Thee, 228.  
 Every Day, 152.  
 Everywhere with Jesus, 248.  
 Expecting and Knowing, 164.  
 Eye of Faith, The, 179.  
 Eyeservice, 221.  
 Failure, 34.  
 Failure and Success, 33.

Fairest Lord Jesus, 249.  
 Faith, 178.  
 Faith in God, 179.  
 Faith is the Victory, 184.  
 Faithful, 255.  
 Faithful Monk, The, 60.  
 Fame and Duty, 28.  
 Farther On, 173.  
 Fear Not, 202.  
 Finding All in Jesus, 234.  
 Finding Content, 112.  
 Flowers without Fruit, 181.  
 Following, 201.  
 Following the Master, 56.  
 For A' That, 24.  
 For Divine Strength, 97.  
 Forgiveness, 167.  
 Formal Prayer, 126.  
 For Strength We Ask, 53.  
 Fortitude and Trial, 20.  
 Free from Sin, 118.  
 Friend and Foe, 263.  
 Friend of Souls, 236.  
 Fruition, 67.  
 Fully Content, 109.  
 Furnace and Hammer, 157.  
 Gain of Loss, The, 157.  
 Gentleman, A, 26.  
 Giving and Taking, 58.  
 Glorious Morn, The, 144.  
 Glory of Failure, The, 30.  
 Go Not Far from Me, 150.  
 Go Right On Working, 46.  
 Go Tell Jesus, 145.  
 God a Fortress, 16.  
 God Alone Loved, 87.  
 God Enough, 114.  
 God is Enough, 112.  
 God is Everywhere, 82.  
 God is Mine, 224.  
 God Keeps His Own, 199.  
 God Knoweth Best, 154.  
 God Knows, 182, 190.  
 God Knows All, 195.  
 God Means Us to be Happy, 138.  
 God Never Forsakes, 189.  
 God Only, 81.  
 God Save the People, 75.  
 God's All-Embracing Love, 164.  
 God's Care, 204.  
 God's Heroes, 12.  
 God's Mercy, 165.  
 God's Peace, 92.  
 God's Presence, 223.  
 God's Vengeance, 47.  
 God's Voice, 181.  
 God's Will, 210.  
 God's Will be Done, 213.  
 Golden Mean, The, 114.  
 Good Great Man, The, 33.  
 Gradatim, 115.  
 Granted or Denied, 131.  
 Great and Small, 212.  
 Great Difference, A, 205.  
 Great Man, A, 28.  
 Happiest Heart, The, 113.  
 Happy Any Way, 106.

Happy Warrior, The, 3.  
 Harsh Judgments, 69.  
 Have Charity, 68.  
 Have Faith in God, 179.  
 Have Hope, 171.  
 "He Careth for Thee," 207.  
 He Careth for You, 206.  
 "He Doeth All Things Well," 147.  
 He Fills All, 225.  
 He Knoweth All, 200.  
 He Leads Us On, 202.  
 He Never Forgets, 201.  
 Heart of God, The, 235.  
 Heavenly Presence, The, 60.  
 Heavier the Cross, 153.  
 Help Thou My Unbelief, 133.  
 Her Creed, 63.  
 Here Am I, 80.  
 Heritage, The, 107.  
 Hero Gone, A, 1.  
 Heroism, 9.  
 Hide Not Thy Heart, 25.  
 Higher Law, The, 25.  
 Higher Life, The, 29.  
 Higher Privilege, The, 166.  
 His Banner Over Me, 166.  
 His Care, 208.  
 His Chosen Ones, 231.  
 His Monument, 35.  
 His Ways, 159.  
 Holy Habits, 260.  
 Honor All Men, 70.  
 Hour of Prayer, The, 123.  
 Hours, The, 256.  
 House by the Side of the Road, The, 66.  
 How Did You Die? 5.  
 How Doth Death Speak of Our Beloved? 72.  
 How to Judge, 69.  
 How We Learn, 153.  
 Humble Heart, A, 98.  
 Humility, 99.  
 Hymn of the City, 76.  
 I Am Content, 107.  
 I Asked the Lord that I Might Grow, 151.  
 I Can Trust, 188.  
 I Do Not Ask, O Lord, 156.  
 If I Him but Have, 230.  
 If I Should Die To-night, 67.  
 If the Lord Should Come, 229.  
 If Thou Could'st Know, 154.  
 If We Believed, 185.  
 If We Could Only See, 59.  
 If We Knew, 70.  
 I in Thee and Thou in Me, 84.  
 I Know Not if the Dark or Bright, 187.  
 I Love Thy Will, 218.  
 Imaginary Evils, 175.  
 Immanence, 232.  
 Immanuel's Land, 274.  
 Indwelling, 118.  
 Inevitable, The, 1.  
 Influence, 77.  
 In Him Confiding, 193.  
 In Myself, 25.  
 Inner Calm, The, 93.  
 Inquiry, The, 96.  
 "Into Thy Hands," 80.

Invitation to Prayer, An, 133.  
 Io Victis, 30.  
 I Pack My Trunk, 258.  
 I Resolve, 25.  
 I Shall Not Want, 194.  
 Is Life Worth Living? 253.  
 Is Your Lamp Burning? 66.  
 "It is More Blessed," 52.  
 "It is Toward Evening," 245.  
 It Might Have Been, 110.  
 It Passeth Knowledge, 239.  
 I've Found a Joy in Sorrow, 240.  
 "I Will Abide in Thine House," 204.  
 I Will Not Seek, 97.  
 I Will Trust, 187.  
 I Would Live Longer, 269.  
 I Wouldn't, 111.  
 Jesu, 241.  
 Jesus All-Sufficient, 238.  
 Jesus, I Love Thee, 240.  
 Jesus My God and My All, 242.  
 Jesus on the Sea, 243.  
 Jesus Our Joy, 236.  
 Jesus Supreme, 238.  
 Jewel, The, 112.  
 John and Jesus, 167.  
 Judge Not, 68.  
 Just as God Leads, 104.  
 Just for To-day, 255.  
 Just One Day, 256.  
 Justice, 261.  
 Justice Only, 46.  
 Kept in Perfect Peace, 89.  
 Kindness, 70.  
 King of Love, The, 247.  
 Kingdom of God, The, 164.  
 Knowledge and Wisdom, 95.  
 Ladder of St. Augustine, The, 41.  
 Lancashire Doxology, A, 142.  
 La Rochelle, 153.  
 Larger Hope, The, 172.  
 Larger View, The, 222.  
 Last Prayer, A, 95.  
 Last Wish, The, 79.  
 Laus Deo, 100.  
 Laus Mortis, 274.  
 Lead On, O Lord, 122.  
 Leaving All, 83.  
 Length of Days, 254.  
 Length of Life, The, 253.  
 Let Us See Jesus, 243.  
 Liberty, 44.  
 Life, 276.  
 Life and Death, 2.  
 Life Hid with Christ, A, 134.  
 Life I Seek, The, 71.  
 Life's Mirror, 257.  
 Light, 137.  
 Listening for God, 229.  
 Little Parable, A, 155.  
 Little Talk with Jesus, A, 235.  
 Lonely Service, 63.  
 Longing, 119.  
 Looking for Pearls, 73.  
 Looking unto God, 178.  
 Lord of Himself, 22.

Lord will Provide, The, 184.  
 Lord's Appointment, The, 190.  
 Lord's Leading, The, 182.  
 Lord's Provision, The, 183.  
 Losing Side, The, 30.  
 Love, 163.  
 Love and Light, 168.  
 Love Counteth Not the Cost, 168.  
 Love—Joy, 242.  
 Love of God, The, 164.  
 Love of Home, 168.  
 Love that Passeth Knowledge, The, 165.  
 Love's Fulfilling, 163.  
 Lowly Heart, A, 95.  
 Loyalty, 44.  
 Luther, 6.

Madame Lofty, 108.  
 Made Perfect Through Suffering, 149.  
 Make Haste, O Man! to Live, 260.  
 Make Thy Way Mine, 197.  
 Man, 227.  
 Manna, 111.  
 Man's a Man for A' That, A, 24.  
 Man with a Grudge, The, 78.  
 Martha, 54.  
 Martha or Mary, 53.  
 Martyrs, The, 6.  
 Mary of Bethany, 130.  
 Master's Touch, The, 151.  
 Maxims, 32.  
 Meaning of Prayer, 128.  
 Meekness of Moses, 100.  
 Mencius, 37.  
 Moment by Moment, 206.  
 Moment in the Morning, A, 133.  
 Moral Cosmetics, 254.  
 More and More, 115.  
 More Holiness, 119.  
 Morning, 255.  
 Morning Hymn, 80.  
 Morning Star, The, 175.  
 Morning Thought, A, 267.  
 My Cross, 154.  
 My Guide, 183.  
 My Heart is Fixed, 233.  
 My Heart is Resting, 89.  
 My Lord and I, 237.  
 My Prayer, 128.  
 My Psalm, 197.  
 My Service, 58.  
 "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord," 120.  
 My Task, 51.  
 My Times are in Thy Hand, 189.  
 Mysterious Way, The, 203.

Nearest Duty, The, 45.  
 Never Say Fail, 19.  
 New Era, The, 73.  
 New Every Morning, 173.  
 "New Logion," The, 62.  
 No Cares, 195.  
 No Enemies, 18.  
 No Fear, 190.  
 No Fears, 193.  
 Nobility of Goodness, The, 30.  
 Noble Army of Martyrs Praise Thee, 2.  
 Noble Deeds, 12.

Noble Lives, 29.  
 Noblesse Oblige, 10.  
 Nobly Born, The, 35.  
 Not a Sound Invades the Stillness, 126.  
 Not by Chance, 216.  
 Not Knowing, 192.  
 Not Lost, 57.  
 Not Mine, 98.  
 Not Now, but Then, 268.  
 Not Yet Prepared, 96.  
 Nothing to Wish or to Fear, 235.  
 Now, 256.

O for a Perfect Trust, 195.  
 O God of Truth, 81.  
 O Jesus Christ, Grow Thou in Me, 117.  
 Obscure Martyrs, 34.  
 Ode to Duty, 41.  
 Offering, The, 84.  
 Old Latin Hymn, A, 277.  
 Old Stoic, The, 23.  
 Omnipresence, 221.  
 On Second Thought, 272.  
 On the Eve of Departure, 269.  
 On Thee My Heart is Resting, 85.  
 One Day's Service, 252.  
 One Path to Light, 59.  
 One Talent, 45.  
 One Talent, The, 45.  
 One Thing Needful, The, 177.  
 Only, 61.  
 Only a Little, 64.  
 Only Love, 167.  
 Only One Way, 20.  
 Only Solace, The, 155.  
 Only To-day, 83.  
 Open Thou Our Eyes, 227.  
 Opportunity, 261.  
 Opportunity Improved, 261.  
 Opportunity Renewed, 259.  
 Our Burden-Bearer, 137.  
 Our Heavenly Father, 225.  
 Our Heroes, 10.  
 Our Home Above, 270.  
 Our Master, 233.  
 Our Rock, 247.  
 Our Two Gifts, 276.  
 Out of Touch, 131.

Pass it On, 58.  
 Patience of Jesus, 241.  
 Paul at Melita, 64.  
 Peace of God, The, 88.  
 Peaceable Fruit, 152.  
 Perfect Faith, A, 180.  
 Perfect Peace, 90.  
 Perfect Through Suffering, 155.  
 Pessimist and Optimist, 146.  
 Petition, 124.  
 Pharisee and Publican, 133.  
 Picture of a Happy Man, The, 139.  
 Place with Him, A, 16.  
 Pluck, 20.  
 Pluck Wins, 19.  
 Poem of the Universe, The, 33.  
 Power of Prayer, The, 129.  
 Praise, 140.  
 Praise Deprecated, 99.

Praise Waiteth for Thee, 146.  
 Pray Always, 135.  
 Prayer, 127.  
 Prayer, A, 118.  
 Prayer for Strength, A, 136.  
 Prayer its Own Answer, 130.  
 Prayer of Deeds, 127.  
 Prayer to the God of Nature, A, 116.  
 Prayer's Grace, 218.  
 Preciousness of Christ, 235.  
 Presence, The, 226.  
 Present Crisis, The, 18.  
 Present Saviour, A, 224.  
 Pressing toward the Mark, 87.  
 Proem, 262.  
 Progress, 174.  
 Promised Land—To-morrow, 170.  
 Prospe (Look Forward), 270.  
 Providence, 203.  
 Purpose True, A, 121.

Quiet Heart, A, 91.  
 Quiet Mind, The, 89.

Rabia, 218.  
 Ready, 271.  
 Recessional, 96.  
 Redeeming the Time, 254.  
 Red Planet Mars, 2.  
 Reformer, The, 2.  
 Religion and Doctrine, 23.  
 Religious Differences, 184.  
 Religious Infidels, 197.  
 Resignation, 149.  
 Responsibility for Talents, 46.  
 Rest, 92.  
 Resting in God, 187.  
 Rest Where You Are, 91.  
 Retrospection, 252.  
 Reward of Faithfulness, 42.  
 Riches, 263.  
 Riches and Power, 109.  
 Ridiculous Optimist, The, 140.  
 Right Must Win, The, 170.  
 Ring, Happy Bells, 140.  
 Robert Browning's Message, 3.  
 Robin's Song, The, 148.  
 Roundel, 220.  
 Round of the Wheel, The, 265.  
 Rules for Daily Life, 225.

Sacrifice of the Will, The, 81.  
 Saintship, 227.  
 Saved to Serve, 52.  
 Scatter Sunshine, 141.  
 Sealed, 242.  
 Secret of a Happy Day, The, 138.  
 Secret of His Presence, The, 221.  
 Secret Place, The, 190.  
 Secret Prayer, 124.  
 Seedtime, 61.  
 Seeing Jesus, 239.  
 Self, 101.  
 Self-examination, 228.  
 Selfish Prayer, 134.  
 Self-surrender, 86.  
 Sensitiveness, 15.  
 Serve God and Be Cheerful, 143.

Service, 54.  
 Shadow of the Great Rock, The, 217.  
 Shared, 74.  
 Share Your Blessings, 63.  
 She Brought her Box of Alabaster, 240.  
 "Show Me Thy Face," 228.  
 Shrinking Prayer, A, 120.  
 "Silver Cord is Loosed," The, 273.  
 Silver Lining, The, 173.  
 Simple Faith, 267.  
 Simple Trust, 194.  
 Since First Thy Word Awaked My Heart,  
     86.  
 Single Stitch, A, 47.  
 Sit Still, 88.  
 Small Beginnings, 50.  
 Social Christianity, 75.  
 Some Rules of Life, 258.  
 Something You Can Do, 61.  
 "Sometime," 191.  
 Sometime, Somewhere, 124.  
 Song of a Heathen, The, 244.  
 Song of Love, A, 244.  
 Song of Low Degree, A, 96.  
 Song of Solace, A, 160.  
 Song of Trust, A, 196.  
 Song—Sermon, 159.  
 Source of Power, The, 128.  
 Sower, The, 156.  
 Sowing Joy, 141.  
 Sparrow, The, 200.  
 Speak Out, 77.  
 Spiritual Devotion, 127.  
 "Splendor of God's Will, The," 215.  
 Split Pearls, The, 166.  
 Steps of Faith, The, 183.  
 Still Hope! Still Act, 158.  
 Strange Boon, A, 158.  
 Strength, 16.  
 Strength for To-day, 255.  
 Stronger Faith, A, 180.  
 Struggle, The, 277.  
 Submission, 219.  
 Submission and Rest, 136.  
 Submission to God, 216.  
 Summer and Winter, 54.  
 Sunday, 127.  
 Sure Refuge, The, 201.  
 Sweet Content, 104.  
 Sweet Promises, 247.  
 Sympathetic Love, 168.

Take Away Pain, 160.  
 Take Time to be Holy, 136.  
 Talhain's Prayer, 137.  
 Talking with God, 128.  
 Teach Me the Truth, 8.  
 Teach Me to Live, 260.  
 Tell Him So, 77.  
 "Tell Jesus," 246.  
 Tell Me About the Master, 241.  
 Tenant, The, 275.  
 Thalassa! Thalassa! 271.  
 Thanks, 144.  
 Thanks for Pain, 139.  
 Thanksgiving, 140.  
 That I May Soar, 120.  
 There is No Death, 269.

They Shall Not Overflow, 158.  
 Things I Miss, The, 106.  
 Think Gently of the Erring, 68.  
 Thou Knowest, 205.  
 "Thou Maintainest My Lot," 151.  
 Thou Sweet, Beloved Will of God, 211.  
 Thought, A, 35.  
 Thought of God, The, 224.  
 Three Days, 261.  
 Three Friends, The, 277.  
 Three Lessons, 175.  
 Three Stages of Piety, 218.  
 Thy Allotment, 113.  
 Thy Best, 34.  
 Thy Brother, 71.  
 "Thy Labor is Not in Vain," 55.  
 Thy Loving Kindness, 143.  
 Thy Will, 217.  
 Thy Will Be Done, 216.  
 Time for Prayer, The, 126.  
 To a Reformer, 8.  
 To-day, 256.  
 To Faith, 185.  
 Toil a Blessing, 61.  
 "To Know All is to Forgive All," 69.  
 Too Much Self, 157.  
 To Our Beloved, 275.  
 To Thee, 245.  
 To Thine Own Self Be True, 22.  
 To Truth, 10.  
 Touch, The, 236.  
 Tree God Plants, The, 210.  
 Trifles That Make Saints, 48.  
 Triumph of the Martyrs, 11.  
 Triumphant in Others, 97.  
 True Greatness, 37.  
 True Hero, A, 13.  
 True King, The, 31.  
 True Prayer, 129.  
 Truly Rich, The, 112.  
 Trust, 191.  
 Trust in God, 193.  
 Trust in God and Do the Right, 18.  
 Trusting God, 193.  
 Truth, 8.  
 Truth and Falsehood, 4.  
 Turn from Self, 99.  
 Two Angels, The, 213.  
 Two Pictures, 103.  
 Two Religions, The, 134.  
 Two Worlds, The, 86.  
 Uncharitableness Not Christian, 74.  
 Unconquered, 23.  
 Unfailing Friend, The, 244.  
 Union with God, 82.  
 Universal Prayer, The, 123.  
 Unwasted Days, 48.  
 Uphill, 272.  
 Useful According to God's Will, 212.

Valley of Silence, The, 132.  
 Veiled Future, The, 174.  
 Via Crucis, Via Lucis, 142.  
 Victory, The, 12.  
 Voice Calling, The, 272.  
 Voice of Piety, The, 68.  
 Wait on God, 185.  
 Waiting, 171.  
 Waking, 50.  
 Waking Thoughts, 63.  
 Walking with God, 131.  
 Walking with Jesus, 116.  
 Wanted, 22.  
 Weapons, 78.  
 We Defer Things, 264.  
 We Give All, 86.  
 Welcome the Shadows, 113.  
 We Long to See Jesus, 246.  
 We Shall Know, 183.  
 We Will Praise Thee, 145.  
 We Would See Jesus, 248.  
 What Christ Said, 58.  
 What Does it Matter? 33.  
 What is Death? 272.  
 What is Prayer?  
 What Makes a Hero? 7.  
 What Man is There of You? 125.  
 What Might be Done, 74.  
 What Pleaseth God, 215.  
 What Redress, 167.  
 What She Could, 48.  
 When I Am Weak then Am I Strong, 97.  
 When I Have Time, 257.  
 When You Do an Act, 59.  
 Who Bides His Time, 105.  
 Wholly the Lord's, 79.  
 Whom Have I in Heaven but Thee? 85.  
 Why Do I Live? 250.  
 Why Not? 242.  
 Widow's Oil, The, 167.  
 Will, 11.  
 Will Divine, The, 209.  
 Will of God, The, 209.  
 Wind that Blows, that Wind is Best, The, 108.  
 Wisdom of Discipline, 188.  
 Without and Within, 114.  
 Without Haste and Without Rest, 250.  
 With Self Dissatisfied, 157.  
 Worker's Prayer, A, 135.  
 Working with Christ, 62.  
 Work Loyally, 44.  
 Worldly Place, 12.  
 Worth While, 11.  
 "Your Heavenly Father Knoweth," 202.  
 Your Mission, 59.  
 Youth's Warning, 219.  
 Zeal in Labor, 43.

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES

- A certain wise man deeply versed, 53.  
 "A commonplace life," we say, 100.  
 A faith that shines by night and day, 186.  
 A gem which falls within the mire, 38.  
 A governed heart, thinking, 232.  
 A happy lot must sure be his, 259.  
 A jewel is a jewel still, 40.  
 A kindly act is a kernel sown, 78.  
 A little bird I am, 82.  
 A little bit of hope, 176.  
 A little talk with Jesus, 235.  
 A little word in kindness spoken, 70.  
 "A man's a man," says Robert Burns, 24.  
 A man's higher being is knowing, 122.  
 A mind from every evil thought, 94.  
 A mighty fortress is our God, 66.  
 A moment in the morning, ere the cares, 133.  
 A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, 114.  
 A pious friend of Rabia one day, 265.  
 A Sower went forth to sow, 156.  
 A sprig of mint by the wayward brook, 111.  
 A stone makes not great rivers turbid grow, 94.  
 A tone of pride or petulance repressed, 48.  
 A traveler through a dusty road, 50.  
 A voice by Jordan's shore, 167.  
 A woman sat by a hearthside place, 134.  
 A worthy man of Paris town, 153.  
 Abide with me, O Christ, 245.  
 Abide with us, O wondrous Lord, 268.  
 Abundance is the blessing of the wise, 263.  
 Again, O God, the night shuts down, 144.  
 Ah, a man's reach should exceed, 40.  
 Ah! don't be sorrowful, 268.  
 Ah, God! I have not had thee, 177.  
 Ah! grand is the world's work, 54.  
 Ah, how skillful grows the hand, 164.  
 Ah, yes! I would a phoenix be, 169.  
 Ah, yes! the task is hard, 46.  
 "Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, 130.  
 "Allah!" was all night long, 130.  
 All are architects of Fate, 251.  
 All are but parts of one stupendous, 225.  
 All as God wills, who, 197.  
 All goeth but God's will, 217.  
 All habits gather by unseen degrees, 266.  
 All is of God! If he but wave, 213.  
 All service ranks the same with God, 64.  
 All's for the best; be sanguine, 181.  
 Among so many can He care, 204.  
 An age so blest that, by its side, 268.  
 An angel came from the courts of gold, 47.  
 An easy thing, O Power divine, 106.  
 An old farm house with meadows wide, 103.  
 And all is well, though faith and form, 186.  
 "And do the hours step fast or slow, 48.  
 And, for success, I ask no more, 35.  
 And good may ever conquer ill, 232.  
 And he drew near and talked with them, 227.  
 And now we only ask to serve, 86.  
 And only the Master shall praise us, 39.  
 And see all sights from pole to pole, 266.  
 And, since we needs must hunger, 262.  
 And some innative weakness, 27.  
 And they who do their souls no wrong, 93.  
 Another day God gives me, 63.  
 Anywhere with Jesus, 246.  
 Are your sorrows hard to bear, 253.  
 Around my path life's mysteries, 181.  
 Around the man who seeks a noble end, 3.  
 Art thou afraid his power shall fail, 184.  
 Art thou in misery, brother? 264.  
 Art thou little? Do thy little well, 45.  
 Art thou weary, tender heart, 161.  
 As a bird in meadows fair, 147.  
 As by the light of opening day, 249.  
 As flows the river calm and deep, 93.  
 As God leads me will I go, 201.  
 As I lay sick upon my bed, 275.  
 As on a window late I cast mine eyes, 242.  
 As running water cleanseth bodies, 94.  
 As the bird trims her to the gale, 7.  
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth, 185.  
 Asked and unasked, thy heavenly gifts, 129.  
 Aspire, break bounds, I say, 34.  
 At cool of day with God I walk, 226.  
 At end of love, at end of life, 271.  
 At sixty-two life has begun, 268.  
 At the midnight, in the silence, 269.  
 At thirty man suspects himself, 263.  
 Away, my needless fears, 189.  
 Away! my unbelieving fear, 147.  
 Banish far from me all I love, 155.  
 "Be all at rest, my soul," 91.  
 Be calm in arguing; for, 94.  
 Be firm. One constant element in luck, 20.  
 Be it health or be it leisure, 57.  
 Be like the bird that, halting in her flight, 198.  
 Be never discouraged, 19.  
 Be no imitator; freshly act thy part, 27.  
 Be noble! and the nobleness, 40.  
 Be not afraid to pray, 124.  
 Be not too proud of good deeds, 46.  
 Be not too ready to condemn, 102.  
 Be patient; keep thy life work, 198.  
 Be still, sad heart! and cease repining, 114.  
 Be strong to hope, O heart, 16.  
 Be thou a poor man and a just, 266.  
 Be thou content; be still before, 111.  
 Be thou supreme, Lord Jesus, 238.  
 Be trustful, be steadfast, 143.  
 Be useful where thou livest, 64.  
 Be with me, Lord, where'er, 122.  
 Bear a lily in thy hand, 47.  
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell, 189.

Beautiful faces are those that wear, 250.  
 Because I hold it sinful to despond, 15.  
 Because I seek thee not O seek thou me, 133.  
 Before God's footstool, 34.  
 Before the eyes of men let duty shine, 95.  
 Before the monstrous wrong he sets him  
   down, 2.  
 Begin the day with God, 225.  
 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near, 185.  
 Behind him lay the gray Azores, 5.  
 Being perplexed, I say, 128.  
 Believe not each accusing tongue, 76.  
 Beneath the tiger's jaw I heard, 147.  
 Beside thy gracious hearth, 185.  
 Better have failed in the high aim, 40.  
 Better than grandeur, better than gold, 32.  
 Better to have the poet's heart, 117.  
 Better to smell the violet cool, 253.  
 Better to stem with heart and hand, 8.  
 Better trust all and be deceived, 198.  
 Beware, exulting youth, 219.  
 Blessed are they who die for God, 8.  
 Blest is the faith divine and strong, 181.  
 "Body, I pray you, let me go, 277.  
 Both swords and guns are strong, 78.  
 Bravely to do whate'er the time demands, 13.  
 Break forth, my lips, in praise, 141.  
 Breathe on me, Breath of, 121.  
 Build a little fence of trust, 198.  
 Bury thy sorrow, 145.  
 But all God's angels come to us, 161.  
 But God is never so far off, 223.  
 But that thou art my wisdom, 219.  
 But where will God be absent, 232.  
 By all means use some time, 228.  
 By Nebo's lonely mountain, 36.  
 By thine own soul's law learn to live, 22.  
  
 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, 93.  
 Calm Soul of all things, 93.  
 Care Thou for me! Let me not care, 200.  
 Catch, then, O catch the transient hour, 266.  
 Christ wants the best, 98.  
 Cleon has a million acres, 109.  
 Come to me, Come to me, 230.  
 Come to the morning prayer, 133.  
 Come to us, Lord, as the day light comes, 231.  
 Comes a message from above, 168.  
 Commit thy way to God, 172.  
 Content that God's decree, 110.  
 Could we with ink the ocean fill, 164.  
 Couldst thou boast, O child, of weakness, 68.  
 Count each affliction, whether light or grave,  
   159.  
 Courage, brother, do not slumber, 18.

Dance, O my soul! 'tis God doth play, 208.  
 Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie, 21.  
 Dare to do right! Dare to be true, 19.  
 Dare to think, though others frown, 15.  
 Day by day the manna fell, 112.  
 Dear is my friend, but my foe too, 263.  
 Deep at the heart of all our pain, 210.  
 Did you tackle that trouble, 5.  
 Dig channels for the streams of love, 63.  
 Diving, and finding no pearls, 266.  
 Do I not love thee, Lord most high, 87.  
 Do not I love thee, O my Lord, 249.

Do thy duty; that is best, 49.  
 Do thy little; do it well, 20.  
 Does the road wind uphill, 272.  
 Don't lose Courage! Spirit brave, 105.  
 Don't think your lot the worst, 114.  
 Don't you trouble trouble till, 202.  
 Doubting Thomas and loving John, 14.  
 Drop thy still dews of quietness, 93.  
 Dwell deep! The little things, 87.

Each moment holy is, for, 263.  
 Earth's crammed with heaven, 231.  
 Emir Hassan, of the prophet's race, 37.  
 Encamped along the hills of light, 184.  
 Enough to know that through the winter's  
   frost, 78.  
 "Even in a palace, life may be led well, 12.  
 Ever, when tempted, make me see, 237.  
 Every day is a fresh beginning, 173.  
 Every hour that fleets so, 122.  
 Everywhere with Jesus, 248.  
 Eyeservice let me give, 221.

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul, 181.  
 Fairest Lord Jesus! 249.  
 Faith fails; Then in the, 178.  
 Faith, Hope and Love were questioned, 164.  
 Faith is a grasping of Almighty power, 185.  
 Faithfully faithful to every trust, 49.  
 Far better in its place the lowliest bird, 39.  
 Far off thou art, but ever nigh, 231.  
 Father, before thy footstool kneeling, 136.  
 Father, hold Thou my hand, 197.  
 Father, I know that all my, 103.  
 Father, I scarcely dare to pray, 95.  
 Father, in thy mysterious presence, 97.  
 Father of all! in every age, 123.  
 Father, take not away the burden, 93.  
 Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
   270.  
 Fear him, ye saints, 220.  
 Fearest the shadow? Keep thy trust, 274.  
 Fill, brief or long, my granted years, 268.  
 Find out what God would have you do, 49.  
 Flower in the crannied wall, 102.  
 Flung to the heedless winds, 6.  
 For age is opportunity no less, 268.  
 For all the evils under the sun, 144.  
 For all the sins that cling to thee, 86.  
 For I am 'ware it is the seed of act, 33.  
 For, lo! in hidden deep accord, 169.  
 For never land long lease of empire won, 40.  
 For others' sake to make life sweet, 169.  
 For some the narrow lane of must, 166.  
 For strength we ask, 53.  
 For what is age but youth's, 268.  
 Forenoon and afternoon and, 258.  
 Forever, from the hand that takes, 208.  
 Forever in their Lord abiding, 190.  
 Forget the past and live the present hour,  
   256.  
 Forgive us, Lord, our little faith, 177.  
 Four things a man must learn to do, 263.  
 Fret not, poor soul; while doubt and fear,  
   192.  
 From an old English parsonage, 42.  
 From cellar unto attic all is clear, 226.  
 From our ill-ordered hearts, 94.



Get leave to work in this world, 64.  
 Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven, 52.  
 Give me heart touch with all that live, 39.  
 Give me, O Lord, a heart of grace, 120.  
 Give me this day a little work, 122.  
 Give to the winds thy fears, 193.  
 Give what thou canst, 108.  
 Glory to God—to God! he saith, 158.  
 God answers prayer, 135.  
 God asks not, To what, 266.  
 God gave me something very sweet, 65.  
 God give us men! A time, 22.  
 God gives each man one life, 72.  
 God gives to man the power, 220.  
 God has his best things for the few, 21.  
 God holds the key of all unknown, 208.  
 God is enough! thou, who in hope and fear, 112.  
 God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice, 232.  
 God is near thee, Christian; cheer thee, 146.  
 God knows—not I—the devious way, 182.  
 God means us to be happy, 138.  
 God moves in a mysterious, 203.  
 God never would send you the darkness, 155.  
 God sees me though I see him not, 208.  
 God of our fathers, known, 96.  
 God of the roadside weed, 116.  
 God works in all things, 176.  
 God's in his heaven, 214.  
 God's spirit falls on me as dew, 222.  
 Go, labor on; spend and be spent, 43.  
 Go not far from me, O my Strength, 150.  
 Go when the morning shineth, 135.  
 Golden gleams of noonday fell, 60.  
 Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, 38.  
 Good striving Brings thriving, 94.  
 Grant me, O Lord, thy merciful protection, 137.  
 Grant us, O God, in love to thee, 186.  
 Grant us thy peace down from thy presence falling, 92.  
 Great God, I ask thee for no meaner self, 120.  
 Great Jehovah! we will praise, 145.  
 Great Master! teach us how to hope, 70.  
 Great men grow greater, 37.  
 Great truths are dearly bought, 153.  
 Greatly begin! though thou have time, 35.  
 Grow old along with me, 3.  
 Habits are soon assumed, 266.  
 Half feeling our own weakness, 97.  
 Happy the man, and happy he alone, 262.  
 Happy the man, of mortals happiest he, 103.  
 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, 61.  
 Have faith in God! for he who reigns, 179.  
 Have Hope! it is the brightest star, 171.  
 Have I learned, in whatsoever, 110.  
 Have you found your life distasteful, 182.  
 Have you had a kindness shown, 58.  
 He built a house, time laid it in the dust, 35.  
 He cast his net at morn, 34.  
 He did God's will, to him all one, 208.  
 He doth good work whose heart can find, 65.  
 He fails never, 93.  
 He fails who climbs to power and place, 33.

He fought a thousand glorious wars, 39.  
 He growled at morning, noon, and night, 148.  
 He has done the work of a true man, 1.  
 He has no enemies, you say? 18.  
 He is brave whose tongue is silent, 30.  
 He is one to whom Long patience, 102.  
 He knows, he loves, he cares, 208.  
 He leads us on by paths we did not know, 202.  
 He liveth long who liveth well, 254.  
 He makes no friend who never made a foe, 31.  
 He prayeth well who loveth well, 130.  
 He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, 214.  
 He stood before the Sanhedrim, 23.  
 He stood, the youth they called the Beautiful, 37.  
 He that feeds men serveth few, 20.  
 He that holds fast the golden mean, 114.  
 He that is down need fear no fall, 96.  
 He that would free from malice, 40.  
 He took them from me, one by one, 154.  
 "He touched her hand, and the fever left her, 236.  
 He walked with God, by faith, in solitude, 135.  
 He was better to me than all my fears, 252.  
 He who ascends to mountain tops, 38.  
 He's true to God, who's true, 62.  
 Hearts that are great beat never loud, 35.  
 Heaven above is softer blue, 232.  
 Heaven is not always angry, 162.  
 Heaven is not reached by a single bound, 115.  
 Heavier the cross the stronger faith, 153.  
 Helmet and plume and saber, 30.  
 Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, 130.  
 Hide not thy talent in the earth, 45.  
 High above fate I dwell, 22.  
 High hopes that burned like stars, 170.  
 His courtiers of the caliph crave, 166.  
 His name yields the richest perfume, 235.  
 Home they brought her warrior dead, 152.  
 Honor and shame from no condition rise, 39.  
 Hope, child, to-morrow and to-morrow still, 176.  
 Hope, Christian soul! in every stage, 176.  
 How blest is he, though ever crossed, 139.  
 How does the soul grow? 263.  
 How doth death speak of our beloved, 72.  
 How far from here to heaven, 277.  
 How gentle God's commands, 205.  
 How happy is he born and taught, 22.  
 How many chatters of a creed, 197.  
 How seldom, friends, a good great man, 33.  
 "How shall I a habit break," 259.  
 How we, poor players on life's stage, 134.  
 How wretched is the man with honors crowned, 39.  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 39.  
 However others act towards thee, 27.  
 However the battle is ended, 20.  
 Humble we must be if to heaven we go, 98.  
 Humility, that low, sweet root, 100.  
 Hushing every muttered murmur, 110.  
 I am but clay in thy hands, 84.  
 I am content; I do not care, 106.  
 I am content. In trumpet, 107.  
 I am glad to think I am not bound, 187.  
 I am Liberty—God's daughter, 44.

I am of sinfulness and sorrows full, 183.  
 I am only a little sparrow, 200.  
 I am part of that Power, 208.  
 I am so weak, dear Lord, 109.  
 I am thine own, O Christ, 242.  
 I am with thee, my God, 228.  
 I asked for grace to lift me high, 159.  
 I asked the Lord that I might grow, 151.  
 I asked the Lord that I might worthier be, 56.  
 I asked the Lord to let me do, 58.  
 I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent, 149.  
 I bow my forehead to the dust, 177.  
 I bring my sins to thee, 245.  
 I cannot always see the way, 196.  
 I cannot choose; I should have liked so much,  
 53.  
 "I cannot do much," said a little star, 44.  
 I cannot say, Beneath the pressure of life's  
 cares, 213.  
 I cannot see, with my small human sight, 188.  
 I cannot think but God must know, 97.  
 I could not find the little maid, 112.  
 I do not ask for any crown, 25.  
 I do not ask for earthly store, 179.  
 I do not ask, O Lord, that life, 156.  
 I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray,  
 21.  
 I do not know thy final will, 220.  
 I do not know whether my future lies, 199.  
 I do not know why sin abounds, 194.  
 I feel within me A peace, 94.  
 I find no foeman in the road but fear, 18.  
 I go to prove my soul, 264.  
 I have a Friend so precious, 237.  
 I have a life with Christ to live, 134.  
 I have a treasure which I prize, 89.  
 I have done at length with dreaming, 50.  
 "I have labored in vain," a preacher said, 55.  
 I have no answer, for myself or thee, 208.  
 I have seen the face of Jesus, 239.  
 I have thee every hour, 224.  
 I hear it often in the dark, 229.  
 I hear it singing, singing sweetly, 173.  
 I hold him great who, for love's sake, 32.  
 I hold it as a changeless law, 26.  
 I hold it true, whate'er befall, 162.  
 I hold it truth with him who sings, 162.  
 I hold that, since by death alone, 274.  
 I honor the man who is willing to sink, 21.  
 I know no life divided, 190.  
 I know not, and I would not know, 109.  
 I know not if the dark or bright, 187.  
 I know not if 'twas wise or well, 74.  
 I know not the way I am going, 183.  
 I know not what shall befall me, 197.  
 I know not what the future holds, 191.  
 I know the Hand that is guiding me, 201.  
 I know this earth is not my sphere, 120.  
 I like the man who faces what he must, 1.  
 I live for those who love me, 250.  
 I'll not leave Jesus, 233.  
 I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my way, 148.  
 I look to Thee in every need, 178.  
 I love, and have some cause, 85.  
 I love my God, but with no love of mine, 131.  
 I love thy skies, thy sunny mists, 220.  
 I love thy will, O God, 218.  
 I made the cross myself whose weight, 155.

I met a child, and kissed it, 141.  
 I often say my prayers, 126.  
 I pray not that Men tremble, 102.  
 I pray thee, Lord, that when it comes to me,  
 11.  
 I pray you, do not use this thing, 167.  
 I pray, with meek hands, 219.  
 I preached as never sure to preach again, 87.  
 I reach a duty yet I do it not, 48.  
 I said it in the meadow path, 74.  
 I said, "Let me walk in the fields," 58.  
 I saw a farmer plow his land, 263.  
 I say it over and over, 190.  
 I say to thee—do thou repeat, 164.  
 I see the right and I approve, 266.  
 I shall not want; in desert wilds, 194.  
 I sing the hymn of the conquered, 30.  
 I sit within my room and joy to find, 226.  
 I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty, 49.  
 I stand in the great Forever, 228.  
 I stand upon the Mount, 90.  
 I stand upon the summit of my life, 271.  
 I thank thee, Lord, for mine unanswered  
 prayers, 144.  
 I thank thee, Lord, that all my joy, 161.  
 I think, if thou couldst know, 154.  
 I've found a joy in sorrow, 240.  
 I've learned to prize the, 30.  
 I walk down the Valley of Silence, 132.  
 I want so many, many, 125.  
 I welcome all Thy sovereign will, 198.  
 I wonder if ever a song was, 96.  
 I worship thee, sweet will of God, 209.  
 I would be ready, Lord, 271.  
 I would not ask thee that my days, 98.  
 I would see Jesus. As I muse, 239.  
 Idlers all day about the market place, 55.  
 Idly as thou, in that old day, 174.  
 If any little word of mine, 75.  
 If every man's internal care, 114.  
 If God is mine then present things, 224.  
 If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in thine,  
 178.  
 If I could live to God for just one day, 256.  
 If I could only surely know, 206.  
 If I could see a brother, 74.  
 If I have faltered more or less, 151.  
 If I Him but have, 230.  
 If I knew you and you knew me, 69.  
 If I should die to-night, 67.  
 If I truly love the One, 164.  
 If I were dead I think that you, 265.  
 If I were told that I must die to-morrow, 214.  
 If Jesus came to earth again, 234.  
 If Jesus Christ is a man, 244.  
 If life's pleasures cheer thee, 247.  
 If no kindly thought or word, 54.  
 If none were sick and none were sad, 114.  
 If only he is mine, 238.  
 If suddenly upon the street, 163.  
 If the Lord should come in the morning, 229.  
 If the weather is cold don't scold, 148.  
 If the wren can cling to a spray, 198.  
 If this little world to-night, 262.  
 If thou art blest, Then let the sunshine, 102.  
 If thou canst plan a noble deed, 21.  
 If thou hast something bring thy goods, 27.  
 If thou hast the gift of strength, 65.

If to Jesus for relief, 200.  
 If we believed we should, 185.  
 If we knew the cares and sorrows, 70  
 If we sit down at set of sun, 54.  
 If washed in Jesus' blood, 249.  
 If when I kneel to pray, 125.  
 If you cannot on the ocean, 59.  
 If you have a friend worth having, 77.  
 If you have a word of cheer, 77.  
 Immortal Love, forever full, 233.  
 In a napkin smooth and white, 45.  
 In a world where sorrow, 141.  
 In all I think or speak or do, 122.  
 In buds upon some Aaron's rod, 222.  
 In full and glad surrender, 81.  
 In heavenly love abiding, 90.  
 In humbleness, O Lord, I ask, 96.  
 In life's small things be resolute, 39.  
 "In pastures green?" Not always, 160.  
 In proud humility a pious man, 99.  
 In silence mend what ills deform, 65.  
 In some way or other, 183.  
 In spite of sorrow, loss, and pain, 18.  
 In the deed that no man knoweth, 102.  
 In the floods of tribulation, 158.  
 In the hush of April weather, 272.  
 In the June twilight, 273.  
 In the pleasant orchard closes, 161.  
 In the secret of his presence, 221.  
 In the still air the music, 151.  
 In vain they smite me, 186.  
 In wise proportion does a fond hand mingle,  
 183.  
 Into thy guiding hands, 80.  
 Is it true, O Christ in, 161.  
 Is life worth living? 253.  
 Is the work difficult? 20.  
 Is there for honest poverty, 24.  
 Is thy cruse of comfort failing, 52.  
 It becomes no man to nurse despair, 27.  
 It is bad to have an empty purse, 261.  
 It is coming! it is coming, 73.  
 It is enough—Enough just to be good, 38.  
 It is faith, The feeling, 183.  
 It is Lucifer, The son, 220.  
 It is no use to grumble and, 216.  
 It is not death to die, 272.  
 It is not mine to run, 98.  
 It is not prayer, This clamor, 129.  
 It is not the deed we do, 163.  
 It is not the wall of stone without, 35  
 It isn't the thing you do, 251.  
 It is the evening hour, 206.  
 It is worth while to live, 39.  
 It matters little where I was born, 33.  
 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,  
 239.  
 It singeth low in every heart, 275.  
 It's wiser being good than bad, 176.  
 It takes great strength to train, 9.  
 It was not anything she said, 38.  
 It was only a blossom, 61.  
 It was only a sunny smile, 62.  
 It were not hard, we think, 59.

Jesus is in my heart, 241.  
 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult, 249.  
 Jesus, I love thee, not because, 240.

Jesus, I my cross have taken, 83.  
 "Jesus saith," and His deep, 62.  
 Jesus, still lead on, 122.  
 Jesus, the calm that fills my breast, 248.  
 Jesus, the very thought, 235.  
 Jesus, these eyes have never seen, 245.  
 Jesus, thou Joy of loving, 236.  
 Judge not; the workings of, 68.  
 "Judge the people by their actions," 69.  
 Just as God leads me I would go, 104.  
 Just to let thy Father do, 138.  
 Just where you stand in the conflict, 44.

Keep pure thy soul, 26.  
 Keep pushing—'tis wiser than sitting aside,  
 19.  
 Keep to the right, within and without, 23.  
 Know well, my soul, God's hand controls,  
 183.  
 Knowing this, that never yet, 175.  
 Knowing, what all experience serves to show,  
 26.  
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
 98.

Labor with what zeal we will, 102.  
 Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine, 81.  
 Leave God to order all thy ways, 189.  
 Led by kindlier hand than ours, 110.  
 Let come what will, I mean to bear, 39.  
 Let him that loves his ease, 148.  
 Let me not die before I've done for thee, 212.  
 Let no one till his death Be called unhappy,  
 269.  
 Let not your heart be troubled, 198  
 Let nothing disturb thee, 114.  
 Let nothing make thee sad, 88.  
 Let one more attest, 208.  
 Let praise devote thy work, 100.  
 Let the Loved One but smile, 231.  
 Let thy sweet presence light my way, 224  
 Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow, 175.  
 Let us be content in work, 114.  
 Let us believe That there, 171.  
 Let us cry, All good things, 148.  
 Let us gather up the sunbeams, 148.  
 Life-embarked, out at sea, 277.  
 Life! I know not what, 276.  
 Life is a burden; bear it, 252.  
 Life is too short to waste, 263.  
 Life's burdens fall, its discords cease, 88.  
 Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace,  
 90.  
 Like the star That shines afar, 255.  
 Live while you live, the epicure would say,  
 261.  
 Lo here hath been dawning, 255.  
 Look not beyond the stars for heaven, 65.  
 Looking upward every, 117.  
 Lord, according to thy word, 199.  
 Lord and Father, great and holy, 167.  
 Lord, for the erring thought, 140.  
 Lord, for to-morrow and its, 255.  
 Lord, I delight in Thee, 195.  
 Lord, I have shut my door, 124.  
 Lord, in the strength of grace, 81.  
 Lord, let me not be too content, 120.  
 Lord, it belongs not to my care, 106.

Lord, make me quick to see, 121.  
 Lord of all being, throned afar, 221.  
 Lord, send thy light, 137.  
 Lord, shall we grumble when thy flame, 159.  
 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, 135.  
 Lord, what a change within us, 129.  
 Lord, what is man, That thou, 159.  
 Love that asketh love again, 165.  
 Love took up the glass of time, 169.

Make haste, O man! to live, 260.  
 Make my mortal dreams, 122.  
 Man in his life hath three good friends, 277.  
 Man judges from a partial view, 78.  
 Man's plea to man is that he nevermore, 137.  
 Man was not made for forms, 25.  
 Manlike is it to fall into sin, 81.  
 Master of human destinies am I, 261.  
 May every soul that touches mine, 74.  
 Mechanic soul, thou must not only do, 65.  
 Men lose their ships, the, eager things, 205.  
 Methought that in a solemn church, 53.  
 More holiness give me, 119.  
 More things are wrought by prayer, 135.  
 Moses, the patriot fierce, became, 100.  
 Mrs. Lofly keeps a carriage, 108.  
 My business is not to remake myself, 40.  
 My conscience is my crown, 104.  
 My fairest child, I have no song to give you, 30.

My God, how wonderful thou art, 225.  
 My God, I heard this day, 227.  
 My God, I thank thee who hast, 139.  
 My God, I would not live, 186.  
 My God, is any hour so sweet, 123.  
 My God, my Father, while I stray, 213.  
 My heart is resting, O my, 89.  
 My Jesus, as thou wilt, 212.  
 My mind to me a kingdom, 104.  
 My prayer to the promise shall cling, 177.  
 My proud foe at my hands, 137.  
 My Saviour, on the word of truth, 116.  
 My sins and follies, Lord, 99.  
 My sorrows have not been so light, 162.  
 My soul shall be a telescope, 120.  
 My soul was stirred; I prayed, 45.  
 My spirit on thy care, 192.  
 My time is short enough at best, 27.  
 "My times are in thy hand," 189.  
 My whole though broken heart, 79.  
 My will would like a life of ease, 80.

Nanac the faithful, pausing once to pray, 229.  
 Nay, all by Thee is ordered, 195.  
 Nay, nay, do not tell me, 201.  
 Nay, not for place, but for the right, 13.  
 Nay, now if these things that you long to teach, 8.  
 Nay, why should I fear Death, 274.  
 Never a trial that He is not there, 206.  
 Never give up! it is wiser and better, 176.  
 Never go gloomily, man with a mind, 174.  
 New every morning is the love, 113.  
 New words to speak, new thoughts to hear, 65.  
 No care can come where God doth guard, 206.  
 No chance has brought this ill, 216.

No child of man may perish, 220.  
 No coward soul is mine, 21.  
 No endeavor is in vain, 39.  
 No help! nay, it is not so, 208.  
 No man is born into the world, 65.  
 No more my own, Lord Jesus, 84.  
 No more with downcast eyes go faltering on, 186.  
 No one is so accursed by fate, 76.  
 No service in itself is small, 61.  
 None but one can harm you, 27.  
 Nor love thy life, nor hate, 259.  
 Not a brooklet floweth, 204.  
 Not a dread cavern hoar, 127.  
 Not a sound invades the, 126.  
 Not always the path is, 143.  
 Not at the battle front, 13.  
 Not disabled in the combat, 156.  
 Not I but Christ be honored, 240.  
 Not in dumb resignation, 217.  
 Not in each shell the diver brings, 159.  
 Not in some cloistered cell, 71.  
 Not in the clamor of the crowded street, 27.  
 Not in the solitude Alone may man, 76.  
 Not in our waking hours alone, 207.  
 Not on the gory field of fame, 12.  
 Not once or twice in our fair island story, 46.  
 Not only in the cataract and the thunder, 232:  
 Not ours nobility of this world's giving, 10.  
 Not so in haste, my heart, 185.  
 Not to the man of dollars, 78.  
 Not they alone who from the bitter strife, 2.  
 Not to thy saints of old alone dost Thou, 179.  
 Not what I am, O Lord, 165.  
 Not when with self dissatisfied, 157.  
 Nothing pays but God, 208.

O be in God's clear world, 148.  
 O, blessed is that man of whom, 36.  
 O, block by block, with sore and sharp endeavor, 161.  
 O brothers! are ye asking, 78.  
 O dwell in me, my Lord, 118.  
 O foolish heart, be still! 194.  
 O for a closer walk with man, 75.  
 O for a faith that will not shrink, 180.  
 O for a man to rise in me, 122.  
 O for the peace of a perfect trust, 195.  
 O Friend of souls! how blest the time, 236.  
 O give me the joy of living, 148.  
 O God! I thank thee for each sight, 80.  
 O God of truth, for whom alone, 121.  
 O God of truth, whose living word, 81.  
 O God, take the reins of my life, 79.  
 O God! whose thoughts are brightest light, 69.  
 O humble me! I cannot hide the joy, 99.  
 O how the thought of God attracts, 119.  
 O it is hard to work for God, 170.  
 O, I could go through all life's troubles, 101.  
 O I would live longer, I gladly would stay, 269.  
 O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me, 117.  
 O Jesus! Friend unfailing, 244.  
 O Jesus, I have promised, 247.  
 O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord, 242.  
 O Lord! at Joseph's humble, 211.

- O Lord, how happy should we be, 195.  
 "O Lord, my God," I oft have said, 154.  
 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, 82.  
 O Love divine, that stooped to share, 168.  
 O Love is weak, 163.  
 O Love that wilt not let me go, 234.  
 O make me patient, Lord, 122.  
 O Master, let me walk, 131.  
 O matchless honor, all unsought, 62.  
 O may I join the choir invisible, 51.  
 O Name all other names above, 231.  
 O, never from thy tempted heart, 20.  
 O sad estate Of human wretchedness, 137.  
 O square thyself for use, 122.  
 O star of truth down shining, 10.  
 O that mine eyes might closed be, 118.  
 O the bitter shame and sorrow, 118.  
 O Thou by long experience tried, 104.  
 O thou so weary of thy self-denials, 157.  
 O thou unpolished shaft, 96.  
 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, 155.  
 O thou who sighest for a broader field, 57.  
 O Thou, whose bounty fills, 140.  
 O tired worker, faltering on, 16.  
 O to serve God for a day, 252.  
 O trifling task so often done, 152.  
 O wad some power the giftie gie us, 102.  
 O, well for him whose will is strong, 11.  
 O who like thee, so calm, so bright, 238.  
 O why and whither? 191.  
 O words of golden music, 215.  
 O work thy works in God, 232.  
 O, yet we trust that somehow good, 172.  
 Oh, be in God's clear world, 148.  
 Of all the myriad moods, 119.  
 Oft when of God we ask, 158.  
 Oft, when the Word is on me, 65.  
 Often ornateness goes with greatness, 39.  
 On God for all events depend, 198.  
 On parent knees, a naked new-born child, 267.  
 On the red ramparts, 21.  
 On thee my heart is resting, 85.  
 On two days it steads not, 220.  
 Once, in the flight of ages past, 262.  
 Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, 14.  
 Once to every man and nation, 4.  
 One by one thy duties wait thee, 39.  
 One deed may mar a life, 18.  
 One part, one little part, 99.  
 One prayer I have—all prayers in one, 220.  
 One stitch dropped as we weave, 47.  
 One thing alone, dear Lord, 128.  
 One thought I have—my ample creed, 226.  
 One wept all night beside a sick man's bed, 266.  
 Only a seed—but it chanced, 64.  
 Only a smile. Yes, only a smile, 131.  
 Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it ever, 85.  
 Only those are crowned and sainted, 62.  
 Only to-day is mine, 83.  
 Open the door of your hearts, my lads, 176.  
 Open the shutters free and wide, 144.  
 Others shall sing the song, 97.  
 Our doubts are traitors, 186.  
 Our Father, through the coming year, 190.  
 Our toil is sweet with thankfulness, 161.  
 Our yet unfinished story, 204.  
 Out from thyself, thyself depart, 87.  
 Out of the hardness of heart and will, 230.  
 Out of the night that covers me, 23.  
 Outwearied with the littleness and spite, 75.  
 Pain's furnace heat within me quivers, 157.  
 Patient, resigned and humble wills, 102.  
 Paul and Silas in their prison, 141.  
 Peace, perfect peace in this dark world of sin, 89.  
 Peace upon peace, like wave upon wave, 90.  
 Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds, 180.  
 Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil, 76.  
 Pitch thy behaviour low, 97.  
 Pleased in the sunshine, 147.  
 Pleasures are like poppies spread, 263.  
 Pluck wins! It always wins, 19.  
 Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth, 167.  
 "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," 142.  
 Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee, 102.  
 Prayer is Innocence's friend, 132.  
 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, 127.  
 Prune thou thy words, 181.  
 Purer yet and purer, 115.  
 Put pain from out the world, 162.  
 Quiet from God! How beautiful, 230.  
 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, 91.  
 Rabbi Jehosha had the skill, 220.  
 Rabia, sick upon her bed, 218.  
 Riches I hold in light esteem, 23.  
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind, 140.  
 Round holy Rabia's suffering, 218.  
 Saint Augustine! well hast thou said, 41.  
 Saint Dominic, the glory of the schools, 203.  
 Saith the Lord, Vengeance is mine, 47.  
 Saviour, who died for me, 86.  
 Say, is your lamp burning, my brother, 66.  
 Say not, the struggle naught availeth, 172.  
 Says God: Who comes towards me, 207.  
 Search thine own heart, 102.  
 Secure in his prophetic strength, 64.  
 Serene I fold my hands and wait, 171.  
 Serve God and be cheerful, 143.  
 She brought her box of, 240.  
 She stood before a chosen few, 63.  
 Ships that pass in the night, 266.  
 Show me thy face, 228.  
 Shut your mouth, and open your eyes, 261.  
 Since all the riches of this world, 263.  
 Since first thy word awakened my heart, 86.  
 Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, 187.  
 Sit still, my child, 88.  
 Slightest actions often meet, 56.  
 Slowly fashioned, link by link, 260.  
 Small service is true service while it lasts, 65.  
 So he died for his faith, 2.  
 So live that when the mighty caravan, 266.  
 So live that, when thy summons comes, 265.  
 So long as life's hope-sparkle glows, 108.  
 So much to do; so little done, 261.  
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust, 49.  
 So, when a great man dies, 77.  
 Some evil upon Rabia fell, 157.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear, 108.  
 Some of your hurts you have cured, 106.  
 Some souls there are beloved of God, 231.  
 Somebody did a golden deed, 26.  
 Sometimes a light surprises, 193.  
 Sometime, when all life's lessons have been  
     learned, 191.  
 Somewhere I have read of an aged monk, 60.  
 Sound an anthem in your sorrows, 145.  
 Source of my life's refreshing springs, 151.  
 Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it, 141.  
 Sow thou thy seed, 61.  
 Speak thou the truth. Let others fence, 17.  
 Speak to him, thou, for he hears, 232.  
 Stainless soldier on the walls, 6.  
 Stand upright, speak thy thought, 21.  
 Stern daughter of the voice of God, 41.  
 Still hope! still act! 158.  
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice, 134.  
 Still shines the light of holy lives, 67.  
 Still, still with thee, 223.  
 Still will we trust, 196.  
 Stone walls do not a prison make, 24.  
 Strength for to-day is all that we need, 114.  
     255.  
 Strong are the walls around me, 82.  
 Such power there is in clear-eyed self-  
     restraint, 165.  
 Sunset and evening star, 273.  
 Surrounded by unnumbered foes, 166.  
 Sweet is the pleasure, 92.  
 Sweet is the solace of thy love, 217.  
 Sweet-voiced Hope, thy fine discourse, 71.  
  
 Take the joys and bear the, 268.  
 Take thine own way with me, 210.  
 Take time to be holy, 136.  
 Take my life and let it be, 82.  
 Talk Faith. The world is better off, 186.  
 Talk happiness each chance you get, 148.  
 Talk happiness. The world is sad enough,  
     142.  
 Talk not of wasted affection, 169.  
 Teach me, dear Lord, what thou wouldst  
     have me know, 125.  
 Teach me, my God and King, 223.  
 Teach me the truth, Lord, 8.  
 Teach me to answer still, 208.  
 Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far, 260.  
 Tell me about the Master, 241.  
 Tender-handed stroke a nettle, 21.  
 That best portion of a good man's life, 65.  
 That life is long which answers life's great  
     end, 255.  
 That love for one from which there doth not  
     spring, 167.  
 That man is great, and he alone, 28.  
 That man may last, but never lives, 38.  
 That plenty but reproaches me, 70.  
 That thou mayst injure no man, 266.  
 That which he knew he uttered, 6.  
 The aim, if reached or not, 40.  
 The best men doing their best, 65.  
 The best will is our Father's will, 220.  
 The bird let loose in Eastern skies, 118.  
 The body sins not, 'tis the will, 186.  
 The brave man is not he who feels no fear, 17.  
 The camel at the close of day, 136.

The chamber where the good man meets his  
     fate, 277.  
 The child leans on its parent's breast, 193.  
 The childish smile is fair, 151.  
 The chivalry that dares the right, 21.  
 The clouds which rise with thunder, 196.  
 The common problem, yours, mine, every-  
     one's, 31.  
 The cross on Golgotha can never save, 186.  
 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross, 186.  
 The cry of man's anguish went up, 160.  
 The day is long and the day is hard, 229.  
 The dearest thing on earth to me, 247.  
 The deed ye do is the prayer ye pray, 127.  
 The deeds which selfish hearts approve, 42.  
 The end's so near, 272.  
 The eye with seeing is not filled, 38.  
 The fountain of joy is fed by tears, 162.  
 The glory is not in the task, 37.  
 The good are better made by ill, 162.  
 The grave itself is but a covered bridge, 274.  
 The hero is not fed on sweets, 11.  
 The Holy Supper is kept indeed, 65.  
 The homely words—how often read, 125.  
 The hours are viewless angels, 256.  
 The hours of rest are over, 256.  
 The inner side of every cloud, 148.  
 The kindly word unspoken, 78.  
 The King of love my Shepherd is, 247.  
 The king's proud favorite, 34.  
 The knightly legend on thy shield, 25.  
 The light of love is round his feet, 207.  
 The lily's lips are pure and white, 264.  
 The little sharp vexations, 137.  
 The longer on this earth we live, 48.  
 The look of sympathy, the gentle word, 57.  
 The Lord our God is clothed, 211.  
 The man is happy, Lord, 169.  
 The man is thought a knave or fool, 6.  
 The man who idly sits and thinks, 265.  
 The Man who Loved the Names of Things, 95.  
 The man whom God delights to bless, 161.  
 The Master came one evening to the gate, 73.  
 The mean of soul are sure, 40.  
 The miller feeds the mill, 265.  
 The mist denies the mountains, 176.  
 The Moving Finger writes, 253.  
 The night is mother of the day, 174.  
 The path of sorrow, and that path alone, 159.  
 The poem hangs on the berry bush, 266.  
 The poem of the universe, 33.  
 The rich man's son inherits lands, 107.  
 The sands of time are sinking, 274.  
 The ship may sink, 276.  
 The simple, silent, selfless man, 40.  
 The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare, 211.  
 The smallest bark on life's, 77.  
 The Son of God goes forth to war, 5.  
 The soul contains a window, 140.  
 The star of the unconquered will, 2.  
 The stars shall fade away, 251.  
 The stars shine over the earth, 258.  
 The stormy blast is strong, 94.  
 The sun gives ever; so the earth, 56.  
 The thought of God, the thought of thee, 224.  
 The time for toil is past, 101.  
 The time is short, 265.  
 The toil of brain, or heart, or hand, 61.

The twilight falls, the night is near, 200.  
 The unpolished pearl can never shine, 155.  
 The way to make thy son rich, 111.  
 The wind that flows can, 210.  
 The winds that once the Argo bore, 10.  
 The wisest man could ask no more, 38.  
 The woman singeth at her spinning wheel,  
 127.  
 The word is great, and no deed is greater, 21.  
 The world is full of beauty, 48.  
 The world is growing better, 175.  
 The world is wide in time and tide, 188.  
 The world wants men, 8.  
 Thee will I love, my strength, 87.  
 Then draw we nearer day by day, 26.  
 Then, fainting soul, arise and sing, 180.  
 Then gently scan your brother man, 68.  
 Then let us smile when skies are gray, 141.  
 Then O my soul, be ne'er afraid, 198.  
 There are deep things of God, 121.  
 There are hearts which never falter, 29.  
 There are hermit souls that live, withdrawn,  
 66.  
 There are in this loud, stunning tide, 231.  
 There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
 257.  
 There are so many helpful things to do, 52.  
 There are three lessons, 175.  
 There are two words of light divine, 202.  
 There is a jewel which no Indian mine, 112.  
 There is a morning star, my soul, 175.  
 There is a safe and secret place, 190.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men, 265.  
 There is an ancient story told, 168.  
 There is an eye that never sleeps, 128.  
 There is never a day so dreary, 198.  
 There is no death! the stars go down, 269.  
 There is no duty patent, 21.  
 There is no faith in seeing, 186.  
 There is no flock, however watched and  
 tended, 149.  
 There is no great nor small, 212.  
 There is no human being, 148.  
 There is no love like the love of Jesus, 235.  
 There is no sense, as I can see, 216.  
 There is no vacant chair, 276.  
 There is peace in power; the men who speak,  
 92.  
 There lives and works a soul in all, 223.  
 There once was a man who bore a grudge, 78.  
 There was of old a Moslem saint, 218.  
 There was once a man who smiled, 140.  
 There was a man who prayed, 131.  
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 206.  
 There's a wideness in God's mercy, 165.  
 There's many a trouble, 147.  
 There's never a day so sunny, 173.  
 There's never a rose in all the world, 57.  
 There's not a craving in the mind, 234.  
 They are slaves who fear to speak, 17.  
 They do me wrong who say I come no more,  
 259.  
 They have no place in storied page, 34.  
 They never fail who die in a great cause, 1.  
 They outtalked thee, hissed thee, tore thee, 1.  
 They're richer who diminish their desires, 112.  
 They seemed to die on battle-field, 11.  
 They stand, the regal mountains, 146.

Think, and be careful, what thou art within,  
 122.  
 Think gently of the erring, 68.  
 Think not alone to do right, 262.  
 This above all: to thine own self be true, 27.  
 This be my prayer, from, 122.  
 This body is my house—it is not I, 275.  
 This for the day of life, 54.  
 This I beheld, or dreamed it, 261.  
 This is my creed, 25.  
 This is the gospel of labor, 53.  
 This is the highest learning, 99.  
 This is the ship of pearl, 116.  
 This one sits shivering in Fortune's smile,  
 146.  
 This world's no blot for us, 266.  
 Thou broadenest out with every year, 119.  
 Thou cam'st not to thy place, 113.  
 Thou grace divine, encircling all, 164.  
 Thou knowest, Lord, the, 205.  
 Thou must be true thyself, 26.  
 Thou shalt not rob me, thievish time, 267.  
 Thou sweet, beloved will of God, 211.  
 Thou sweet hand of God, 160.  
 Thou that in life's crowded city, 46.  
 Thou who art touched with, 207.  
 Though life is made up of, 259.  
 Though love repine, and reason chafe, 27.  
 Though the mills of God grind slowly, 218.  
 Though thy name be spread abroad, 40.  
 Though time may dig the grave of creeds;  
 179.  
 Though troubles assail and dangers affright,  
 184.  
 Though trouble-tossed and torture-torn, 153.  
 Though world on world in myriad myriads  
 roll, 32.  
 Thought is deeper than all, 265.  
 Three centuries before the Christian age, 37.  
 Three doors there are in, 129.  
 Three men went out one summer night, 261.  
 Through love to light, 168.  
 Through night to light, 142.  
 Through thee, meseems, the very rose, 231.  
 Through wish, resolve, and act, 102.  
 Thunder, lightning, fire, and rain, 198.  
 Thus far the Lord hath led us, 182.  
 Thy home is with the humble, Lord, 95.  
 Thy life's a warfare, thou a soldier, 17.  
 Thy name to me, thy nature grant, 118.  
 Thy nature be my law, 121.  
 Thy presence, Lord, the place doth fill, 232.  
 Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die, 268.  
 Thy voice is heard through rolling drum, 168.  
 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, 83.  
 Thy will, O God, is joy to me, 209.  
 Time is indeed a precious boon, 253.  
 Time to me this truth hath taught, 70.  
 Time was I shrank from what was right, 15.  
 'Tis a lifelong toil till our lump be leaven, 39.  
 'Tis Being, and Doing, and Having, 148.  
 'Tis finally, the man who, lifted high, 3.  
 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
 232.  
 'Tis he whose every thought, 26.  
 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad, 147.  
 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant, 266.  
 'Tis not alone in the sunshine, 160.

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay, 186.  
 'Tis not the wealth that makes a king, 31.  
 'Tis not what man does, 40.  
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great, 32.  
 'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up, 161.  
 'Tis the Almighty's gracious plan, 68.  
 To a darning-needle once, 73.  
 To be sincere. To look, 264.  
 To be the thing we seem, 27.  
 To change and change is life, 171.  
 To do or not to do; to have, 79.  
 To do the tasks of life, 12.  
 To halls of heavenly truth, 169.  
 To heaven approached a Sufi saint, 227.  
 To keep my health, 25.  
 To live by law, acting the law, 27.  
 To live, to live, is life's great joy, 232.  
 To long with all our longing powers, 131.  
 To love some one more dearly, 51.  
 To make rough places plain, 134.  
 To me 'tis equal whether love ordain, 87.  
 To play through life a perfect part, 29.  
 To stretch my hand and touch him, 128.  
 To thee, O dear, dear Saviour, 244.  
 To those who prattle of despair, 264.  
 To try each day his will to know, 143.  
 Tost on a sea of troubles, 92.  
 True happiness (if understood), 148.  
 True love shall trust, but selfish love must die, 163.  
 True wisdom is in leaning, 241.  
 True worth is in being, not seeming, 38.  
 "Trust is truer than our fears," 192.  
 Trust to the Lord to hide thee, 263.  
 Truth will prevail, 8.  
 Truths that wake to perish never, 277.  
 Truths would you teach, 36.  
 'Twas August, and the fierce sun, 234.  
 'Twas in the night the manna fell, 111.  
 'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes, 12.  
 Two gifts God giveth, and he saith, 276.  
 Two men toiled side by side, 105.  
 Two went to pray? O, rather, 133.  
 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only, 232.

Unanswered yet the prayer your lips have pleaded, 124.

Unblemished let me live, 40.  
 Unheard, because our ears are dull, 232.  
 Unless above himself he can, 13.  
 Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine, 86.  
 Up and away, like the dew of the morning, 100.

Veiled the future comes, 174.  
 Vice is a monster of so hateful mien, 73.  
 Vulgar souls surpass a rare one, 40.

Walking along the shore one morn, 150.  
 Walking with Peter, Christ, 43.  
 We all acknowledge both thy power and love, 203.  
 We are building every day, 259.  
 We are living, we are dwelling, 18.  
 We are not angels, but we may, 231.  
 We bless thee for thy peace, 94.  
 We cannot kindle when we will, 7.  
 We cannot make bargains for blisses, 146.

We live in deeds, not years, 264.  
 We look along the shining ways, 161.  
 We look too far for blessings, 111.  
 We may question with wand of science, 132.  
 We must live through the weary winter, 161.  
 We say, and we say, and we say, 264.  
 We scatter seeds with careless hand, 67.  
 We see not, know not; all our way, 216.  
 We shape ourselves the joy or fear, 264.  
 We take our share of fretting, 145.  
 We thank thee, gracious Father, 270.  
 We who have lost the battle, 30.  
 We will speak on, 18.  
 We would fill the hours with the sweetest things, 254.  
 We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen, 243.  
 We would see Jesus! we have longed to see him, 246.  
 We would see Jesus when our hopes are brightest, 248.  
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, 40.  
 Welcome the shadows; where they blackest are, 113.  
 Well to suffer is divine, 20.  
 What can it mean? Is it aught to him, 207.  
 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone, 241.  
 What I am, what I am not, 25.  
 What if some morning, when the stars are paling, 267.  
 What imports Fasting or feasting, 264.  
 What is life? 'Tis not to, 266.  
 What is the use of worrying, 94.  
 What is the world? A wandering maze, 59.  
 What makes a hero? not success, not fame, 7.  
 What matter will it be, O mortal man, 109.  
 What might be done if men were wise, 74.  
 What most you wish and long for, 197.  
 What pleaseth God with joy receive, 215.  
 What secret trouble stirs, 93.  
 What shall I do lest life in silence pass, 28.  
 What shall I pack up to carry, 258.  
 What shall I sing for thee, 238.  
 What shall thine "afterward" be, 152.  
 What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted, 49.  
 What though the dark close round, 258.  
 What various hindrances we meet, 126.  
 What weight of woe we owe to thee, 121.  
 What will it matter in a little while, 64.  
 Whate'er God wills, let, 216.  
 Whate'er my God ordains is right, 188.  
 Whatever dies, or is forgot, 55.  
 Whatever road I take, it joins the street, 232.  
 Whatever you are—be that, 27.  
 When courage fails and, 44.  
 When courting slumber, 231.  
 When falls the hour of evil chance, 17.  
 When God afflicts thee, think he hews a rugged stone, 162.  
 When He who, sad and weary, 64.  
 When I have time so many things I'll do, 257.  
 When in the storm it seems to thee, 180.  
 When is the time for prayer, 126.  
 When it drizzles and drizzles, 114.  
 When on my day of life the night is falling, 270.



When on the fragrant sandal tree, 167.  
 When prayer delights thee least, 127.  
 When, spurred by tasks unceasing or undone,  
     91.  
 When success exalts thy lot, 32.  
 When the storm of the mountains, 243.  
 When the sun of joy is hidden, 176.  
 When thou art fain to trace, 102.  
 When thou hast thanked thy God, 160.  
 When thou turnest away from all, 219.  
 When thou wakest in the morning, 246.  
 When thy heart with joy o'erflowing, 71.  
 When wilt thou save the people, 75.  
 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
     88.  
 Where'er a noble deed is wrought, 12.  
 Where cross the crowded ways of life, 76.  
 Where'er I look one Face alone I see, 232.  
 Whether we climb, whether we plod, 13.  
 Whichever way the wind doth blow, 103.  
 While I sought happiness she fled, 49.  
 While thus to love he gave his days, 13.  
 Who bides his time, and day by day, 105.  
 Who counts himself as nobly born, 35.  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
     44.  
 Who drives the horses of the sun, 113.  
 Who gives, and hides the giving hand, 58.  
 Who heeds not experience, 265.  
 Who is as the Christian great, 37.  
 Who learns and learns, and acts not, 255.  
 Who liveth best? Not he whose sail, 180.  
 Who loves, no law can ever bind, 169.  
 Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half,  
     161.

Who never doubted never half believed, 186.  
 Who seeks for heaven alone, 76.  
 Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod, 193.  
 Why comes temptation but for men to meet,  
     16.  
 Why fret thee, soul, 94.  
 Why not leave them all with Jesus, 242.  
 Why wakes not life the desert bare and lone,  
     265.  
 Why win we not at once what we in prayer  
     require, 137.  
 With comrade Duty, in the dark, 31.  
 With fame in just proportion envy grows, 40.  
 With patient course thy path of duty run,  
     108.  
 With silence only as their benediction, 156.  
 With strength of righteous purpose, 196.  
 Without haste and without rest, 250.  
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly, 65.  
 Worry and Fret were two little men, 197.  
 Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,  
     161.  
 Wouldst thou go forth to bless, 65.  
 Yes, Lord, one great eternal yes, 194.  
 Yes, Lord. Yet some must, 54.  
 Yes, we do differ when we most agree, 184.  
 Yet I argue not Against thy hand, 175.  
 Yet, in the maddening maze of things, 197.  
 Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust, 275.  
 Yet sometimes glimmers on my sight, 173.  
 Ye who would have your features florid, 254.  
 You can never tell when you do an act, 59.  
 You say, "Where goest thou?" 267.  
 You will find that luck, 21.

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES IN APPENDIX

A fire-mist and a planet, 283.  
 A good man never dies, 283.  
 A rose to the living is more, 287.  
 Anew we pledge ourselves to Thee, 287.  
 Be strong! We are not here to play, 278.  
 But let my due feet never fail, 286.  
 Canst thou see no beauty nigh? 287.  
 Count that day really worse than lost, 287.  
 Do you go to my school? 283.  
 Father of mercies, thy children, 282.  
 Feel glum? Keep mum, 287.  
 For radiant health I praise not, 285.  
 For the right against the wrong, 287.  
 Give me my scallop-shell of quiet, 282.  
 Give us men! strong and stalwart, 286.  
 How shall we tell an angel, 282.  
 I lay me down to sleep, 281.  
 I lift my head and walk my ways, 281.  
 I sent my soul through the Invisible, 287.  
 I will not doubt though, 286.  
 If by one word I help another, 287.  
 "If I have eaten my morsel alone," 284.  
 If I lay waste and wither up, 278.  
 In those clear, piercing, piteous eyes, 280.  
 It fortifies my soul to know, 280.  
 It was only a glad "Good morning," 287.

Lord, let me make this rule, 279.  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts, 286.  
 Milton! thou shouldst be living, 285.  
 My darling went unto the seaside, 281.  
 Never elated while one man's oppressed, 283.  
 No distant Lord have I, 278.  
 O Lord, I pray that for this day, 278.  
 O Sentinel at the loose-swung door, 282.  
 O, the little birds sang east, 287.  
 O Thou who lovest not alone, 285.  
 O, though oft depressed and lonely, 287.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity, 286.  
 The gifts that to our breasts we fold, 287.  
 The wounds I might have healed, 286.  
 There's a craze among us mortals, 284.  
 Weary of all this wordy strife, 279.  
 What makes a man great? 284.  
 What matter, friend, though you and I, 280.  
 When over the fair fame of friend, 285.  
 When the other firms show dizziness, 284.  
 Wherever now a sorrow stands, 287.  
 Why be afraid of Death, 279.  
 Why do we cling to the skirts of sorrow? 286.  
 You think them "out of reach," 281.







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